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DANGERS AND SAFEGUARDS OF THE UNION.

SCARCELY any period of ten years has elapsed since the commencement of our government, in which many have not been found who believed a crisis had arrived which must prove fatal to American Institutions. And yet crisis after crisis has come and gone, and still those institutions survive—apparently gaining new strength with every such trial of them, and affording new proof of the wisdom in which they were conceived, and the truth of the principles with which, on the whole, they are administered. The reason of these apprehensions undoubtedly is, that opinion is governed more by the passions excited in individual minds by the temporary disappointments connected with the conduct of political affairs, than by calm and dispassionate reflection upon the deep conservative philosophy which is constantly acting beneath the surface of events, to modify and control them. There is nothing more natural or more common, at least with the great mass of minds, than to invest general views with the hues and colorings which belong to the excitements of particular events; and hence ruin, desolation, even death itself is often imagined to stand directly before us, when the lapse of a little time, and the passing of the crisis which has occasioned so much fear, prove that the trouble which we have experienced has really been nothing more than a very slight and easily corrigible difficulty.

If these reflections be true, and we believe they are, there would seem to be some doubt of the reasonableness of the misgivings we daily and hourly hear expressed, about the perpetuity of our Union

and the blessings of free government incident to it—at any rate, the matter must be considered as open for discussion; and we propose to offer a few thoughts upon it.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DURABILITY OF OUR NATIONAL UNION, then, naturally suggests three topics of inquiry:—

1. The elements which tend to union.
2. The elements which tend to disunion, or are supposed to do so.
3. Which of these classes of elements will most probably predominate in a general result.

The elements which tend to union are mainly four:—

1. Unity of language.
2. Unity of civilization.
3. Unity of interest.
4. Unity of government as distinguished from confederation.

The elements which tend, or are thought to tend to disunion, are mainly five:—

1. The predominance of excesses of party spirit.
2. The dissent of particular States from the occasional policy of the general government.
3. The enlargement of our territorial limits.
4. Slavery.
5. Universal suffrage.

We shall discuss these two classes of elements in the order in which we have stated them. Of the first class, unity of language is the first named.

First, then, of unity of language. The simplest truths have often the deepest philosophy, though they generally pass without observation because they are not strik-

ng. Unity of language, as a most important element of our union, belongs to this class. This element derives its force from the principle of sympathy, which, beginning, so to speak, in the particular in neighborhoods, passes in the general to the community, and stops not till it reaches the universal in an entire nation. The bond of our union has its central force in *ideas*. These are made uniform by uniformity of utterance, and have, through sympathy upon all vital topics, a natural result in unity of general political opinion. Difference of language, on the contrary, is a barrier to intercourse, and consequently to interchange and uniformity of ideas; and a union between states which could exist consistently with such difference, must stand rather upon identity of interest than identity of sentiment; and that union must be small in territorial extent of which such identity of interest could be truly predicated. Hence unity of language would seem not merely to have an important tendency to union, but to be, in fact, indispensable to it—at least on a scale so large as ours. Just imagine, for instance, that we have as many languages in our Union as there are States that compose it, and that each State has one of these exclusively to itself; the question would seem of no difficult solution, how long we should hold together. But the sympathy from unity of language, the want of which, under this reasoning, might dissolve our Union, may, in its generation of affection in families and neighborhoods, and of a diffused sentiment of national patriotism which springs from these, be relied upon as one very certain means of preserving it.

The second element mentioned as tending to the durability of our Union—unity of civilization—bears a very close relation to the first, and is, indeed, in a great measure the offspring of it. By civilization we mean, in this connection specially, manners and customs and habits of thought upon topics of a common interest—and there is nothing like uniformity of language to give similarity to these throughout the same country. Now, these manners and customs and habits of thought are generally alike throughout our country; so much so that it may be said with truth, we think, that a native of any Southern

State would scarcely be distinguished in either of the particulars mentioned, the very first day that he should be transplanted from his native region to a residence in Boston. In our judgment too much importance cannot be attached to this fact as connected with the durability of our Union. Everywhere throughout our widely extended domain, in every other State as well as in his own, the local character of the Louisianian, or the Virginian, or the Massachusetts man, is merged in the general, universal character of an American; and as such, his heart of patriotism beats for every other spot that bears the common flag, with the same fervor as for that which gave him birth.

This similarity in manners and customs and habits of thought is growing stronger and stronger every day under the influence of various causes. Among these, we would name a common origin; sameness of education, pursuits and general taste; similarity of political institutions in the different States, all concentrating their efforts upon the inculcation of the same sentiment of rational liberty; a common religion, whose central idea is individual freedom and responsibility; a religion not of establishment but of sentiment—not as incidental to our political system, but integral with, and an essential part of it; a religion which works from the centre outward, developing man—not from the circumference inward, enslaving him; a religion which begins at the heart and prompts to worthy action—not one which begins at the head and ends in speculation; in a word, a religion which begins and ends in God and humanity—not a theocracy which in its aims at power would transcend both.

But there is another influence connected with the growth of this similarity in manners and customs and habits of thought, which is marked more by the *actual* than the *sentimental*. It is the third of the elements which we have named as tending to union, viz: unity of interest between the different sections of the country. This is found in the establishment of the closest intercourse of trade between the remotest points of our territory, guarantied and sustained in the constitution of the government by the entirest freedom from restraint, and fostered and encouraged by

the largest facilities, both natural and artificial, of intercommunication.

The unity of interest of which we speak is founded in diversity of product, creating the means of supplying mutuality of wants. In this view, the varieties of climate, soil, and resources of the different sections of our country, by promoting intercourse and trade between them, instead of raising antagonisms to destroy the Union, are constantly adding new inducements of interest to perpetuate it; and there can be no drawback to the favorable action of this principle, unless it be in capricious measures of the general government by which some sections shall be aggrandized to the exclusion, or at the expense of others; and no evil from this source of sufficient magnitude or permanency can ever arise to dissolve the Union, as long as the representative principle shall remain the foundation of our system and an honest people be found at stated seasons to apply it. Disputes will arise, as they have arisen, between different sections as to the particular effect of measures upon sectional interests; but whatever threats there may be in speeches or resolves, looking to disunion, there is a great conserving power in the general character of the system, which will promptly meet and effectually counteract them. On this point we have sufficiently had the demonstrations of experience.

To these three elements of union—unity of language, unity of civilization, and unity of interest—we add the fourth—the legitimate fruit of all—unity of government.

In the sentiment of resistance to oppression, the Revolution of '76 found the American people one. Though divided into thirteen separate communities, each politically independent of all the rest, they pledged themselves upon a common altar, gave their services to a common cause, and, in the achievement of Independence, participated in a common triumph. The confederation of '78 was an alliance, offensive and defensive, of sovereign States, containing articles whose stipulations pertained to them as States in their political capacities. In no particular had that confederation the character of a government, either in form or substance. Simply as a league, embodied against a common enemy, it was

found to answer its immediate purpose tolerably well as long as that enemy existed. But the moment peace was established and the outward pressure, which in a state of war had held the States together, was withdrawn, the Union, which before had breasted a thousand battles, and by breasting a thousand more, had it been necessary, could have continued to show the consistency of adamant, was now subject to elements of weakness and discord from within, which made it but a rope of sand. Its difficulty was that it tried to perform the office of a government without being one, and it failed. A sad experience of five or six years led to the change under which we have existed ever since. The object of this change on all hands and with all parties was, to preserve and perpetuate the Union which the confederation had formed. No new arrangement upon the basis of a league to act in sovereign States could be made to accomplish this any better than the old one. There must be an act, therefore, of the whole people of the States as one, to fix the responsibilities which should give to a new arrangement the consistency of a government. And this mode was adopted and the present constitution was the glorious result. Now the distinctive, radical difference between the old confederation and the present constitution, is, that the former acted upon States, and the latter acts directly upon the people. The one rested for its execution upon the honor or convenience of thirteen sovereign parties to a contract; the other rests upon the principle of obedience of each and every citizen to a command of law. The articles of the one could be enforced only by the bayonet; the provisions of the other are so ordered, as it were, that they execute themselves. The constitution, then, expresses the exact idea of a government. As such it was evidently designed, as such it must act if its purpose be accomplished; and by whatever name you call it, whether a government of the people or a compact between the States, you cannot change its character. It will do precisely the same things, perform precisely the same functions, and work in precisely the same way, whether you call it by the one name or the other.

But in the formation of a general government for the people of the thirteen

States as one, it was no part of the design, as it would have been no part of wisdom, to extinguish the distinctive sovereignties of the States themselves. These should remain precisely as they were, except in certain defined particulars of limitation of their power, necessary for the uninterrupted action of the general government. And this brings us to an analysis of the deepest interest of the complex philosophy of our system, and the rationale of it, as bearing upon our fourth element of union, viz.: unity of government.

We have said that it would have been no part of wisdom to have extinguished the distinctive sovereignties of the individual States. We might have said, that the continuance of these sovereignties was indispensable to the permanence of the system which it was the purpose of the constitution to establish. That purpose was the establishment in perpetuity, over the whole vast territory of the United States, of a free Republican Representative government. Now, we maintain, and it seems generally agreed, that no free form of government, such as ours, could be made to last for any length of time over an extent of territory beyond the limit of homogeneousness of interest, without the aid of subordinate local sovereignties, the territory of each of which should be within a limit prescribed by the same principle. And as on the one hand, diversity of interests in the different sections of the country tends, by creating intercourse and trade between those sections, to unity of interest and a harmonious administration of the government as regards the whole Union; so, on the other hand, homogeneousness of interest equally tends, indeed is indispensable, to the happy and harmonious administration of a government of a particular State. Over the whole territory, there are as many diversities of interests as there are States; but in each of the individual States, the interests are for the most part the same. The distinction between these diversities and similarities of interests, is ascertained by climate, soil, and productions, and facilities of local trade to be enjoyed alike by all.

Now, in every system of government, there are two forms of power—a central government, and a central administration.

The central government is embodied in the functionaries at the capital, where the supreme power is located. The central administration reaches to the furthest extent of the nation's territory and population, and is, in fact, in the hands of subordinate ministers. In Russia, the practical union of the two is of the substance of the system, and, on account of the great extent of territory, constitutes a galling despotism. In the United States, although that union exists, to a certain extent, in theory, its force is practically overcome by the superior central administration of subdivided local sovereignties. In Russia, the power of the autocrat is as strongly felt at Taganroë as at St. Petersburg; for there is no local sovereignty by which Taganroë can be governed. In the United States, no man feels that he has any other government than that of the local municipality in which he lives. In Russia, we have said, the system is one of galling despotism. And it is necessarily so; for her territory is of almost boundless extent, and the government, as a unit, takes its character, as free or despotic, from the principles of administration in any one part of the country. Now, just in proportion to the distance of a particular locality from the seat of the power that rules it, just in that proportion must that power be stringent in its government. It acts through subordinate ministers at great distances away, without the sympathies and responsibilities of frequent personal intercourse between those ministers and their superiors. The exact orders of the central government must be exactly carried out by the central administration. And there is no form of tyranny so oppressive as that in which subordinate ministers carry out the edicts of their masters, for the merit of such agents is measured by the precision with which they do their work. And this is especially necessary, where there is a dynasty to be sustained as well as a government to be administered.

In the United States, on the contrary, the principle of a central administration at points remote from the location of the central government, is completely neutralized in its despotic tendencies, by that wise adjustment of powers between the general and the state governments, which gives to the latter the almost entire con-

trol of all local affairs, while the former is invested with the dignity as well as the power necessary to the integrity of a nation of vast territorial extent, in all its relations, both foreign and domestic. Upon any other principle than precisely that on which our national system is adjusted, in relation to the States, a few short years would doubtless witness the destruction of our Republic. But standing as it does upon that principle, our union has the consistency of the arch—the heavier you bear upon it, the stronger it becomes; and this first experiment in all time, of a free government founded upon a permanent basis, promises a permanency of duration far beyond any record of past history.

We have thus disposed of those elements in our system, which we have particularly regarded as tending to union. We proceed to the consideration of those which are supposed to tend to disunion. And first, of the predominance of an excess of party spirit.

On this subject we would say, that of party spirit itself there has, with many, existed a strange delusion. Either its philosophy has not been understood, or it has not been duly studied. This element, so often decried as the certain premonition of our downfall, is the very living principle of our being and our growth. Its centre is individual freedom of opinion—its circumference the manly demonstration of it in the administration of affairs. Leave it as it is, and the abuses of power which would threaten and overawe the freedom from which it springs, will always find a master in it. Take it away, and you will soon find the monotony and stupidity of Turkish submission united with the despotism which would make its chains eternal. The opponent of party spirit is anything but the advocate of freedom. He would stop the current of ideas, and cramp the soul into a fixed form of thought. He would deny to mind the progress which is its glory, and set a cloud upon it, through which no ray of liberty's light should ever penetrate. The opposition to party spirit is founded upon the idea that I am right, and you are wrong. Now we doubt whether any fellow-citizen of ours would be willing to deal with us on such a footing; for his right to his opinion is as good

as ours to ours, and his claim to our respect as good as ours to his. So that party spirit, which is another phrase to express difference of opinion, coexists with freedom, and is essential to it. Put it away, and you substitute an arbitrary government of law, for a rational government of intelligent opinion. Put it away, and you set a dead pool in the place of a living sea.

But the argument against the durability of the Union is from the *excess* of party spirit. True; but all experience shows that this exists, in any given instance, only for a day—violent, to be sure, and threatening destruction to all that comes before it while it lasts. But the passion that is quickly kindled soon subsides—not always the worse for those who have been the subjects of it. We must have our storms as well as sunshines—the hurricanes that lay waste our forests as well as the gentle winds that have helped to rear them. The seeds of some fell disease, perhaps, have been blown away by the whirlwind that has brought our dwellings about our heads; and thus the providence that, in its severity, has made us homeless, in its mercy has spared us from the pestilence.

But after all, what is meant by this *excess* of party spirit? Three or four prominent party issues, which events from time to time are placing before the country, seem, in the present estimation of their bearings, to involve the very being of the government. We take fire at the danger that lies before us, and forgetting that there is anything redeeming underneath, the maddened surface drives us to despair, to wake up in due time to the fact, that we have been frightened only by a scarecrow. And what is really the foundation of all this delusion? Why, that we assume the party issues referred to, to be *vital*. Imagination has had this Union broken up at least a dozen times, on both sides of a United States Bank and a Protective Tariff; and yet, in reality, it stands as firm as ever. The fact is, no merely administrative measure can be *vital*. It stands out in the open current of events for good or evil. If for good, it finally remains, as it ought to do. If for evil, it ultimately falls as all bad measures must. The demagogue of a day may have succeeded most injuriously in a *base*

experiment upon popular credulity ; but experience sheds light upon the path of honest confidence, and generally exposes the villainy that would betray it before it is too late to escape its fangs. Time gives a sure corrective to present errors, and with it the wisdom which prevents their second coming, and thus, however severe the suffering they may have brought, while they give a lesson of caution for the future, they modify their character for evil in the past. The people, in the long run, find out how charlatans have gulled them ; and while they are not slow in meting out the fitting chastisements, they are all the better prepared for impositions of the same sort to which they must be liable in all time to come.

The only effect of measures, then, merely administrative, is to accelerate or retard the progress of the country, and, of course, to make the question of good or evil in their consequences, simply one of time. If an administration be unwise, time and events will prove it. The constitution, meantime, stands, untouched by either of the contending parties. They would ordinarily fight a harder battle together for that, than they would against each other for a mere party measure however dear. If our history presents exceptions to this remark, they prove less of weakness in the people than of villainy in the leaders whom they have accidentally or improvidently placed in seats of confidence and power.

Nor, in the application of these principles, would we distinguish between an *unwise* and a *corrupt* administration. The true power of a government is not that which is given by the organic law ; but that which results from the propriety that power in a given case shall be exercised. It is a moral, not a political power ; or perhaps it would be more exact to say, it is the latter subservient to the former. Hence, if a corrupt administration, though within the pale of the organic law, perpetrate an outrage upon the public good, its power is, ordinarily, sure to be diminished by the very means it may have intended to increase it ; and thus, the tyranny that would oppress others is found to defeat itself.

The second element tending to disunion which we proposed to notice, is the dissent of particular States from the occa-

sional policy of the general government. This is an evil in our system, which, from the very freedom of it, must be occasionally looked for. But it is always sure of correction in the fact, that few of the States will ever be found in organized opposition to the general government at the same time ; and fewer still in such opposition on the same subject. Where stood South Carolina some dozen or fifteen years ago, and what State was found in sympathy with her ? Her distinction is unshared as it is unhonored. The power of the Union was signally demonstrated in her weakness. The fact is, the power of the whole nation must always be found too great for any opposition of a part. The case is not supposable—it would be an absurdity—that any capital measure of the general government could be enacted, carried out, and permanently established against the greatest power in the system—the numerical majority—and the measure that is sustained by the embodied force of the whole, must be beyond the reach of any successful assailment of a part.

But nullification is as false in its metaphysics as it is weak in its power of action. It cannot get along without acknowledging a government, and yet denies to it the power of self-preservation. It is a government, and yet no government. Nullification then consents to a standard, but refuses to obey it. It thus strikes the very flag which it professes to fight under. It must stand, therefore, if it stand at all, only in the mazes of its own self-contradictions ; and there stand ever as a beacon to avoid rather than as a light to follow—as a lesson to warn rather than as a precept to guide.

But how shall the evils of general measures to particular sections be disposed of ? Obviously by the rule of compensation. No conceivable measure can possibly work equal good to all—nay, may work positive mischief to many. But what of that ? my turn of advantage comes to-day ; yours shall come to-morrow ; so that in the general average we may all expect to fare alike. And thus the great principle of compensation, which seems to be conservative in everything, shall preside in the administration of our government as it did in the formation of it. Partial evil shall yield to general good.

The third element named, as tending in the opinion of many to disunion, is the enlargement of our territorial limits. This is regarded as dangerous only upon one general ground: that the sound administration of a free government is practicable only within a certain territorial extent. This, as a general principle, is unquestionably true, as we have already stated; and the objection can be overcome only by the theory of subdivision of sovereignties, as already suggested in what we have said under the head of unity of government. Without this relief the territorial extent of the original thirteen States even would, in our judgment, have been entirely too large for the continuance of the American Republic for any length of time. But with this relief, combined with certain essential incidents to be associated with it, we can see no objection to an indefinite extent of territory; and in regard to these incidents, we would say, that new territory can be safely, or at least wisely added, only upon four conditions: First, that the territory annexed (unless the population be exceedingly sparse) should bring with it institutions in perfect sympathy with ours as they now exist, involving the two unities of language and civilization; second, that the subdivision into States of convenient dimensions, according to the principle of homogeneousness of local interests, should be an essential part of the plan; third, that the soil should be exempt from the taint of slavery in every form; and fourth, that the proposition for annexation should emanate from the territory to be annexed, and not from us. The first of these conditions would be indispensable to that sentiment of union which is the essential philosophy of our whole system, and without which our Union, even as it now is, would not last a year. Without this condition we should have States to take care of, and to keep in order by a standing military force of the general government, instead of States to aid us, by a common aim of Republican freedom, in the fulfilment of our great mission—the development and culture of the best powers of man. The second condition would meet and overcome the objection already illustrated by the case of Russia—the tendency to despotism of an unmodified central administration over an unlimited extent of territory. The

third condition is demanded by the consistency and integrity of the system. Slavery may be tolerated where it is, because it cannot be helped; but the whole idea of Christian Republican freedom, as well as the spirit of our age, is revolted by the proposition, that it may be properly and gratuitously established where it is not. The fourth condition would make additions to our territory perfectly accordant with the great principle of our system, which, excluding all idea of conquest, proposes the boon of free government to all people who shall possess the qualifications and the disposition to enjoy it, and shall sue to us for the privilege. That these conditions will, as a general rule, be observed in any administration of our government which looks to additions to our territory, seems to us just as certain as that the mass of the people, controlling their representatives, as in the long run they will infallibly do, shall take counsel rather from common sense and the experience of history than from the passionate impulses of a day and the mad ambition of selfish demagogues. Our history is not without proofs that these latter may occasionally have sway; nor is it, indeed, also without proofs that in needful emergencies of abuse of the public confidence, the people are apt to show themselves wiser and better than their rulers. It is, unfortunately, sometimes the case in the experience of governments, that the grossest outrages upon general rules of admitted soundness, are perpetrated in the mere wantonness of power, by the deliberate falsehood and treachery of men accidentally or fraudulently elevated to high places. If anything of this sort have occurred at any period of our history, which, in especial connection with this point of annexation of new territory, should seem to make against the views we have presented, the clear voice of an outraged public sentiment authorizes us to regard it as an exception to our general rules, rather than as a fatal violation of them. It is quite clear to us that our future history will give no record of a similar experience.

The fourth element, as tending to disunion, which we proposed to notice, is slavery. The whole difficulty on this subject, in our opinion, has arisen from not observing the most conservative feature of

our system—from not discriminating between what is state and what is national—from confounding with what is general to the Union what is, and must for ever be, only local to certain States. The institution of slavery is bad enough—scarcely anything in a political organization could be worse. It stands upon the right of the strongest. But bad as it is, there is one feature about it as regards our Union which, in our judgment, must make it harmless. It is a local affection and not a general disease. It is doubtless a curse where it is, but only there. It may be a permanent chronic—an everlasting sore to the South; but it is a chronic only to a limb, not to the main body. Its evils are inconvenient, hourly, daily, and yearly, to the parts affected by it; but not vital to the general system with which it is only incidentally connected.

There are but two dangers from it in its possible incidental effects upon the States exempt from it. The first is, possible collisions between these and the slave States, in connection with the action of the general government upon free and slave labor, as distinguished from each other. These collisions we have had. They are already a significant portion of our history; but it is also a portion of our history equally significant, that these collisions have been controlled by influences, moral or political, which have overpowered them. And that history teaches, that what *has been* may again and again *be*; and it is wiser to hope that it shall be unbroken in the future, than it would be to fear a change. It will be time to consider of a possible fatal case when it shall arise. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

But a second and perhaps greater danger from slavery, as regards the Union, is the manner in which it shall be treated by the North. In our opinion, the truest way to treat it, even to get rid of it, is, for the North to let it altogether alone. Politically and directly, we have nothing to do with it, any more than we have with the serfdom of St. Petersburg or the religion of Constantinople. And who would not be thought mad who should propose a crusade against them? Incidentally, we may meet it as it shall propose something inadmissible in the halls of Congress, and, if needful, battle with it there. And

if we would meet it there for victory, against any unjust claim of relative power, let us, at the polls, watch keenly for the traitors, who, in deference to the laws of party, are ready to betray the rights of country. If any Northern man denounce the South for a wrongful admission of Texas to the Union, on the ground of so much clear addition to the slave power without any equivalent to the North, let that man be for ever silent; for it was Northern votes that did that deed of unmeasured wrong.

But suppose the North, in the spirit of philanthropy, should venture to deal with slavery. In what way should this be done? Certainly not by quarrelling with it, for two reasons. First, that with the present generation at least, the evil is an entailment *upon* them and not original *with* them. This fact makes a case for sympathy with misfortune rather than for accusations against crime. But suppose the South willing in continuing the evil when they might get rid of it—supposing that possible—what should be the treatment then? Kind and friendly expostulation, not denunciation. The true philosophy, in the treatment of all error, is to approach it with kindness if you would subdue it. Approach it with accusation, and you provoke a resentment which inflames it; you thus increase the evil which a generous purpose would extirpate. Such is human nature. The law of kindness, which, while it would make a bad man cease to do evil, would teach him to do well, appeals to the sentiments and brings into play the principle of self-control; under whose influence, at the same time that you put a devil out, you put an angel in. The law of accusation, on the other hand, appeals directly to the vindictive passions, and converts a being, who, however bad, might be grateful for gentle admonition, into a demon, who would turn upon and throttle you for insulting him with your advice; and instead of putting one devil out you add half a dozen to the number.

In our opinion the feeling that has been manifested towards the South by a large class in the North, however generous its principle, has altogether failed in accomplishing its object. Nay, worse than failed; for who does not see, that that dark southern cloud is tenfold darker now than it

was twenty years ago? And who does not also see, that the spirit of provoked resentment has given to that cloud that ten-fold darker shade? No; the South can never be threatened, driven, or whipped out of her terrible infirmity. The harder you threaten and whip, the deeper you fix the evil in. Let it alone and time will kill it, must kill it; for there is a moral providence in the government of God, and the ordinance went forth from the beginning, that no lie (and such a lie!) should be born, eternally to live!

The last element which we proposed to consider as tending to disunion, is universal suffrage. It has been quite the habit of leading minds—more, however, formerly than now—to regard this as the fatal element of Republican Institutions. We, for many years, belonged to that class of thinkers ourselves, but we have changed our mind; our error, as we believe, arose from limiting our analysis of the subject to a single view, viz.: the judicious or injudicious exercise of the right of suffrage. Now the true philosophy of the matter comprehends another view of much larger import, viz.: the moral effect of the right of suffrage in elevating the character, whether moral or political, of the freeman who possesses it. The unwise and often reckless exercise of the right is the great evil that attends it. But this evil is only temporary; for our early experience will assuredly ascertain its unfortunate application in a given case, and administer a lesson of wisdom for the future which shall more than compensate for the mistake that has occasioned it. But more by far than this, the sense of merely self-respect and the feeling of personal responsibility implied in the possession of the right, are of the very gist of freedom, and belong permanently to the very life of free institutions. That free government would soon cease to be free, in which every citizen did not feel that it was his proper business to bear a part. The trial by jury, whether in its civil or criminal connections, is invaluable to a free government, not so much for the justice it secures, as for the occasion it affords to thousands to illustrate their individual consequence in the administration of the government. The abuse of the right of suffrage is a species of individual degradation; and by impugning the

idea of equality, in some sense, makes a man a slave. It results from this reasoning that the risk of an injudicious exercise of the right is better than not to possess it. There must be evils in both cases; but those of the one are of but a day, on the surface, and may be corrected, while those of the other are of all the time, in the depths of the system, beyond correction, and of mighty influence to absorb the principle of general freedom.

This reasoning assumes the presence and general predominance of popular virtue. This indeed is assumed in all reasonings upon the subject of free government; for without it, the breath of life would be wanted, and no true freedom could exist. It does not, however, because it cannot, in truth, deny the influence, to some extent at least, of popular passions. These, however, are often, and necessarily, an excess of the very feeling which gives to freedom as a sentiment its real worth; and are rather to be excused as showing the element of a virtuous patriotism, than denounced for their capacity to do mischief. Besides, that is not always passion which we pronounce such, but only the admissible and even commendable enthusiasm which resembles it. The ardent utterance and even stormy action characteristic of some men in the execution of a purpose, are perfectly consistent with the coolest and calmest antecedent judgment in the maturing of it.

It is an inquiry, speculative to be sure, but still of great interest, whether if the evils of universal suffrage be admitted, as claimed by some, to be radical, as connected with ignorance and vice, there may not be some check by which they shall be effectually controlled, and yet the right continue to exist. On this point, the old Roman economy may furnish a not inapposite illustration. The Servian institution of classes and centuries would seem to be not entirely without wisdom; securing as it did to the lowest class, all the dignity and moral benefit of the right of suffrage, with such a control in the *highest* as to prevent the possibility of mischief from its injudicious or even corrupt exercise. It might be urged, perhaps, that the right in the lowest class was a merely nominal affair; and being without substance, should be regarded as without

value as a sign of power. Granted. But this difficulty was not in the *system* but in the *class*; and to relieve it, it was for the class to rise above it, as they would be very likely to do, or to try to do, the moment they should become conscious of it. While the difficulty existed, and the class were unconscious of it, the commonwealth derived all the advantage of the moral effect of the institution, without suffering any of the evils of the exercise of power by incompetent hands. The enjoyment of the privilege was probably all that was cared for by the possessor of it; and hence, the fact of a controlling power in a higher class would not be likely to awaken jealousy in a lower. It is clearly quite too late, in any modern system, especially in our own, to adopt the Servian mode; but may not philosophy, some day, help us to carry out the idea? We suggest the topic without intending to discuss it.

We have discussed the two classes of elements according to our enumeration in the outset. It remains to consider for a moment, which of the two will probably predominate in a general result. Is or is not this Union to be perpetual? Can no principle be extracted from this discussion to assist at least in the solution of the problem?

The affirmative argument, from the unities of language, civilization and interest, is founded upon what is inherent in our national character; and therefore has all the force of permanency in preserving the integrity of our system. As long as these shall last—and there is no reason in the nature of the thing why they should not last for ever—the question of change or

even modification can hardly ever fail, when discussed, to be decided by reason and good sense. Such elements, with constantly new accumulations to their influence, can hardly ever be made to yield to any antagonistic power, sustained and urged by a moral force inferior to their own. The element of unity of government, too, is thoroughly realizing all the good it promised, and even more; and must be daily acquiring new additions to its strength in the very action of opposing forces that would destroy it.

On the other hand, the negative argument from the elements of excessive party spirit, nullification, enlargement of our territorial domain, slavery and universal suffrage, seems to make those elements either of ephemeral importance, and their acts of mischief only temporary in their character, or to be so surrounded with compensating influences, as to be entirely regulated and controlled by them. The affirmative and negative arguments for the durability of the Union, we would characterize, then, by permanency as belonging to the one, or the want of it as belonging to the other; and on this distinction, we would unfalteringly plant the standard of the Union, to be “now and for ever, one and inseparable.”

NOTE.—It seems to have been very universally believed by politicians, in all ages of the world, that a strictly universal suffrage would end in radical democracy. From what is now going on in Europe, and from our own experience, it may now be thought that there is no such danger—that the majority of men in all countries are conservative, and abhor radical revolutions.

ED. AM. REV.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

It is now twelve years since a book with the mysterious and enigmatical title above named was first given to the American public. The Boston editors then assured us that they had, by the "expressed desire of many persons," collected these "sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets in which they first appeared"—and these ephemeral pamphlets, we are told in a note at the bottom, were "*Fraser's* (London) Magazine, 1833-4." Under what impression, and with what design, the book was gathered up and republished, is distinctly enough set forth in the following prefatory announcement and exposition: "But what will chiefly commend the book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age,—we had almost said of the hour, in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety, the writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and purity of moral sentiment, which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue."

Notwithstanding this significant and almost official announcement, we dare say that a good portion of the readers of this book, for a dozen years past, have put their own construction on its pages, and interpreted all its "dark sayings" very much in their own way. There are serious grounds of doubt that a majority of the reading community of this country are ready to add "most just" to what all will be willing to admit as being "novel," in an unusual degree. In what we say of it, accordingly, we shall speak in the light of our own judgment, and quite independently of the exposition, which ought, perhaps, to be regarded as in some manner decisive.

Sartor Resartus has pretty generally been spoken of as a succinct and free-spoken commentary upon whatever is most striking in modern society. The whole narrative is regarded as a fictitious framework, on which the satire is suspended; and the plot is supposed to have been so contrived as to come into collision, somewhere and somehow, in its development, with every topic the writer designs to animadvert upon. *Teufelsdröckh*, according to this view, is introduced solely for the purpose of turning up subjects for discourse—and the author leads him into all sorts of predicaments, in order to philosophize on the haps or mishaps which were beforehand determined on as texts, and which, by being aggregated about one person, come to possess a factitious unity. Readers so understanding the book, naturally enough, look upon the plan as rather an ill-devised and unwieldy one, and its execution as unnecessarily awkward and tedious. We are made to range through a great number of pages, whose sole office is to hold together a useless fable—to preserve its consistency, without in the least aiding the author's real design.

To us, the narrative portion of the book seems to have little real value or meaning except as a history (and primarily so intended) of the internal struggles of a mind gifted above its circumstances, conscious of powers for which no adequate sphere is provided in its immediate position, and detached in all its affections and hopes from everything belonging to the existing order of society. If a satire on modern civilization, the work apparently becomes such from the author's identifying himself with his subject—and, in fact, as most readers at once infer, from having himself passed through the very series of experiences here attributed to his hero. We willingly accept the exposition so generally received by Mr. Carlyle's admirers, that the book is "a sort of spir-

itual autobiography." With this key, the interpretation is comparatively easy—the peculiarities of thought and expression, and the wild unrest everywhere manifested, are with no great difficulty accounted for. The satire thus becomes, what satire invariably is, in greater or less degree, a kind of personal revenge—a retaliatory resistance against what, in actual life, has caused the writer uneasiness of mind, and left in his memory impressions permanently disagreeable; an offensive warfare of defence, carried on in behalf of one's pride.

The work is not altogether satirical, much as there is to which no other name can be applied. We recognize, however, all the way, a fixed and settled opposition to existing modes of thinking, and the prevalent ways of living; and a constant (though not always open and undisguised) inclination to hold up whatever comes under the head of an establishment, or wears any appearance of a permanent form, to ridicule and contempt. It seems to be (as we shall have occasion to show more particularly hereafter) a fundamental element of the author's philosophy, and one which he will never suffer his reader to lose sight of, that the world is all going wrong—that truth, honesty, sincerity, and true insight of all that it most concerns men to look into, were never so scarce, nor their living and actual presence never so much needed, as in this our own time. It is apparent (we will not venture to say that such is the fact) that the mind in which this strange compound of serene wisdom and discontented folly had its origin, had met with unexpected resistance, and rebuffs not set down on the chart of life which its youthful dreams had marked out; and that its disappointments had too often excited disgust, where a little wholesome chagrin would have been much more philosophical, and, practically, infinitely better. The production of this book, however, marks a period of convalescence—for that mind is evidently on the road to health, which, unconsciously or otherwise, seeing never so imperfectly its past sickness, is able to write the history of its disease; and, while treating of its malady, (not always recognizing, even, that it is a malady,) attempts to carry off the burden with as good a grace as possible—to veil

the pain under a smile, which, before, it betrayed by a grimace.

Judging from internal appearances alone, without a particular reference to any other work from the same source, we should presume this to be the precise stage at which Sartor Resartus was finally thrown off by the author in its present form, (for that the whole was composed, connectedly and at the same period, is improbable,) under an impulse, so far as healthy and genuine, of self-recovery; yet largely compounded with an affectation and conceit and morbidity of reflection, still too firmly seated not to make themselves distinctly apparent.

The writer of such a work as this is, must evidently be a man of large capacity, of quick sensibility, of restless imagination, and of impetuous and excitable temper. Whatever he undertakes in these pages, is sustained throughout, and exhibits no flagging of intellectual energy, however deficient it may be thought in coherence and taste. His strength, in a great measure ill-governed and unwieldy as it is, never deserts him. If he ever falls into a fit of imbecility, like those seasons Dr. Johnson records as part of his own experience, when mental energy was wanting even to count the strokes of the clock, we get no trace of his infirmity through a public exposure—his bow is always elastic and firm, his sharp-pointed arrows are ever ready, no matter how unwise or unskilful his aim. He has a reach of perception and sympathy that gathers in and domesticates among his own thoughts a vast multiplicity of objects—and we should much sooner charge that his views are too extended and limitless, than that they are one-sided or narrow. He ranges freely—somewhat too lightly—over all things past or future, sacred or profane, spiritual or material—forcing all into the same plane and on the same level—setting space and time at naught. And yet he has his strong partialities. His learning is by no means universal, nor do his sympathies linger fondly or steadily upon all objects. Science he affects to esteem lightly—metaphysics he abhors. The superstition of the Norsemen is much better to his mind than modern theology, and he sees far more to love in an austere monk of the middle ages than in any bishop of the

English Church in his own day, whose style of living corresponds with his station. While, therefore, his fancy takes a wide range, and, from one point of view or another, he surveys all things that engross human attention, his mind finds but few resting-places, and almost none in the region of actual existence.

His sensibility—originally amounting, no doubt, to an excessive sensitiveness—he has protected with an acquired fearlessness and hardihood of thinking and speaking, which secures him from falling into the weakness—the versatility transformed into inconstancy—not unusual in minds keenly alive to a diversity of impressions from the objects that surround them. His susceptibility is such, notwithstanding, that—other causes conspiring—the waves of his spirit never subside; the constant agitation, kept up by a succession of new excitements, never settles into repose.

● To his imagination there are no laws—its flights are too little counterpoised by good sense. Imagination may almost be said to be his reason—all things take their shape in his mind through its aid: and though there are comparatively few actual discrepancies in his estimates and opinions, taken as a whole, such as would clearly imply a lack of discretion, yet his judgment is justified rather by giving all objects the same disproportion in his conceptions, than by a sober and rational construction of things throughout. He lives in the images his own mind creates—his world, and the humanity he ever speculates upon, will hardly be found by another whose mind does not partake largely of the same diseased contemplation.

His temperament is of that excitable, ardent, and indefatigable kind that will take no rest, nor even suffer his spirit to be wearied out of its discontent. He cannot be satisfied with an approximate realization of his ideal, and his impatience at human dullness and imperfection is uncontrollable. Whatever seems to him to be true, is so vividly impressed on his mind—burns and glows with a light so clear and perfect—that he loses sight of the fact that everybody else has not just the same clearness of vision, does not take a similar point of view, or bring to the investigation a mind equally prepared—and with the same materials—as his own. Ac-

cordingly, he feels it a condescension and a degradation, which nobody has a right to require of him, to explain the process by which he arrives at a conclusion, or to reason a point which seems to him self-evident.

He speaks, for the most part, in the style of the oracle—certainly with all its authoritativeness, if not with a share of its ambiguity and obscurity. The Hebrew prophets were hardly more imperative—their language had little more of the tone of unreasoning and unaccommodating dictation. He rushes on with an almost resistless impetuosity, whither his convictions impel him, and, by mere sympathy and the strong current of his thoughts, carries with him his reader, unquestioning and unopposing, who has not a stout and resolute will of his own.

We have no disposition to attempt so hopeless an undertaking as to catch all the features of such a mind, and to present them in a true portrait; and least of all is it our purpose to speak of such characteristics of the author as are not immediately suggested by the book under especial consideration.

Of the manner in which our author in general executes the task imposed by his somewhat vague and not over ingenious plan, we are not disposed to make much complaint. Yet we can but think that the opinion of the "Bookseller's Taster," over which Mr. Carlyle, fifteen years later—while in the enjoyment of a considerable reputation attained by the aid of other labors—is disposed to make merry, in a rather vain and not remarkably modest manner, will be, so far as contained in the following sentence, pretty generally acquiesced in, as a true and impartial judgment: "The Author has no great tact: his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively." Mr. Carlyle has, indeed, as his later writings show, grown somewhat more naturally playful—through exercises of the kind exhibited in this book, or from some other cause which it is no part of our present purpose to determine—and a somewhat more graceful humor and fewer extravagances of wit undoubtedly characterize his happier efforts in more recent years.

Teufelsdröckh, taken in all the manifes-

tations we have of him, verges quite closely on a caricature. We should be slow to assert that many genuine strokes of nature, and much knowledge of the human heart, are not bound up in the bundle labelled with this name; but we risk nothing in saying, at the same time, that side by side with whatever is strictly just and true, are inconsistencies and incongruities, hard to explain, if not irreconcilable. It is evident enough that the whole is founded much more upon such knowledge as is gathered from books and self-meditation, in the closet, than from an actual and personal knowledge of men and the world.

Many persons, unquestionably, will be ready to meet all our animadversions with the assertion that the book is allegorical and mystical—that by sympathy we must enter into the inward feelings of the writer, and catch something of his spirit, in order to come at the real purport and significance of what he says. This last is obvious enough, but we are unwilling to allow that any book, properly written, can contain a meaning that will, without a premonitory hint from the initiated, escape the notice of an intelligent reader, ordinarily gifted, when properly read. Nor do we believe that Mr. Carlyle himself is ignorant that the truest, the most *genial* writing always has a direct meaning and purpose, and that the interpretation which is the most obvious and natural is invariably the true one. We do not believe that Sartor Resartus has any esoteric meaning, nor are we willing to suppose that the author intended it as a riddle. Whatever the intent, nevertheless, the ultimate and final judgment of the book will of necessity be founded on such an interpretation as the ordinary principles of language require; and the “spiritual sense” will be left entirely to the determination of mystics and dreamers.

The author first reveals “the man Teufelsdröckh,” in the light of his own personal “reminiscences.” He knew him as leading “a quite still and self-contained life, devoted to the higher philosophies.” On matters moral and religious, he represents him as being altogether speechless, at that period; in politics, radical and democratic: a beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking, penniless German scholar. The outward looks and notabilities of the man

—the most unimpassioned kind of description imaginable—are set forth in violent apostrophe: “Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes, too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning top? Thy little figure then as, in loose, ill-brushed, thread-bare habiliments, thou sattest amid litter and lumber, whole days, to ‘think and smoke tobacco,’ held in it a mighty heart.”

We may add here, that in narrative talent, our author is singularly deficient. This is clearly enough seen in the clumsiness which (we speak of Sartor Resartus only) characterizes every attempt at developing what should properly have been direct narrative—the latter being got along with in almost every conceivable manner, short of a simple and natural relation. It avails nothing to refer this altogether to the peculiar humor of the writer, and to his habitually eccentric expression—nor need we be answered, that we fail to get at his true spirit and meaning. It is not that the writing is unintelligible, or that it does not conform to the constant practice of the writer elsewhere, that we have alleged, but that it is quite deficient in a quality almost indispensable in a work of the kind here attempted.

In point of manners, we have not, at present, any more explicit intimation of Teufelsdröckh than his “meek, silent, deep-seated Sansculottism, combined with a true princely courtesy of inward nature.” “He was a stranger there,” (at Weissnichtwo—*anglicè*, Who-knows-where,) “wafted thither by what is called the force of circumstances; concerning whose parentage, birth-place, prospects, or pursuits, curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy; besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke

of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of *expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes*, they called him *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew."

The words we have italicized point pretty plainly to the form and manner which the author has attempted to sustain in *writing*, in his "French Revolution;" but whether such style of *conversation* is to be presumed as at all likely to characterize a person such as he has previously made out Teufelsdröckh to be, is at least questionable. Your "meek, silent" gentlemen have seldom that readiness of speech, and that command of their thoughts in the presence of others, which would enable them to sustain themselves in the lofty style here described, however well they might do it on paper, in the solitude of their study. How this might be in the particular case of a German scholar, we cannot say from personal observation—nor, if we are rightly informed, can our author. The "reminiscence" continues:—

"The man Teufelsdröckh passed and re-passed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins: That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is."

We quote for the description, at present, and not to descant upon the disproportionate and colossal figures, vanishing in a mist of dreamy speculation—of which this last is a noteworthy and characteristic example, and of which we design to speak more particularly hereafter.

Of the philosopher's attic, to which "the Editor" of this volume was wont to be admitted, he informs us, as a favorite, we have the following account:—

"It was a strange apartment; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds

of all conceivable substances, 'united in a common element of dust.' Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or night-cap hastily thrown aside; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots."

In the same chapter we are introduced to another character—disproportionate and distorted, but not, perhaps, altogether unparalleled in actual life—the Hofrath Henschrecke. This personage is created to be the *sponge* through which "the Editor" is mainly to derive his biographical materials. "The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Henschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson." This simple allusion will suffice for the Hofrath, since, apart from the office indicated, we are unable to detect any particular humor or ingenuity in the character, or the least importance in furthering the design of the book.

"In such environment," the author says, in conclusion of his reminiscences, "social, domestic, and physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still live and meditate. Here, perched up in his high Wahngasse watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars: of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at; of his wide surtout; the color of his trowsers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not."

After these "preliminary hymnings," the Philosopher's history is subsequently traced from his earliest years downward. The young Diogenes is a foundling, and his childhood and youth are spent in the village of Entepfuhl—which means in simple English, *Duck-pond*. He is brought up by Andreas Futteral, and "the good Gretchen," his wife, who, at this period, are "childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier sergeant,

and even regimental schoolmaster under Frederick the Great; but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which, he, Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties, came in their season; all which Andreas knew how to sell. On evenings he smoked largely, or read, (as be seemed a regimental schoolmaster,) and talked to neighbors that would listen about the Victory of Rosbach." "Young Diogenes, or rather young Greschen, for by such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations," (of "sprawling out his ten fingers and toes," &c.,) "by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave out that he was a grand-nephew, the orphan of some sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant Prussian birth-land; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurse-ling took to his spoonmeat and thrive. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself, above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that time was precious; that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering."

These last quotations are, ostensibly, autobiographical. Of his childhood and boyhood; of the stories of Andreas; of the youthful meditations suggested by stage-coaches and cattle-shows, by the "skating matches and shooting matches," the "snow storms and Christmas carols" of winter, and by the "vicissitudes of contribution" of the other seasons of the year; and of the divers objects affording food and growth to a young mind, we are told at sufficient length, though with no remarkably graphic coloring or peculiar force. "The good Gretchen" taught him "her own simple version of the Christian faith. Andreas too attended church; yet more like a parade duty, for which he in the other world expected pay with arrears, as, I trust, he has received; but my mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation religious." Diogenes is sent to school.

"My schoolmaster, a down-bent, broken-hearted, underfoot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little for me, except discover that he could do little: he, good soul, pronounced me a genius, fit for the learned professions; and that I must be sent to the Gymnasium, and one day to the University. Meanwhile, what printed thing soever I could meet with I read. My very copper pocket-money I laid out on stall literature, which, as it accumulated, I with my own hands sewed into volumes." A very important circumstance.

He goes to the gymnasium and to the university, makes great progress in everything he turns his mind to, and criticises his teachers, (this in after years though, it is charitable to suppose,) as undoubtedly they will seem to deserve—for not beating (figuratively if possible, but at all events *beating*) his eccentricities and bewilderments out of him—cutting off the misshapen and deformed branches altogether, and engrafting upon the trunk some shoots of propriety and good sense, endued with a healthy vigor. He complains, however, on far other grounds.

In the midst of his studies at the gymnasium, Father Andreas dies, and Mother Gretchen discloses to him, for the first time, that his real parentage is unknown. "Thus was I doubly orphaned," he writes in his autobiographical sketches; "bereft not only of Possession, but even of Remembrance. Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, could not but produce abundant fruit. Such a disclosure, in such a season, struck its roots through my whole nature; even till the years of mature manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, was as the stem whereon all my day-dreams and night-dreams grew. A certain poetic elevation, yet also a corresponding civic depression, it naturally imparted: *I was like no other*: in which fixed-idea, leading sometimes to highest, and oftener to frightful results, may there not lie the first spring of Tendencies, which in my Life have become remarkable enough? As in birth, so in action, speculation, and social position, my fellows are perhaps not numerous."

At a later period, while at the university, "the good Gretchen" (words that the author delights to repeat on every possible occasion) is compelled to with-

draw from him her pecuniary aid. "Nevertheless," says the editor, "in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humor of that young Soul, what character is in him first decisively reveals itself; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colors, some of which are prismatic. Thus with the aid of Time, and of what Time brings, has thestripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer." And still further on, we are told of "fever paroxysms of doubt," and "Inquiries concerning Miracles, and the evidences of religious Faith;" of "a liberal measure of earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means." "From various fragments of Letters and documentary scraps," it is added, "it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice: certain established men are aware of his existence; and, if stretching out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes upon him. He appears, though in dreary enough humor, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law; whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate."

He forms the acquaintance of Herr Towgood, "a young person of quality from the interior parts of England," and through him he is "brought near" the noble family of the Count von Zahdarm. With the Law he succeeds badly. "Perhaps, too, what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. 'Great practical method and expertness' he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular."

Time moves on heavily, discouragingly, for the poor Auscultator. His acquaintance with the Zahdarms brings him in contact with the world, and its higher life—and he sits down, occasionally, with his betters, to "Æsthetic Tea." An event, too, occurs about this time, which marks

a decisive era in his life. He falls in love. On this subject, our editor discourseth thus:—

"Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself; with what specialities of successive configuration, splendor and color, his Firework blazes off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Enlogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title Blumine, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none! Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what Pre-established Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper sphere of Light was come down into this nether sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, make noise enough.'

"We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin; high-born and of high spirits; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of monied relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature."

And the autobiographer ruminates after this manner:—

"In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lamenting glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of Music; such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a

very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star; did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Æolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The Past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he pamed it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought."

Here is "the final scene":—

"One morning, he found his Morning-Star all dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-Star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, 'They were to meet no more.' The thunder-struck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour; but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and hasten to the catastrophe. 'Farewell, then, Madam!' said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined; their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one,—for the first time, and for the last!" Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then—thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss."

How appropriate this last metaphor may be to the subject, either as to fit proportion or the accuracy and vividness with which it depicts the emotions of such an occasion, we simply leave for the experienced in such matters to decide.

In conclusion of this portion of the biography, it is proper to add—what the disappointed lover, in his sorrowful wanderings, subsequently discovers—that the fair Blumine found the titles and estates of Herr Towgood considerably

more tempting than the poverty and melancholy of Teufelsdröckh, and was brilliantly wedded—leaving the poor lawyer to his briefs and his griefs.

Next we have, in a long, indescribable, and not wholly unmeaning series, the "Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh"—his internal struggles—his spiritual agony of doubt and fear—his "indifference"—his ultimate consolation and serenity of mind, in the regions of a hopeless, austere, and solitude-loving mysticism, such as surround him when first introduced to our knowledge.

The third and last Book develops the "Philosophy of Clothes," proper—and the biography here closes.

The *philosophy* of this volume has been a subject of considerable discussion—first, to ascertain what it really is, and secondly, to determine its true value. We should probably be thought to have evaded the chief and most weighty inquiry, were we to pass this matter by without due notice. But to attempt to make out a connected system from such unpromising materials, would of course be a very fruitless undertaking—and we deem it not uncharitable to question whether, in point of fact, at the time of putting Sartor Resartus to press, the author had himself any intelligible notions or doctrines of human life, or any well-digested "theory of the universe," aside from what was already included, by common consent, in the general belief of all civilized nations, and made the basis of their institutions, and of their practical wisdom.

He may be said, however, in general terms, to belong to that class of thinkers—the exclusive product of no age or country—whose disconnection from practical affairs, and whose neglect of the realities of life, if not utter contempt of them, have rendered everything distasteful to their thoughts, and a source of impatience and discontent, save the purest abstractions. They do not, indeed, for they cannot, become wholly detached from the influences of this world, and from the business immediately concerning it—but their predominant wish and aim, and habit, tend to an entire exclusion of earthly matters. They even look upon the process of eating and drinking, some of this number have gone so far as to confess, as no little deg-

radiation to their spiritual nature, and as a necessity very much to be regretted. In referring the author of Sartor Resartus to this class, we do not insist that he is an idealist of the extreme kind, or that all the follies of his sect are to be attributed to him; nor do we mean to say that his writings of a subsequent date to this now under consideration, do not indicate a different and a more rational state of mind. But that he belongs to this class, and that an isolated, unsympathizing idealism underlies the entire volume at present in question, we venture to say that no reasonable reader will controvert or deny. The grand effort throughout the book, and the one on which he especially prides himself, is, to arouse his reader to "spiritual" contemplation, and to shed an ideal light over all the objects of ordinary life and daily experience. He recognizes nothing as true and abiding save ideas; and in the embodiments of ideas which men have attempted, and so far accomplished, he finds everywhere the most melancholy imperfection and evanescence. This is the net amount of all that may be called the philosophy of this book—and is, of course, original only in the manner of its unfolding and application. He finds no rest—and would have his reader find none, apparently—in the existing institutions of Religion and Government, or in the prevalent modes of employing the energies of the human mind and body, and of directing the impulses of which they are susceptible. He has formed a wonderful conception of the powers and capacities of man, and is shocked that the human race, so endowed as he imagines, has accomplished and is accomplishing results no better corresponding with his lofty estimate. He professes a particular horror of all concealments or disguises; and that a human being should come short of fulfilling all that his apparent capabilities and outward professions promise, is to him an unpardonable crime. In a word, he seems to have no idea of any more grievous sin than weakness or stupidity.

Underneath all, the flame that keeps his ever-agitated spirit in ebullition, appears to be a passionate conviction that a new era is dawning upon the world—that man is speedily to become transformed into a far different and infinitely better being

than he has ever shown himself heretofore—and that to him, as one of the leading spirits, belongs in part the "mission" of bringing these remarkable changes to pass. The Messiah of this "latter day glory," he recognizes as having already appeared—in the person of a German poet—and from henceforth, old things are to pass away, and all things to become new. Such is the grand assurance that sends the fire of enthusiasm along every nerve of his stout, energetic, intellectual frame, and impels him forward in a career that causes many a timid and faithless conservative to tremble for the downfall of the institutions and customs in which he blindly—and not soberly and with genuine confidence, as becomes a prudent man—takes refuge.

That Mr. Carlyle has any rationally devised plan, or any definite expectation,—aside from a determination to disturb men from the repose and content into which he fancies they have degenerately sunk down,—we cannot believe. We seriously doubt whether he could present any one system in place of the imperfect "shams" he denounces, for which he himself would dare confidently predict a happier operation, or a more satisfactory issue. He is not the first that has conceived disgust at an existing order—full of "incoherences" and grievances, surely, yet more easy to improve by a little patience of spirit and a good-natured exercise of ingenuity, than to supersede by a new and untried scheme, whose success shall be perfect.

The "winter of discontent," in this passage that follows, pervades all his meditations, and gives a radical tinge to all that he says:—

"'Call ye that a Society,' cries he again, 'where there is no longer any Social Idea extant; not so much as the Idea of a common Home, but only of a common, over-crowded Lodging-house? Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbor, turned against his neighbor, clutches what he can get, and cries 'Mine!' and calls it Peace, because, in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed? Where Friendship, Communion, has become an incredible tradition; and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist? Where your Priest has no tongue but for plate-licking; and your high Guides and Governors

cannot guide; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed: *Laissez faire*; Leave us alone of *your* guidance, such light is darker than darkness; eat you your wages, and sleep!

"Thus, too," continues he, "does an observant eye discern everywhere that saddest spectacle: The Poor perishing, like neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Overwork; the Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, Satiety, and Overgrowth. The Highest in rank, at length, without honor from the Lowest; scarcely, with a little mouth-honor, as from tavern-waiters who expect to put it in the bill. Once sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men grudge even the expense; a World becoming dismantled: in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy; the STATE shrunk into a Police-Office, straitened to get its pay!"

"—In times like ours," Teufelsdröckh elsewhere says, "when all things are rapidly or slowly resolving themselves into Chaos;" and "the Editor" himself styles the present "an epoch when Puffery and Quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind."

Again:—

"It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be Day: we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as if blotted out for a season; and two immeasurable Fantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with the GOWLE, SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call it theirs: well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream."

Among the chief remedies for this deplorable state of affairs is, to give free scope to speculation—to raise up a new race of poets and teachers, who shall be fit objects of worship. His recipe for exalting any person that chooses into the dignity of a GENIUS, is pretty nearly the same as that subsequently laid by Mr. Emerson on this side of the water:—

"Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed;—thereby, in these his seem-

ingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night? Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed."

Speculation will "have free course," unquestionably, so long as any individual liberty remains to man—but all speculators may rest assured of this, that, to the end of time, whatever is ridiculous will continue to be laughed at; and whatever is frivolous or profane will never be accepted as the oracles of a prophet, by the wiser portion of any civilized community.

The "mystery of life" is a trite theme; and all of us probably remember having been many times puzzled with the consciousness of a personal identity. In this book, both these topics appear to be favorites. We are unable to discover to what profitable end such vague speculations can be supposed to conduce. In our simple judgment, a great deal that is said about "mysterious nature" and the "mysterious life of man," bears a striking resemblance to what is commonly denominated *cant*. We have especially in mind such passages as these:—

"That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit zu der Ewigkeit hin*: From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are Apparitions: what else! Are they not Souls rendered visible; in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a Tomorrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"Who am I; what is this ME? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum*. Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough I am; and lately was not: but Whence? How? Where-to? The answer lies around, written in all

colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-colored visions flit around our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtedly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing."

With such bewildering speculations as these, like a millstone about his neck, Teufelsdröckh plunges into the deeps of Transcendentalism, and makes his way through contemplations, wherein, at present, we shall not attempt to keep him company.

As already intimated, the uppermost and predominant article of his creed, is the worship of GOETHE, as the Messiah of a new order of things—the prophet of a better and more exalted dispensation than any that have preceded. What this new dispensation is in his view, may be gathered from the following:—

"There is no Church, sayest thou? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute: but, in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough? A Preaching Friar settles himself in every village; and builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for man's salvation; and dost not thou listen, and believe? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols; and, though them-

selves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it?"

"But there is no Religion?" reiterates the Professor. "Fool! I tell thee there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-Homiletic lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay, fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—GOETHE."

All these views, and vagaries, to which we have referred, the writer seems once to have seriously entertained: some of the more extravagant of them, he affects to look at a little "askance and strangely," hardly willing to acknowledge their paternity, yet unable to shake off the conviction that there is a truth in them, which the world ought to know. It would give us no surprise to learn that a large portion of these extracts from "the remarkable volume of Teufelsdröckh," were originally sibylline leaves of his own, written in sober earnest, without a dream of imputing them to another. We venture the opinion, that Sartor Resartus was never composed, in its present shape, with a plan definitely formed before a paragraph was written, and proceeding in due order from the beginning. It has, to us, an appearance of something like simple aggregation, instead of organic growth; and it seems quite probable that the thoughts which his solitary contemplations had precipitated by the way, through years of silent progress and development—sane and insane, well considered and hasty, morbid and healthy, were here brought together, on his emergence into clearer day and maturer perception.

Of the mental disease to which we have referred, evidences enough may be found, we think, on every page. Morbid niceties of reflection abound. He "considers too curiously." A chance sug-

gestion leads him often through a wild, labyrinthine chase, without any progress forward, always returning to the starting-point, with no other result than a tantalizing and profitless bewilderment. A speculative mind, we are aware, must busy itself with contemplations that have no immediate, practical relation to the every-day business of life—and meditations the most profitable of all seldom directly serve the ends of economical utility; yet it is none the less true, that there are limits beyond which speculation becomes a disease, and gives a coloring of insanity to all that is uttered. Foremost of the sickly indications of this kind, we may reckon the ever-present consciousness of *self*, and the constant reiteration of the "vexed questions," to which we have before alluded, respecting personal being and personal identity.

The extravagant and unnatural character of the figures employed by Mr. Carlyle to aid his expression, has often been noted, and is not the least remarkable peculiarity of his writing. His metaphors and similes are of that exaggerated, impetuous, disproportionate kind, that evinces an imagination at once vigorous and undisciplined,—highly susceptible, yet deranged in its action. Fitness and adaptation are wanting. They make a momentary impression—vivid, like the full, dazzling blaze of the sun—as vague and as unbiding. They start up before the reader when little prepared for them, and where least of all he expected to see them. At first, they seem to be part of a concerted system to excite our continual wonder and amazement; afterwards they assume a more unaffected aspect, and serve to throw light far into the recesses of the restless and turbulent spirit from which they issue. All his images—even those applied to the smallest and most trivial matters, are drawn from the vast and the violent in nature—storms, desert-winds, tornadoes, earthquakes, volcanoes, flames, the sea, and all objects of kindred qualities. He makes everything superlative; and whatever is huge or overpowering, needs only to partake of the solitude and disquiet of his own soul, to be forced into service, on the lightest occasion. We shall not be compelled or go far, open the volume wherever we may, to find ex-

amples enough illustrative of these strictures. These figures are interwoven with every distinct train of reflection, and many have already been included in our previous quotations.

To convey an idea of the extent and value of the volume of "Clothes Philosophy," which he has just received from Germany, he calls it "an extensive volume, of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of Thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients."

Of his labors over the book, as Editor, he speaks in this wise:—

"Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift*; collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor."

Fraser's Magazine (in which this work was originally published in a series of numbers, as we have before intimated) is described as "A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits."

In describing his hero's personal appearance, this passage occurs:—

"His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen; yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze: those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire!"

Of George Fox, Teufelsdröckh is made to say:—

"Mountains of encumbrance, higher than

Ætna, had been heaped over that Spirit; but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven! that Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine."

A joke of Jean Paul's is set forth as "some single billow in that vast World-Maelstrom of Humor, with its heaven-kissing coruscations." But all these are nothing to what follows:—

"I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools that had broken out on opposite quarters of the firm land: as yet they appear only disquieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which man's art might cover in; yet mark them, their diameter is daily widening; they are hollow Cones that boil up from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but a thin crust or rind! Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling in, daily the empire of the two Buchan-Bullers extending; till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land between them; this too is washed away; and then—we have the true Hell of Waters, and Noah's Deluge is out-deluged!"

"The mighty, billowy, storm-tost Chaos of Life," is only one of a thousand expressions that reveal something deeper and of more consequence than simply a want of taste, and indicate a state of mind utterly averse from the soberness and composure indispensable to moral health and well-being. And in this connection we recur, involuntarily, to those words of the author's sole published attempt (we believe) at verse—manifestly spoken from the heart—which he addresses to a moth, that has died in the flame of his lamp:—

"Poor moth! thy form my own resembles!
Me, too, a restless, asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
To seek the good I ne'er shall find.

"What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes
Thy one brief parting pang may show—
*And withering thoughts for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are but a death more slow!*"

The humor of *Sartor Resartus* is peculiar—sometimes covert and illusive; sometimes broad and hearty; sometimes affected; almost invariably cumbered with some awkwardness or downright folly. There are few efforts in this kind that we are involuntarily compelled to laugh at;

and if an inward smile occasionally flashes across our mind, it is quite as often at the author's apparent self-gratulation and satisfaction in having made what he deems a palpable hit, as from any real enjoyment of the joke.

His sarcasm wounds severely—but it is not envy or jealousy that gives it its sting. He properly hates no human being; he loves the ideal of man which his fancy, gathering all that is truest and most complete in the development of humanity, has formed for him; and this grateful work of eclecticism is frequently executed for the benefit of some especial favorite; but, in general, he is impatient with all, and his prevailing sentiment towards all is a compound of compassion and disgust, or a compromise between them. Thoroughly schooled in "self-renunciation," and no longer (apparently) heedful of worldly advantage or honor, he broods over no injuries, fancied or real, and meditates no revenge. Identifying himself with his own conceptions of truth, and duty, and manhood, he recognizes no enemies but the false-hearted and the insincere, the stupid and the depraved. On these he vents, in sarcasm and stinging rebuke, whatever wrath and vexation the personal experience of years of unrequited labor and suffering have stored in his mind—in this poison, and in this only, all his arrows are dipped.

The obscurity which is a standing objection, with many, against the writer of this volume, is chargeable mainly, perhaps, to the peculiarities of his style and expression, simply, but also in part to an inexcusable, if not, as would sometimes appear, an intentional ambiguity. It is sometimes hard to determine whether he really means to be taken in sober earnest, or ironically and in humor. Rather, we might say that, while the discriminating reader can, without much difficulty, understand to which sense Mr. Carlyle really and at heart inclines, there is frequently an evident wish to avoid a direct and explicit committal to opinions which he fears may bring him into disrepute with his reader; and yet, covertly and by degrees, he aims to inculcate what he dare not avow. A book should be one thing or another—not an ambiguity. If an author means to profess a sincere "attachment to the institutions of our ancestors," and is really and

in truth, "minded to defend these at all hazards," why should he qualify his avowal, by affirming his attachment to be "*true though perhaps feeble*"—and pretend to offer, "as no despicable pile" "to divert the current of innovation, such a volume as *Teufelsdröckh's*?" No one who knows the author will be likely to doubt that his real intent was anything rather than to sustain the institutions of which he speaks, just as they are; yet few will charge him with having designed, at the outset of his book, openly and honestly to declare his purpose to accelerate their overthrow. Why this disguise,—this shrinking behind the protection of an ambiguous humor?

In the *idea* of the book, there was evidently intended to be something startling, of a kind that could be rendered available for effect. Had the sum and substance of all that the volume really teaches, and all that is truly beautiful or impressive in its pages, been presented in their simple character, and in natural, unconstrained attitudes and colors, it is probable that the sensation created by the publication would have been small; and hence, also, it is more than probable that there was a conscious effort on the part of the author to present what he says in a strange and unheard-of way, and with constant care to excite wonder and astonishment. Striking novelties, and oddities of manner, will surely enough attract notice—will be mistaken by some for most indubitable tokens of genius; and the writer who proposes to himself such aims as these, needs only ordinary cleverness and invention, to succeed in his attempt much better than he deserves.

At the first glance, Sartor Resartus is repulsive. It wears all the appearance of eccentricity and affectation, if not of absolute ill-breeding. The name itself is an enigma—suggestive of no very refined or exalted reflections. Nor does the oddity of the whole affair wear off upon a more intimate acquaintance. We are compelled to exercise an unaccustomed forbearance—a tax upon the reader's politeness, which no writer is justified in making. We feel at once that he either intends to set our judgment, our habits of thinking, and our acquired tastes at defiance; or else to startle us, by hazardous exploits in the chase of originality, with a not over good-

mannered regard for our nervous sensibilities. And either view of the case is quite unpropitious.

It is more strictly true, as applied to letters, that a beautiful soul, in the words of Edmund Spenser, takes to itself a beautiful body, than in the sense the poet intended. The music of *Paradise Lost*, and the inexhaustible variety of the melody of *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest*, are external forms, each peculiar to the mind in which it originated; and which, while by themselves solely, were it possible so to conceive of them, they would be meaningless, are in reality indispensable to the permanent expression of what would otherwise have been for ever unknown, beyond the spirit in which it first appeared.

A serene tranquillity broods over every creation of the highest genius. The spirit of the author shines out upon every part and feature of the work—placidly—as the calm moonlight rests upon every point of a varied landscape. Such a gentle and quiet composure is sought in vain throughout the "*Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh*." The wild tumult and commotion of a midnight storm, sweeping across both land and sea—obscure, exciting, and powerful—flashes of lightning marking its footsteps and giving new awe to its ravages—seems a far more fitting image of the mood and temper in which this singular work had its conception. The very organism of the book—its style simply—while it clearly reveals the spirit which pervades it, could have originated in none other than a troubled, restless, and lawless, though most energetic mind. For the man who finds here any appearance of imbecility or dullness, or fails to recognize that—in spite of all the unfavorable indications that meet us at the outset, and the obstacles thrown in our way throughout—we are brought in communication with one whose thoughts take a wide range, and move with unusual rapidity and force, may charitably be supposed to have fallen short of a just comprehension of what the author is really aiming to say. We cannot speak of Thomas Carlyle with contempt, or deny to Sartor Resartus a place among the writings that have given an impulse and a direction to the literature of the time. That impulse, however, is unnatural and transient, and the direction, in a good measure, erroneous.

HANDEL AND HIS "MESSIAH."

It is related of Handel, that when a certain divine offered to select for him Scriptural words for some of his sacred compositions, he rejected the proposal with indignation, replying, that he knew his Bible and could choose for himself. With similar indignation might any musician reject a commentary upon the great masterpiece of the great master, saying, that he knew *The Messiah* and could judge for himself. Since, to the honor of the world, and the glory of the musical art, this prodigious production of genius has passed into that immortality, which, as a work of art, insures for it the same respect and gives to it the same authority in the mind of every student and amateur of music that, as a record of truth, belong in the heart of every Christian to the sacred volume.

Such being unquestionably the case, it may appear no less presumptuous than superfluous to attempt an analysis of Handel's best known, and therefore best appreciated legacy to the world, an heirloom that, in passing from generation to generation, multiplies its inheritors by the important part itself is made to fulfil in the diffusion of the art of which it is one of the brightest ornaments; while, at the same time, becoming daily better understood, it increases in value to all. As, however, what is above criticism is yet within the scope of admiration, and since the most intelligent and most enthusiastic admirers of a great work are always tolerant of the sympathy of those who, with at least equal earnestness, worship with them in the same temple, these remarks are undertaken—not with the intention of throwing any new light upon beauties that have but to be known to be felt, and are happily more known than those of any musical work extant—but for the sake of asserting the kindred feeling and consequent fellowship of the writer with all those who with him know this sublime work, and knowing it feel the immortal power which it so wonderfully evinces.

Handel was born in 1685. While yet in his childhood he became famous for his skill as an organist and his genius as a composer. When nineteen years of age he wrote his first Italian Opera, the first of a series numbering upwards of forty, which were all produced with the greatest success, but which, from the advances that have since been made in the conduct of the lyrical drama, are now wholly unavailable for stage performance, and the greater part of the musical beauties that abound in them consequently unknown; beauties that won for their author that consideration in his own time without which he could never have had the opportunity to effect those mightier masteries that have placed him at the very summit of men's esteem for all time to come. The examples that have overlived their theatrical popularity, such as the beautifully pathetic Aria "*Lascia ch'io piango*," and that to which Dr. Arnold has adapted the sacred words, "*Lord, remember David*," with many others that are more or less known, either with similar adaptations, or with their more appropriate original words, sufficiently justify the great success with which they were received.

At the age of thirty-six, the period which the deaths of Raffaele, Mozart, Byron, Weber, have proved to be so fatal to genius, he wrote his *Acis and Galatea*, a work of excellence far surpassing all that he had previously produced, and that one which will ever be associated with his equal masterpieces in different styles, *Israel in Egypt* and *The Messiah*, as one of the three greatest efforts of his power.

It was after this time that Handel composed his oratorios, the works by which he is now most generally known, and for which he will always be most universally esteemed; from this, a fatalist might argue, that as he passed the dangerous period in artistic life, his genius took a new impetus which impelled it in that great and original course which led no less to the aggrandizement of the art than to the

establishment of his present and future reputation.

At the age of sixty-six our great composer produced his last work, *Jephthah*, the MS. of which gives painful evidence of the approach of the calamity that fell upon its author shortly after its completion, and which, doubtless, may be regarded as the cause of his giving no more expression to the great thoughts that formed his being,—his total blindness.

Handel, by reason of his greatness, must be esteemed an original genius; but his originality is to be regarded in respect to the excellence of his works, which had never previously been approached and can never be surpassed, rather than with reference to the unlikeness of his style to that of his predecessors and more especially his cotemporaries. On the one hand it is to be observed, first, that in his elaborate movements his passages are composed, almost unexceptionably, of the conventional figures that may be said to form the idiom of the contrapuntal school; second, that in his lighter movements, more particularly his florid songs, we find that not only the passages of display, the long divisions with which they abound, but the phraseology and construction also are, no more those of Handel than of his age; and we only have the habit to associate with this style the name of this one composer, because his genius has stridden across the stream of time beyond which his cotemporaries are lost or but dimly known, and thus we see that as individual in him which was common to them all. Thus far have generalities only been considered; to speak more of details, it is obvious that Handel was at least careless if not wilful in his appropriation of the clearly defined subjects, and even of the general conceptions of other composers; thus we have, to cite a few of many examples, the chorus in *The Messiah*, "and with his stripes," the subject of which is identical with that of a Fugue of Bach; the Pastoral Symphony in the same oratorio is too like to the old English tune of "Parthenia" for the resemblance to be a mere accidental coincidence; the duet, "Happy we," in *Acis and Galatea*, contains a national Welsh melody which a modern quadrille-wright has made recently popular; the chorus, "Wretched Lovers," in the same work,

commences with the subject of one of the Fugues in Bach's celebrated set of forty-eight, which is elaborately worked all through it; the song of the God of Sleep in *Semele*, has a most striking resemblance to the treatment of words to the same effect by Purcell in *The Indian Queen*; and, to conclude, many passages in that noble work, *The Dettingen Te Deum*, are so completely modelled upon a *Te Deum* of Francisco Antonio Urlo, a Venetian composer of the seventeenth century, that in this the treatment of the words presents the unmistakable prototype of Handel's more masterly, because more elaborated and further developed setting of the same passages. On the other side of the question, and by far the most important—as it concerns the individual greatness of our composer and the influence that his genius has had upon the progress and unfolding of his art—it is to be considered that in employing the conventionalities of figure, of passage, even of phrase that were peculiar not to himself but to his age, Handel did but in music what in language did Shakspeare and all the eminently great authors of all times and of all countries, and what, in his own art, have since done his worthiest successors—Mozart and Beethoven; thus we can with no more justice say that Handel imitated Buononcini, Corelli, Green, and the other composers who were his compeers, than that Shakspeare imitated Jonson, and the other great dramatists who wrote in his time. With respect to Handel's more direct plagiarisms, or, to speak with more truth, his unequivocal appropriations of other men's ideas, it would be futile to give any importance to the often cited encomium on this great musician, "that he would pick up a pebble and by his touch change it into a diamond;" from the many beautiful things that he did create, however, we may be well assured that it was not for the want of original ideas that he exercised his mastery in the development of the thoughts of others, and while we may wonder at what could have been his motive, or whether he had any motive for this habit of turning to account whatever presented itself, and while we may, perhaps, regret his want of candor in not acknowledging the sources from which he drew what we may call the materials for

his labor, we certainly forget, if not the originals, at least the resemblance, in the extraordinary results to which he has made them to conduce.

The originality, the true dignity of Handel's genius, is to be seen in the exquisite beauty of many of his melodies; beauty of that class which, now at a century since its production, seems new and fresh, and modern as the compositions of yesterday; beauty of that class which is to be found in Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Paisiello, Rossini, Purcell, and all who have through their music found their way to the very depths of the human heart; that beauty which proves the true consanguinity of genius in all schools; that beauty which, indeed, is not of an age, but for all time, and which makes it seem possible that "When I seek from love's sickness to fly," "Love in his eyes sits playing," "My mother bids me bind my hair," "Voi che sapete," "Kennst du das Land," "Nel cor più," and many of the *songs without words*, for the pianoforte, might all have been thought by one mind, and written by one person. It is to be seen in the wonderful points of harmony which he somewhat rarely but never inappropriately, and never without prodigious effect, employs, that quite transcend his age, and but for their perfect fitness to the situations where he introduces them might seem to be taken from the most ultra-modern compositions of the present day; such, to give a single but most striking example, as the great point on the words, "Still as a stone," in *Israel in Egypt*, where the bass descends to G sharp, and the first inversion of the chord of the major ninth on E has an effect that no words can describe; it is to be seen in the truly beautiful, because beautifully truthful, and therefore also intensely poetical expression, not of words, but of sentiments, feelings, passions, with which his works abound;—it is to be seen in his wonderful command over all the resources of counterpoint, his complete mastery of which intricate art makes his most elaborate and complicated fugues appear to have been written with as much ease and fluency as they are grand and natural in their effect; it is to be seen in his lofty, noble, almost divine conceptions of the greatest and grandest subjects, and it is this last, perhaps, more than all the

other evidences of his greatness, but decidedly in conjunction with them all, that marks him as unapproachable in what is his own peculiar excellence, and has made, in the minds of all who know and appreciate his power, the word Handelian to be a synonyme for sublimity.

Of Handel's peculiarities, one of the most remarkable is his great facility in making the *Stretto* of his fugues, or, to speak more diffusely, in bringing in his answers at closer and closer distances, or, in other words, making one part enter with the answer, while another still continues the subject; this he does to such an extent, and so naturally are these close answers introduced, as to make it appear probable that he wrote the subjects of his fugues at first in strict canon, and then finding them available for this treatment, introduced them at greater length in the prescribed order of fugue development: fine examples of this are to be found in the chorus, "He trusted in God," in *The Messiah*, in the treatment of the passage, "And he shall reign," in the *Hallelujah chorus* of the same work, and in the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," also in the same oratorio. Another characteristic of this composer, is his frequent and fluent use of double counterpoint, that is, having a passage in harmony of two parts, which bear inversion—the lower part to be placed above the upper, and the upper below the lower; innumerable examples of which occur not only in his carefully worked fugues, but also in his free movements, to which the frequent employment of this artifice gives a great aspect of solidity and earnestness. Another, and a less technical feature of Handel's music, is the extraordinary manner in which the words are declaimed, one may almost say spoken, so precisely do the syllables and notes go together, and so much does he make one feel that the notes enforce not only the effect, but the very sense of the syllables to which they are allied; striking examples of this occur in the choruses, "They loathed to drink," "He sent a thick darkness," "The horse and his rider," in *Israel in Egypt*; "He trusted in God," "For unto us," in *The Messiah*, and indeed in every one of his great choral works. Another of our great composer's peculiarities, for which he is far less to be

admired, if not indeed censured, is his habit of word-painting, which in some instances, in its effect, reaches the unfortunate degree beyond the sublime, the limit of which it is much to be wondered the mighty genius of Handel did not prevent him from overstepping: one obvious instance of this occurs to the passage, "How *deep* the ditch, how *high* the wall;" in the chorus, "Behold, by Persia's hero made," in *Belshazzar*, where the voices give a somewhat pantomimical exemplification of the meaning by singing "deep" and "high," according to the words, and thus form a unison of sound and sense, that is, whimsically enough, neither very vocal, nor particularly consonant. Of a quite other character, and a wholly different order of excellence, is his astonishing power of raising in the minds of his hearers images so forcible, by means so sure and truthful in conception, and so grand in fulfilment, that one feels the intention in the effect, and becomes imbued with and identified in the great thoughts to which one listens; superb examples of this are the "Darkness" chorus, the "Sigh'd," in the opening chorus, "The waters overwhelmed their enemies," and "The sea stood upright as an heap," in *Israel in Egypt*; the description of "the monster Polypheme," in *Acis and Galatea*; and the "Glory to God," the "Company of the preachers," and the sublime "Hallelujah," in *The Messiah*. Allusion has already been made to the beauty and perennial newness of many of Handel's melodies; but it must not be thought tautology to revert to them again, in enumerating the chief characteristics of his style, since they constitute one of the most affecting and effective features of it. Mozart himself, the living oracle of love, has not expressed his peculiar passion with more forceful fervor, or more touching tenderness, than has Handel, in his "Love in her eyes," "As when the dove," and very many of his Italian opera songs; and for strong dramatic character, he is not less remarkable in his "Honor and arms;" "O ruddier than the cherry;" the marked difference between the part of Polyphemus and those of the lovers in the trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains;" and in another style in the "Farewell, ye limpid streams;" and "Waft

her angels," in his last and very beautiful oratorio of *Jephthah*. It would be a great omission, in speaking of our composer's marvellous powers of dramatic expression, not to mention the important, individual, and very effective character he always gives to the choruses of heathen worship in his sacred oratorios, such for instance as those in *Samson*, in *Deborah*, and in *Belshazzar*, which are equally eminent for their musical beauty, for the admirable contrast they make to the graver portions of the same works, and for their striking illustration of at least Handel's idea of the wild enthusiasm of pagan devotion. One peculiarity of Handel's music strikes every attentive listener, namely, the almost incessant continuity of the motion of his basses, which go on, and on, supporting either massive harmony, or rhythmical melody, or florid passage, with a fluency that no composer has ever equalled.

In concluding a summary of the characteristics of this grandest if not greatest of musical composers, particular notice must be made of the peculiarity of his part-writing to be observed in the large skips and the frequent crossing of his two violin parts, and in the independent and melodious progression of his voice-parts; this it is which gives particularly to his music that largeness and breadth of effect which, in comparison with the most dignified productions of more modern writers, makes it seem as the colossal studies of a giant compared with the movements of men or of infants.

Let us now consider the extraordinary power of Handel's genius, in the examination of which too much importance cannot be given to his prodigious rapidity of composition. This is satisfactorily proved by the dates which he affixed to almost all his works, the original MSS. of which are preserved with somewhat more of jealous care than of respectful reverence, in Buckingham Palace, in London. Perhaps the most remarkable of all the extraordinary instances of this rapidity is the oratorio of *The Messiah*, the longest and most elaborated of all his compositions. The MS. of this oratorio contains the following dates in the composer's handwriting:—At the beginning, 22 August, 1741; at the end of the first part, 26 August,

1741; at the end of the second part, 6 September, 1741; and at the end of the oratorio, 12 September, 1741. This mighty work, created to be the wonder of all ages, is thus shown to have been begun and finished in the incredibly short period of twenty-two days; and we have ample reason to believe that the composition was contemporaneous with the transcription, that the whole was conceived and committed to paper with a speed almost extemporaneous, and not, as we know to have been the case with Mozart and some other composers, that the music was entirely conceived in form and in detail before a note was written. We have ample reason to believe this, in the fact of the date at the end of the first part of *Samson* being 29 September, only seventeen days after the completion of the previous work, which precludes the possibility of Handel's having had the habit of spending any time in the consideration of his plan, or the collection and arrangement of his ideas before he wrote them down. It detracts little from the great occasion for our wonder which this quickness in the production of his works presents, that Handel often appropriated whole movements to different purposes from those for which they were originally composed, and sometimes treated some comparatively small pieces as sketches for large and more important movements, because these appropriations make so small portions of the works into which they are introduced, as to affect but very slightly the time that would be required to write the whole. Examples of what is here stated are to be found in *Deborah*, in which, with other words, are introduced two of the *Coronation Anthems*; in *Solomon*, in which another of these four noble works is also introduced with other words; in *Belshazzar*, in which are introduced without alteration two of the so called *Chandos Anthems*; in *Israel in Egypt*, in which the choruses, "They loathed to drink of the rivers," and "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," are adapted with some abbreviation to the Fugues in A minor and in G minor in the set of six for the harpsichord; and in *The Messiah*, in which the choruses, "And he shall purify," "For unto us," "His yoke is easy," and "All we like sheep," are in a great measure modelled upon four Italian duets com-

posed by him in the month before he commenced this oratorio. On the other hand it is to be noticed that he often re-wrote large portions of a work, sometimes giving an entirely different setting of the words, and sometimes taking again the original musical idea, and by a different carrying out and development of it making a very dissimilar and always superior movement. Instances of this occur in nearly all of his great works; among others, in *The Messiah*, the air "But who may abide," was originally written for a bass voice, beginning with the same beautiful melody in D minor as the air which is usually sung, but in twelve-eight instead of six-eight time, and continuing the same measure throughout the song, and not making the change to common time that gives such great effect and variety to the second setting of the words. And again, the air "Rejoice greatly," was originally composed in twelve-eight time, the melody, except for the alteration of measure, being the same as the received setting. These alterations must, in their consideration and execution, have occupied at least as much time as was saved in the adaptation of his previous compositions.

The Messiah was composed, as we have seen, in the year 1741, and its first performance was at Dublin in the course of the following winter, where it was produced with very great success under the direction of the composer. The words, which are entirely taken from Holy Writ, were selected by Charles Jennens, of Gopsall Hall, an amateur of high family and much distinction, an ancestor of the present Earl Howe, and a great friend and patron of Handel, for whom he also partly wrote and partly compiled the text for the oratorio of *Belshazzar*. It cannot, however, but be supposed that Handel himself must have, to a great extent, advised or controlled the choice of the passages of which the words of *The Messiah* are composed; for, besides the profound judgment that is evinced in the forming so complete an epitome of the great Christian history from a hundred of well known texts, each of which has peculiar force and interest from its more than historical associations, there is no less skill displayed in the selection of sentences, even of particular words, that are peculiarly susceptible of musical declamation

and expression; so much so indeed that it is difficult to believe that any other than the musician who alone has been able to conceive and carry out so lofty, comprehensive and powerful a work, could have been able to arrange so important a part of his material as the framework on which his great ideas were to be moulded. Be this as it may, there is but conjecture on the subject, while on the other hand there exists positive proof of Mr. Jennens' concern in the work in a letter of Handel which is still preserved, that addresses him as the compiler of the text of this oratorio, and speaks of the honors that have been paid to himself as the composer of the music.

The Messiah must be considered as a great musical epic, which fulfils the object and aim and essential of poetry, insomuch as the subject being such that no art can elevate it in the minds of the Christian world, Handel's treatment of the subject surely elevates the minds of those who hear it to a more refined, a nobler, a sublimer appreciation of those mysteries, which, though insusceptible of embellishment, are in this work most worthily and brightly illustrated. It comprises the prediction, the advent, the ministry, the glorification of Christ, and the redemption of man wrought by his supernatural visitation. Of course this is all matter that admits not of musical description in such wise as when music is made, or sought to be made, to depict or embody tangible form or visible motion; but in the higher order of description, the true scope of musical expression in which the sensations, not of the eye but of the heart, are rendered; in which not forms but feelings, not motions but emotions are made to live, and by a universal sympathy are made in speaking of all to speak to all; in this, the highest province of the art, the truly sublime work before us can never be exceeded. It portrays in succession every shade of devotional sentiment, hope, faith, piety, resignation, repentance, exultation; and all with as much truth as effect—with as much effect as the capacity of the audience, whatever may be their degree of musical intelligence, from the wholly uninitiated to the most highly cultivated, can appreciate.

The Overture is a fitting prelude to the whole. It is by very far the finest of all

the overtures of Handel, and was evidently written to be a grand, earnest and dignified composition, rather than a piece of music that should impress and captivate a general audience upon a first hearing; for it is the only one of the overtures of its composer that has a fugue, the greatest form of construction, strictly written, formally answered and elaborately conducted, whereas many of the other overtures have a free movement, with merely so much of the fugal character as is contained in the consecutive introduction of the several parts with the same subject, but none of the skilful working of such subject that constitutes the real fugue and appeals to the most cultivated powers of musical judgment. The key of E minor was doubtless chosen by the composer for the sake of grandeur and solemnity, not, as is conventionally said of movements in minor keys, to portray grief, or at least melancholy. The opening movement or introduction is very majestic; it is solemn, from the simple stateliness of its progressions, but it contains in all its simplicity, some rarely used and very imposing harmonies. The Allegro, the fugue already alluded to, is a very profound piece of writing, and evidences no less the power of genius than the depth of that learning, without which genius is powerless.

The words of the opening Recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," take a particular expression from the effect of the key of E major, immediately upon the full-close of the overture in the minor of the same tone. This is a fine piece of declamation, and the air to which it leads is at once a joyous and a devout annunciation of the great reign of peace that is to maintain throughout the earth. There is great merit in the manner in which the first phrase is worked in this song, both in the accompaniment and in the voice-part; in one place particularly, about the middle, there is a remarkably grand point upon a repetition of the words, "Every valley," where a very bold modulation into A, the fourth of the original key, after a full close in B major, shows by what simple means may a great effect be produced. We must also notice the very cheerful repose that prevails through all this movement, which one feels to be so gently expressed in a passage sometimes of thirds,

sometimes sixths, that is of continual recurrence; and we must not pass over a very modern effect, where a seventh is sustained in one part while the others move in thirds.

The chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," bursts out of this as the irrepressible exclamation of an exultant multitude, or as the mighty voice that speaks as a multitude in the heart, which feels and owns an overwhelming truth. There is great grandeur in the pompous declamation of the words, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," in this chorus, and there are some very fine examples of double counterpoint in the treatment of the phrase to the words which open the movement, and that to the words, "shall be revealed."

The Recitative leading to the next song is both energetic and impressive, and the air that follows it, "But who may abide the day of his coming," is the most varied, and, in our opinion, the most beautiful in the whole work; it should be also the most effective, for it presents opportunities for the display of all the varieties of vocal excellence, but, by some strange misversion of the composer's meaning, it is always allotted to a bass voice instead of to an alto, for which it was composed, and thus the beautiful cantabile of the *Andante Larghetto*, in three-eight, and still more the very peculiar passages of difficult execution in the *prestissimo* in common time, lose both their touching sweetness and their energetic brilliancy; and nothing but the declamatory fire of the song, which is but one of its many characteristics of excellence, is given in performing, with anything like the effect of which, in perusal, the whole piece seems susceptible. Having made especial mention of this as our favorite solo piece in the Oratorio, we must be allowed in justification of our opinion, that is, in consequence of the usual misperformance of the song, not general, to call attention first to the exquisite melody of the slow movement, and next to some wonderful points in the *prestissimo* that we cannot read without the greatest excitement, namely, the modulation from G minor into D minor, at the words, "Who shall stand," &c.; and again, after the second *Andante*, the modulation from D minor to G minor, and the train of modu-

lations beginning with the last inversion of a diatonic seventh on D flat, and ending with the return to the original key of D minor on the same words. We can but hope that some of those who know this great song in the closet, sympathize with our admiration of it, and that sooner or later it may have such justice done to it in performance as to make it stand out as that prominent feature which we are sure, if from nothing else, from the evident pains he bestowed on this second setting of the words, Handel intended it should become.

The next chorus, "And he shall purify the sons of Levi," though not a strict fugue, is a fine specimen of the fugal style, abounding in excellent points of contrapuntal contrivance. We may particularize, among the many fine passages in this piece, the sequence leading to the full close in C minor, on the words, "That they may offer," &c.

The air, "O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion," is in its broad, clear, rhythmical and continuous melody, a beautiful relief to the more declamatory character of the most of the music that precedes it, but it is not as a relief only that this air is beautiful; performed alone, it cannot but charm all who hear it. Let us stop to admire the charming effect, which occurs several times, of the voice sustaining the key note, while the accompaniment descends in thirds to the sharp fourth of the key on which is the first inversion of a chord of the seventh—a passage which Handel has used elsewhere, as, for instance, how beautifully in the air, "Love in her eyes sits playing," but never with more effect than in the present instance. There is a fine, though a very simple modulation into G on the words, "Behold your God," that forms another prominent feature of this song. Finally, the grand climax of the chorus, taking up the subject with the great point of the basses answering the subject at the end of the first bar, gives this piece a great and a worthy importance in the general effect of the work.

Another instance of our composer's great powers in declamatory recitative is, "For behold, darkness shall cover the earth;" and the air, "The people that walked in darkness," is one of those extraordinary pieces of music in which Han-

del so eminently excels, that have the effect, without employing any of the trite, commonplace, and indeed burlesque trickery of technical description, of raising in the mind of the hearer a grand image which, coincident and identical with his feelings, fulfils both in the composer and his auditor the highest qualities of *the ideal* in art. The almost incessant motion of quavers, and the great prevalence of unison, are the technical peculiarities of this song, and, abstractedly, neither of these has anything whatever to do with either "the people" or the "darkness;" but one cannot hear the whole without feeling irresistibly the gloom that pervades it, and the one bright burst upon the words "have seen a great light," which has the effect to make this gloom so much the gloomier.

The next movement is the great feature of the first part, the surprisingly effective chorus, "For unto us a child is born," a composition that ever speaks its own praise, and thus makes its greatest recommendation with all who hear it. The grandeur of the burst upon the words "Wonderful, Counsellor," &c., can never be exceeded, and the art is consummate as the genius that is displayed in the gradual working up to this point which brings out, if it does not constitute, its chief effect. What is perhaps most of all to be admired is, that this point is four times introduced, —four times led up to in the same exciting manner; but so skilfully is the variation of tonality contrived that, instead of monotony, great accumulation of power is the result of the repetition.

The Pastoral Symphony has in itself nothing particular to awaken attention, but its introduction is a great stroke of art, for it forms a most graceful repose after the powerful excitement of the previous chorus, and it makes a most appropriate preparation for the scene of the watching shepherds that succeeds it. It forms, also, a necessary break in the conduct of the subject, to divide the prophecies from the absolute annunciation of the Messiah.

The Recitative which tells of the appearance of the Angel is a happy specimen of descriptive music. The chorus to which this recitative leads, the cry of the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest," often as the passage has been

subjected to musical expression in the innumerable settings of the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" of the Roman Catholic Masses, has never been surpassed in musical propriety or excellence of effect, though it must be owned that in some of the Masses of Haydn, and in the Mass of Beethoven, it has been fully equalled. In comparing the various treatment of this passage by the Protestant and Romanist musicians, consideration must be, however, given to the very different dramatic (the word is not applied with any reference to its theatrical signification) situation it holds in the oratorio and in the masses; in this case the words standing as the exclamation of the multitude assembled in worship, in the former the musician treats them as sounding from the voices of the heavenly host assembled round the Angel. We would pass over the descriptive technicality of assigning the opening words to the high voices, and those which follow, "And peace on earth," to the basses; but the dignity of the music is such as to supersede the description, and it is most probable that many, and very intelligent hearers, witness performances of this chorus, and are duly impressed with its solemnity, but never think of this peculiar and somewhat whimsical illustration that it seems the composer must have intended to give of the actual words, besides the grand rendering he has made of their meaning. Let us call attention to the very closely worked point on the words "Good will among men," especially the fine sequence that grows out of it near the end of the chorus, which is so nobly interrupted by the bass in this last bar entering at the interval of a third above the former repetitions of the original progression, instead of, as always before, at a second above. There is great dramatic propriety, we may almost say effect, in the dying away of the concluding symphony of this chorus, by which, evidently, Handel meant to suggest the retirement of the host of angels.

The bravura air, "Rejoice greatly," is an outpouring of exuberant jubilation, and as such it is highly pertinent to the situation in which it occurs; but apart from this, however showy as a piece of vocal display, there is little to admire in it as music.

It is curious that Handel should have

chosen the same key for the following piece, that of B flat, and much more curious, that with the great similarity of effect which the long prevalence of the same tonic cannot but produce, the contrast between these two songs is one of the most powerful in the whole oratorio. "He shall feed his flock," is the most simple piece in character and construction throughout the work; it is, so to speak for the want of a better term to describe it, a song of two verses, like a modern ballad, and it is one of the most heavenly melodies that even Handel ever produced.

"His yoke is easy," the concluding chorus of the first part, is also in the same key of B flat, and still it again makes an effective contrast of character with the preceding movement. This piece is another of those cleverly conducted movements that display all the skill and scholarship of the profound contrapuntist, without the formal introduction of subject and answer that becomes pedantry when injudiciously obtruded; there are in it some excellent interruptions of the full close by the entry of a new part on the concluding chord of a passage of the other voices.

The Second Part opens with the majestic chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," in which the close imitation that is kept up all through is admirably managed. There is much power and great dignity in this movement, and it makes a highly imposing commencement of a new division of the grand subject of the work.

The air, "He was despised," has less of character than almost any piece in the whole oratorio. It must always, however, produce a certain degree of effect from the interest of the words, which are so set as to be, if not energetically nor passionately declaimed, at least emphatically enunciated; and it has one fine point which occurs both in the opening and concluding symphonies, and also in the vocal portion of the song on the words "acquainted with grief," where a chord of the seventh on C flat with the B flat in the bass, is very forcibly introduced. The second part of this air is more declamatory, but not so vocal as the first part; long as may be the effect of the whole, by reason of the slowness of the tempo, it is to be regretted that this second part is usually omitted in performance.

The next piece, a prodigiously grand chorus in three movements, appears to have been written with greater care than anything else in the work; the greatest, the most dignified advantage is taken of every opportunity for particular expression of the words, while the general character of the whole is in the highest degree appropriate to the lofty, religious, and powerful human feeling of the subject, and the musicianly treatment of this nobly poetical conception is, to the last degree, powerful and masterly. The opening movement, in F minor, "Surely he hath borne our griefs," is a highly impressive example of choral declamation; the voice-parts and the words are most forcibly brought out by the measured march of the accompaniment, and the break in this at the passage "He was wounded," has a remarkably imposing effect; there is a grand transition from G minor to F minor at the words "He was bruised," and the resumption of the original figure of the accompaniment at the sudden change to the key of A flat, the bold sequence which begins from this point, and the beautiful succession of suspensions that leads to the cadence at the end of the movement, are all most admirable. The termination of this first movement in A flat is well contrived to give effect to the opening of the following movement in F minor, "And with his stripes," which is the first strict fugue that has occurred since the overture, and is one of the grandest specimens of the severe style of writing that the art possesses; it is indeed a masterpiece of close working and pure counterpoint. This concludes with a half-close on the chord of C, and the succeeding movement, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray," commences in F major with surprising freshness. In the adaptation of this movement to the present words (we have seen that a sketch or outline of it was first written in the form of an Italian duet) Handel must have had an intention of picturesque or visual description, at least so think the many who cannot resist the image which they feel it to suggest: if he so intended, this is one of the few fortunate instances of the success of such a musical purport in which even Handel has sometimes failed, and composers of less powers have become ridiculous. Apart from its descriptive

merit, this movement has great musical excellence and forms a fitting finale to the superb chain of movements of which it is to be considered as forming a part, and to which the concluding few bars of adagio, with the affecting return to F minor on the words "And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," most indissolubly links it.

The short Recitative, "All they that see him laugh him to scorn," is truly pathetic, and most beautifully expressive of the feeling of keen anguish with which the words are supposed to be uttered. The stern chorus to which this leads is conspicuous for the wide difference of character between it and every other movement in the oratorio. "He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let Him deliver him if he delight in him," is the scornful reviling of the blasphemers, and the expression given to the passage in the music conveys all the coldness of skeptical irony, and the insulting pride of wilful unbelief. This movement is a strict fugue most admirably worked, abounding in excellent points, particularly some fine examples of the *stretto*, to which allusion has already been made.

"Thy rebuke hath broken his heart," another Recitative of great pathos; the exquisitely plaintive fragment, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow;" the Recitative which grows out of this, "He was cut off;" and the concluding most beautifully vocal and melodious air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," were all written for a tenor voice, and evidently intended as a connected series of movements to constitute one song; but, by one of the many vagaries that custom has played with this oratorio, the last Recitative and the concluding Andante are always assigned to a soprano singer in performance, the first two movements being allotted to the voice for which they were composed. In this there is a perversion of Handel's intention that appears wholly unwarrantable, since it destroys all the effect of continuity and connection that so evidently was designed, and makes, instead of one whole, two fragments. Certainly each of the portions of this song has in itself a beauty that must always enforce itself, but the great merit of the conception, the completeness, is lost by thus dividing it between two performers.

"Lift up your heads" is a movement of much spirit and considerable effect; its comparative simplicity of construction and expression is such as to form a well-designed repose after the elaborate writing and the intense feeling of the previous pieces. The opening is for semi-chorus, and the entry of the full chorus on the words, "He is the King of Glory," is thus rendered very powerful.

A short unaccompanied Recitative introduces another Fugue, the chorus, "Let all the Angels," which, an almost solitary instance in the oratorio, is more remarkable for its cleverness than for its effect.

The air which follows, "Thou art gone up on high," is, it must be granted, somewhat heavy in performance, but upon a careful perusal it unfolds many beauties which need only to be known to be duly appreciated. The phrase with which the symphony opens, and a chromatic passage that forms a conspicuous feature of the accompaniment, are more modern in character than the generality of Handel's writing, and their frequent recurrence throughout the song gives a particular coloring and a peculiar unity to the effect of the whole.

"The Lord gave the word," is another happy example of those picturesque movements in which Handel so remarkably excels in raising up images so powerful that no hearer of intelligence can miscomprehend. After the imposing enunciation of the opening words, the steady, bustling motion that illustrates the words, "Great was the company of the preachers," conveys, irresistibly, the idea of a great and busy multitude, and the manner in which this is kept up evidences one of the strongest traits of the accomplished and practised musician, the power of continuity. We cannot but be struck with the marked similarity of this chorus to that in *Israel in Egypt*, "The Lord spake the word, and there came all manner of flies;" both are in the same key, the division of the first section of the words from what tells of the performance of the Divine command is the same; the multitudinous effect produced by the music is the same, except that it must be granted there is appropriately something more earnest and serious in the *Messiah* chorus than in the other; and these points of resemblance are so strong

and so unmistakable as to leave no doubt that had not the chorus in *Israel* existed, we should not have known, in its present form, its archetype in the later oratorio.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace," is a most beautiful and plaintive melody, which speaks in a most touching manner the pious veneration of a devout heart for the holy messengers that bring "glad tidings of good things" to the erring world.

The following chorus, "Their sound is gone out into all lands," is another felicitous illustration of the words; cheerful, yet very emphatic, there is in its character a fullness and a dignity that may be felt to indicate the universal diffusion of a great intelligence.

One of the boldest, best conceived, and most effective of all Handel's songs, is the fine air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together;" always forcible with the most casual hearer, it is full of points that startle and delight the most profound musician: among these, the frequent and very beautiful use of the first inversion of the chromatic chord of the 9th on the supertonic is one of those great strides into the spirit of later times, which show the practician to be the guide to the theorist; the former does a thing unlike all precedent, sometimes at variance with all established rule, because he feels it to be right, and knows it to be beautiful, and the latter, then, accounts for its propriety, ascertains its principles, and incorporates it in the laws of the art for the advantage and assistance of all who follow.

Another highly spirited movement is the chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder;" the impetuous rushing in—no less tumultuous term will express it—of the several voices, produces a most startling excitement. There are some admirable examples of a very close *stretto*, and of double counterpoint, in the treatment of the passage "And cast away;" and the manner in which this is mixed up and alternated with the first subject is wonderfully effective.

After what has been said of this last chorus, we are at a loss for expressions to describe the wonderful air, "He shall break them with a rod of iron." There is, perhaps, not in all music a more energetic and powerful piece for a solo voice; some

points in which, especially the setting of the words, "Thou shalt dash them," are no less than electrifying; and yet, emphatic and imposing as is the forcible rendering of the words throughout, it is to the ingeniously sustained figure and accompaniment that the effect of the song is mainly attributable.

Wonder upon wonder accumulates here so quickly, that the attention is strained to its very utmost, and the hearer, truly beside himself, becomes one with the great composer, so completely are his feelings, even his judgment, carried away upon the mighty thoughts of the master. Anything less than the sublime chorus "Hallelujah!" could not, without insipidity, succeed the extraordinary succession of movements that leads up to it; but this, instead of being enfeebled by the strength of what precedes it, or producing a monotony of effect by its overstretch of a power that before had seemed to reach its ultimate, appears to gather force, intensity, importance, and effect from the gradual and masterly conduct of the subject up to this its climax and point of culmination; and what goes before prepares, not exhausts the appreciative capacity of the audience for the greatest and the grandest effort in the whole work. No one can ever have heard this great production of genius adequately executed without feeling himself elated to the loftiest condition of intellectual excitement of which his being is susceptible, such is the overwhelming influence of its broad, massive, majestic, and glorious effect; and, (as with all great effects in art,) this effect will bear the closest analysis in the closet, and there no less astonishes the schoolman with its masterly contrivance than in public performance it delights the uninitiated with the result of all the elaborate skill and learning that have been brought to bear in its composition. The opening is a dazzling blaze of splendor: the unison of all the voices upon the words, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," is most grand and dignified, especially from the strong relief it forms to the previous and alternative passages of full harmony on the repetitions of the "Hallelujah!" We must then admire the new and fine effect of the working these two subjects together; then comes a piece of repose that is perfectly heavenly, the beautiful passage

on the words, "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord;" there is great judgment in the introduction of these few bars, which, from the exquisite calm that pervades them, give a great additional force to the rest of the movement; we have, then, the fine and closely-worked fugue point, "And he shall reign for ever," and this leads to the superb ascending sequence, "King of kings and Lord of lords," the breaking off of which by all the voices and instruments coming together in simple counterpoint, is the most startling effect even in *The Messiah*; and finally, the winding up of the coda completes what all critics have pronounced, and the world has acknowledged to be, the finest emanation of Handel's genius.

After this overpowering conclusion of the second part, all else must be to a certain extent anticlimax. Handel has, however, with consummate ability done all, and the only thing that human genius could devise, to counterbalance the extreme into which his own greatness had drawn him, by giving to the music of the third part of this oratorio a character and feeling unlike as possible to that of the two preceding parts; and thus creating a new and a not unsuccessful interest. The difference of character which the subject here assumes, in passing to a description of the results to mankind, of the divine incarnation and sufferings, fully justifies the change in the style of the music, so that not only musical effect but equally poetical propriety are evinced in the new coloring which Handel has given to the last portion of his great work. The air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with which the third part opens, is a graceful melody of meek and holy character, and though perhaps unworthy of the pre-eminent popularity it has obtained over all the other solo pieces in the oratorio, is, we cannot but think, admirably suited to the words, to their religious import, and to the situation it holds in the work, namely, that of the first piece after the "Hallelujah" chorus, in which place anything less gentle and reposeful, anything indeed except this very song, would be a dull and effectless platitude.

The alternate quartet and chorus, "Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead," &c., is

solemn and deeply impressive; it was a happy idea, to make the striking difference of character which there is between the rendering of the alternate sections of the words, the first and third being allotted to solo voices without accompaniment, in a slow tempo, and the corollaries given to the chorus supported by the full orchestra in a spiritual Allegro; the stately motion of all the parts in simple counterpoint, gives great dignity and clearness to the enunciation, and produces an effect as of the voice of an oracle.

The Recitative, "For behold I tell you a mystery," is a broad piece of declamation, but the air which it introduces, we cannot, with all the reverence with which the composer everywhere, and especially in this work, impresses us—we cannot, after the most careful study of the piece we are presuming to censure—we cannot but consider to be a complete misconception. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised," appears to be a passage of words, suggestive as any in the oratorio, and one peculiarly likely to have called out the noblest powers of Handel's genius; what a truly sublime image does it raise, even without the strong aid of musical enforcement, of the awful sounding of an overwhelming tone that bursts the bonds of death, and calls together from the widest range of space, from the remotest depths of time, all that have lived to live again; and tearing the till then impenetrable curtain from eternity, discloses the everlasting Now, the vast understanding of Divinity, the lost sense new created, and merges is, and was, and is to be, in the mighty consciousness of the infinite and the true; and how particularly does it strike us, first, that such an image, even one so superhuman, it was quite within the province, and possibly within the power of the composer of *The Messiah* to embody; and secondly, that it was for him, and for none other, to essay the human expression of so divine a subject. This is a rude presentation of the rude presentiment we feel of what was the glorious scope open to the musician who should exercise his art and his genius upon the composition of this passage; and we cannot but feel, and feeling, cannot but regret, that the trivial—(for so, compared to

the theme, we must regard it)—the trivial song before us, and the trifling conventionalities of the common-place trumpet accompaniment, wholly disappoint all that those who know the powers of Handel, and appreciate the unequalled susceptibility of the subject, would have the right to expect from his treatment of it. The tremendous summons of the last trumpet is reduced to the display of the executive excellence of a tolerably skilled solo player, and the thrilling annunciation of the destiny of all mortality, rendered by the unmeaning divisions of an expressionless bravura. Yes, indeed, this song must be felt to be a misconception, and it is the more conspicuous, and the more to be regretted, because, as such, it is the only failure in a work that would otherwise defy all question of its propriety.

"O death, where is thy sting?" the duet for alto and tenor, is an ingenious piece of writing, in which the close imitation that is almost incessantly kept up between the two voices, betokens the profound scholar in his art; it is, however, much more long than effective in performance. What is principally to be remarked in it is, that the same subject is introduced in the succeeding chorus to the words, "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory;" by which, doubtless, some especial allusion is intended to be conveyed, or connection inferred, the force of which, as a point of musical contrivance, we own ourselves unable to discover.

The air, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" is melodious and flowing; but we feel its chief merit to be in the repose it presents before the exultant and vigorous effect of the final chorus.

"Worthy is the Lamb," is, to speak the highest of all possible praise, an appropriate and a worthy conclusion to this great work; the opening is wonderfully grand and majestic, the fugue point, "Blessing and honor," has a very dignified subject, and is most ably worked; and the concluding "Amen," an alla capella fugue in the strictest style, so elaborate and so powerfully written, as to be eminently effective, even after the excellent movement that precedes it. Thus terminates the very important work, the greatness of which may justly be compared

to the grandeur of its subject, and the general appreciation of which is akin to the universal interest of the Christian world in its sacred theme.

It is always a matter of lament that it was Handel's custom, as that of his age, to leave the organ part, which sustained the chief accompaniment of his solo pieces, to the improvisation of the performer, giving only the vague indication of a figured bass to direct the organist as to the harmony—without implying in any manner the position in which the chords are to be dispersed, upon which very much, if not the whole of their effect depends, nor, what is still more important, suggesting the form or figure of the accompaniment. The traditional mode of performing these organ accompaniments having been, to a great extent, lost, and the organists of our day having, for the most part, a discreet hesitation to venture their extemporaneities upon such everlasting themes, the custom generally prevails now of omitting the organ in such pieces altogether; and hence the miserably weak and meagre effect of those many songs, of which we hear nothing but the outline in the voice and the bass parts, with an occasional point of imitation, and sometimes a symphony for the violin. In the case of *The Messiah*, the great composer has a powerful advantage in the effect of his creation on a modern audience, from the labors of an equally great commentator, in the additional parts. Mozart has added to the original score, the purport of which is to fill up the blank places, and to supply in the orchestra such effects as Handel himself would have produced in accompanying his own work on the organ. Without Mozart's masterly additions, a performance of this oratorio must then always be regarded as incomplete.

May this brief analysis of Handel's greatest masterpiece be accepted as an humble tribute to his immortal genius,—and may the admiration, the respect, the hero-worship of all ages and all climes, so long as his mighty productions remain to win the affectionate reverence of mankind, do justice to the memory of GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL.

WHIPPLE'S ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.*

It is a well-known fact, and a thing of frequent remark, that for the last fifty years much of the best English writing and thinking has appeared in the shape of essays and reviews similar to those which form the subject of the present article. Of these essays and reviews a large portion has been devoted to criticism of books, to ascertaining and adjusting the claims of previous authors. If it be urged on the one hand, that these critics have chosen or accepted an inferior department of writing, it must be confessed on the other, that they have done great things for that department, enlarging, enriching and adorning it altogether beyond precedent. Great minds descending to a small subject have raised that subject up to themselves; criticism has grown great under their culture, has become something grand and noble in their hands. For genius, talent, is always like true royalty, which, instead of degrading itself by an alliance with the humble and obscure, only ennobles what it marries; nay, its very condescension becomes an argument of magnanimity.

So that the science or art of criticism may now justly challenge for itself a place beside the other great achievements of the human mind. In undertaking the office of critic the best and largest minds can no longer be said to stoop. And perhaps for this very reason the office is less attractive now than formerly to a generous ambition; it being an instinct of such ambition to look rather for subjects to which it may impart grace and dignity than from which it may derive them: for it need hardly be said that greatness approves itself not so much by courting what is already great and high, as by magnifying the little and exalting the low. Unconquered territory is always the most inviting to those who pant to be conquerors.

And the criticism of the last fifty years, though abounding in errors of judgment and asperities of temper, has conferred upon us solid benefits proportionable to its own advancement. How great is this advancement may be seen by comparing Addison's papers on Milton with Coleridge's fragments on Shakspeare, or his essay on Wordsworth, or Sir William Hamilton's review of Dr. Brown: how great those benefits, by measuring the difference between the essays of Bacon and Addison, the poems of Spenser and Pope, and the sermons of Taylor and Blair. In a word, the criticism in question, if it did not begin, has at least finished and secured a revolution in literary taste which, without any expense of blood and with comparatively little of treasure, we doubt not, will ultimately prove as beneficial as any of the revolutions in politics; for one of the greatest of political revolutionists hath assured us that

"peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

To have vindicated the just rights and honors of that long period of intellectual greatness, beginning with Spenser and Hooker, and ending with Barrow and South, against such clever, handsome, sprightly and graceful usurpers as Dryden, Swift, Addison and Pope, is glory enough: so long as Criticism has this service to plead, she can well afford to be at once patient, penitent and proud.

To exemplify the benefits of criticism even at the risk of incurring the charge of egotism: Early in our college life we chanced to fall under the potent but mischievous and malignant fascinations of Byron's poetry: it really seemed to us that Manfred and Childe Harold were the finest poems that ever had been or ever

* *Essays and Reviews*, by Edwin P. Whipple. Two vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

would be written, and that we never could read them enough. In the midst however, of our enthusiasm we found ourselves growing moody, melancholy and misanthropic; unhappy ourselves and a source of unhappiness to our friends; disposed to scorn the common simple food of kind words and cheerful faces, preferring to "batten upon spleen," and to "suck the paws of our own self-importance." It finally occurred to us, that though "increase of knowledge increaseth sorrow," still it might not be worth the while to make ourselves miserable by accumulating ignorance; and that, how great soever Lord Byron might be, he was no such god after all as to justify self-immolation at his shrine. Meanwhile, from reading Coleridge's noble criticism on Wordsworth, we had resolved to undertake that author. Our confidence in the critic as well as the reasonableness of the thing having prepared us to suspect, that if we did not relish his poetry at first the fault might be in ourselves, we were obviously in less danger than we otherwise should have been of mistaking our ignorance for his, and of making our perceptions the measure of his powers. Thus we had motives to persevere; for it had not escaped our conjecture, indeed the critic himself had taught us, that it was the policy of truth and nature to withhold themselves from the student long enough at least to try his faith and patience, knowing right well that until he had these qualities it were vain and worse than vain to disclose themselves to him. Accordingly we took hold of Wordsworth, and, what is more, we held on to him; and before we were aware of receiving any reward of our labor things began to wear a different aspect; an aspect, too, as much better as it was different: before we were fully sensible of his influence,—for he "approves the depths and not the tumults of the soul,"—the poet had wrought within us a sort of moral and intellectual regeneration; had given us a new set of feelings, and a new pair of eyes; "an ampler ether, a diviner air;" a calmer pulse, clearer thoughts and kindlier sympathies; "nobler loves and nobler cares:" and we do assure our readers, that we would not exchange the sweet, tender, holy beauty of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, the still,

rapt enthusiasm of *Tintern Abbey*, or the chaste, classic symmetry, and the simple, austere, bracing wisdom of *Dion and Laodamia*, for all the storm, tumult and tempest of all the Lord Byrons in the universe. Many of his poems we have read over and over and over again until they have insensibly become as household words to us, still we do not weary of them; we cannot write, talk or think, but that his words and images will keep recurring to us: most truly may we say of them, "*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:*" inexpressible in beauty, wisdom, pathos, "age cannot dim, time cannot wither, custom cannot stale" them: and we hardly know whether to feel more grateful to the critic who directed us to the treasures of the poet, or to the poet who met and more than met the anticipations awakened by the critic. And now, to those who, blindly at strife with their soul's health and happiness, preferring excitement to truth, and mistaking violence for strength, turn away from such calming and humanizing influences, and to whom everything seems tame and flat but magnificent falsehood and irregular tempestuous passion;—to such what can we say more than to remind them, that after all it is but a slight local perturbation of the atmosphere that astonishes and terrifies us in the howlings and wastings of the tempest; whereas the combined agencies of universal nature are laid under contribution to evolve the colors and fragrances of a single flower.

Again, it was by the same means, by the criticisms and quotations of Coleridge, Hazlitt and others, that we were first led to the delicious yet healing and refreshing waters of that "sweet poet of theology," that miracle of genius, piety and learning, Jeremy Taylor; whom we have indeed found a many-gifted, multitudinous man, as remarkable for subtlety and strength of reasoning, and for depth and kindliness of affection, as for opulence, variety, and sweetness of fancy; no less a light than an ornament of the Church. And to the same cause we are indebted for two precious rambles through *Faëry Land*, besides various excursions into the same;

where our only regret was, that the journey was not longer, and one of our dearest wishes now is for leisure to repeat it ;

"For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmoniee."

And finally, no sooner had we read Mr. Whipple's vigorous and spirited article on Dr. South than we forthwith purchased the book, and devoured its contents with a relish and satisfaction which none can fitly conceive but those who have been there. Here, too, our only regret is that the pleasure of reading South's sermons for the first time is not to come : nor indeed do we regret this, for South is one of the few authors who continually improve upon acquaintance ; for apart from his literary and theological merits, wherein he has rarely been excelled, the blunt, downright, sturdy, sterling moral and intellectual manhood of the author, as expressed in his writings, is enough to repay more perusals than our short life can well find time to give.

Such are some of the obligations which we owe and gladly acknowledge to criticism. Nor has it merely guided us to stores of entertainment and instruction ; it has also entertained and instructed us much by the way ; for in discoursing of books it has kept in view that nature whereof all good books are a transcript and commentary : discussing the gravest and deepest questions of art, morals, policy, history, science and religion, it has stimulated our energies, aided our perceptions, quickened our sympathies : in short it has been to us a ladder, a key and a lever, to riches that had otherwise been too high for us to reach and too heavy for us to lift. So useful, indeed, has criticism made itself, and so clearly has it evinced its utility, that the public has determined to rescue at least its better efforts from that oblivion which so greedily swallows almost everything we do and are. Within a few years the contributions of several of its masters have been collected and put forth in a more convenient form, and they have themselves in turn become the subjects of criticism. Last, though not least, a collection from Mr. Whipple has made its appearance, and heartily do we welcome it. To celebrate its advent

with becoming honors is an undertaking no less grateful to us than due to the author, for this reason if for no other, that it gives us an opportunity to acknowledge obligations which, unacknowledged, were likely to prove a burden ; for to receive benefits without so much as showing that we feel them, is to wrong the giver at our own expense.

The North American Reviews has never had any such brilliant periods as the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, but it holds out exceedingly well, and for a few years past is thought by many to have gone rather ahead of them. For this there is probably no one man to whom the Review is so much indebted as to Mr. Whipple ; partly because he has written more for it than anybody else, and partly because he has written better. It is from this periodical and from our own pages, that the matter of his two volumes is mostly extracted.

Of English critics Mr. Jeffrey is sometimes ranked, as in time so in merit, the first. From what we have already said, it may be inferred that we can by no means subscribe to this opinion. On the contrary, of all the English critics whose works have lately been collected and republished, there is no one whose critical judgments we should regard as of less value than his. To him, however, belongs the distinction of being a pioneer in the cause ; otherwise his chief merit seems to be that of leading or provoking into the field much abler and better men than himself. His style, indeed, is always smooth, fluent, voluble, plausible, sometimes rich, racy and mellow ; but his mind was singularly disqualified for literary appreciation by political rancor and prejudice : the highest genius of the time, being otherwise minded than he towards the Church and the State, received scarce anything at his hands but obloquy and insult ; the best works of Coleridge and Wordsworth drawing from him far more censure and far less praise than the poorest of Campbell and Moore. A true specimen of the radical, supercilious, overbearing, insolent, with that self-sufficiency and arrogance which usually cleave to such as have never recognized a wisdom greater than their own, he seems to have taken for granted that whoever was not in the same way of think-

ing with himself must needs be too stupid or too wicked to do anything right. And there was, withal, a selfish sagacity about him which always took care to erect subterfuges beforehand, wherein he might skulk away from the necessity of acknowledging his mistakes: and lately, in his old age, he has not scrupled to avail himself of the subterfuges thus provided: claiming the credit of being among the first to appreciate the genius which his arrogant and impotent abuse was unable to crush.

Great genius has in almost every instance approved itself a worshipper of the past, a cherisher of social order, a lover of its country: though always containing a spirit and principle of improvement, its method is to prune, to engraft and manure, not to uproot and destroy; to preserve as well as reform, and to reform even in order to preserve: in short, high genius is practically and essentially conservative, and discovers no such worth in abstractions and theories as that it is willing to wade through civil confusion and blood to realize them; thus instinctively falling in with the dictates of natural reverence and piety. The reason of which probably is, that genius involves a certain harmony and proportion between the intellect and the affections; for affection is naturally retrospective, shuns novelties and cleaves to old familiar objects; growing and clinging to its venerable props and supports, it shrinks from the very thought of unclasping and reclasping its tendrils. It is our nature to *love* what we have long known, and to love it the more the longer we have known it; whereas lust is notoriously versatile, fond of the new, and given to change: as its acts are pleasant only in the doing but painful in the remembrance, of course all its associations are of an ungrateful quality; and it is forced to seek oblivion of the past in the excitement of the untried and the strange. Accordingly we find that radicals are often sounding the praises of love, yet seldom loving anything, and are perpetually mistaking their restless pruriency for the yearnings of benevolence: it is even a matter of common remark, that they generally abandon their own opinions as fast as they become acquainted with them; nothing seeming to them good or true any

longer than it serves to scratch the itch of a morbid curiosity.

The only exception to the above rule that occurs to us is Milton, who was certainly no less a radical than a genius. But it should not be forgotten that his political and religious radicalism was the very thing that for all purposes of instruction nearly spoiled his prose, and introduced into his poetry about the only faults with which it is chargeable. Nor is it difficult to perceive that the same spirit which set him at war with the government and religion of his country, also made him impatient of domestic stability; for, as from a Churchman he became first a Puritan, then a Presbyterian, then an Independent, and finally nothing at all, so, could he have had his own way in practice as in opinion, it seems not very unreasonable to suppose he would have changed his wife as often as he did his church. Nor can he be justly credited with any peculiar hatred of tyranny; for though, in the words of the most impartial of English historians, Cromwell exercised "a despotism compared to which all the illegal practices of former kings, all that had cost Charles his life and crown, appeared as dust in the balance;" yet he did not wade deep enough in tyranny to provoke anything but applause from his Latin Secretary. Moreover it is, or ought to be, well known, that twenty-nine years after Jeremy Taylor had urged the free toleration of all religious opinions, Milton appeared willing to tolerate those only which had some time been his own. So little reason have we to think that Milton had any special repugnance to tyranny, provided it were in the hands of his own party, and were wielded by an usurping radical who had marched to power over the laws of his country and the life of its rightful possessor.

This conservative tendency of high genius, in virtue of which it chooses rather to celebrate the common bounties of nature and Providence, and to recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions of life, than to demolish whatever time has produced or spared, and thereby create a waste wherein to try its schemes and erect the trophies of its own inventive beneficence; this tendency of genius has probably never been better

shown than in the last four great English authors, Burke, Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Who, without seeking to overthrow any existing institution, or to bring odium on any order of men, or to work any civil or social revolutions, have unquestionably evinced a far more genial sympathy with man as man, a far more liberal and even democratic spirit, in the best sense of the term, than any of the root-and-branch democrats who, with the words equality, philanthropy, progress on their tongues, have from time to time made war on everything that stood in the way of their inventions, or served to remind them that there was any wisdom or virtue in the world before they were born; and who, instead of trying to soften down the bigotries, antipathies and intolerances which have so often scared away the grace and happiness of life, have rather sought to strengthen them by changing their objects and ministering to them new stimulants and provocations. But Mr. Whipple has spoken so finely and so forcibly on this subject, that perhaps it had been better to have quoted him without hazarding any remarks of our own:—

"The tendency of Scott's writings, as of all the great compositions of the nineteenth century, is in favor of human freedom and happiness. However strong may have been the spell which bound him to the past, whatever may have been his politics, he could not succeed in delineation of character without allowing his genius to follow its own instincts, and confer its titles of nobility only on the meritorious. Those who have attacked him as being unjust to particular classes, have generally been persons indisposed to do justice to the classes opposed to themselves. Critics who have been bigots in their hatred of him, have generally been bigots in their love of some other order and development of genius. But the most pitiful lie that ever insinuated itself into any criticism above that of Grub-street, is the charge of aristocracy brought against his writings. He had not, forsooth, 'any sympathy with the people!' If such a charge be correct, then most assuredly he is not the author of the Waverley Novels. The people, however, have not left to critics the task of answering the charge. But it is urged, that he displays a childish love of rank and titles. This, in its essential meaning, is as false as the other. Who among the characters in 'Ivanhoe' is drawn with the most power,—on whom has the author lavished the whole wealth of his heart and imagination? Rebecca, the despised and untitled Jewess.

In the 'Heart of Midlothian' there is an interview between Queen Caroline and Jeannie Deans. Now this Queen is a case in point: she ruled her husband, who after a fashion ruled Great Britain: yet the little Scotch peasant girl, with no other titles than those conferred upon her by the Most High, is so represented that every reader cannot but consider her as superior to the Queen. Similar instances might be quoted without number from Scott's poems and novels, to prove that his sympathy with his race, and especially with the humbler portions of it, has never been excelled by any writer of equal comprehension.

"Two classes of critics have attacked Scott's character and writings,—ultra radicals and ultra transcendentalists. He is not democratic enough for the first, nor spiritual enough for the second. The former, in condemning him, generally advance principles of criticism, which carried out would lead to the conclusion that Joel Barlow was a greater poet than Homer, because he entertained more liberal notions of government. They seem to think that if a poet's political opinions are monarchical, his representations of human nature must be heretical. For instance, William Hazlitt would be deemed a much more liberal writer than Scott, because his works swarm with invectives against aristocracy and toryism; yet in spirit he was one of the bitterest aristocrats that ever lived,—impatient of opposition, arrogant, self-willed, regardless of the rights and feelings of others, the most uncompromising hater of his time. Now, a man of this stamp, however splendid may be his talents, is not to be trusted in his representations of life and character, because his insight must be distorted by his antipathies; whatever was not comprehended in the narrow circle of his individual tastes would be denounced or caricatured. Yet we continually hear the judgments of such men quoted as authorities against men of infinitely more comprehensiveness of nature."

What is true of Hazlitt in reference to Scott is still more true of Jeffrey in reference to Wordsworth, for while Jeffrey was no less bitter than Hazlitt in political antipathies, he fell far short of Hazlitt in appreciation of literary excellence. Accordingly, though claiming to be a model of liberal principles and a special friend of the people, one of his severest censures of the poet was, that he chose his characters from the humblest walks of life, and without ever saying a word against king or bishop, shed the serene beauty and dignity of his genius around obscure untitled worth. Meanwhile the poet was doubtless as much less aristocratic and

exclusive in spirit and feeling, and mingled with his humblest brethren as much less haughtily and reservedly than the critic, as Jeremy Taylor, while suffering persecution for his Church and King, was more liberal, tolerant and humane than Milton when seeking the destruction of both. Such is the difference which we may often observe between the democracy which harangues the people about their rights in order to get their votes, and that which foregoes their votes for the purpose of making them wiser, better and happier in the quiet performance of their duties.

It is worthy of remark, that the three authors of the present century, whom, next to Scott, Mr. Whipple justly prefers, are Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb; the very three whom Jeffrey labored most to extinguish. For this Mr. Whipple is doubtless somewhat indebted to the advantage of time; but much more, we believe, to his native rectitude of mind and heart. Though sympathizing much more with Jeffrey than with either of these authors in political opinion, he does not, like Jeffrey, mistake political differences for literary offences. And indeed we will venture to say in general, that while far above Jeffrey in critical candor and generosity, he is not a whit below him in critical ability.

But perhaps his greatest merit as a critic, especially if we consider the prevailing fondness for extravagance, is, that while an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of many authors, he has not, so far as we can see, exalted any one of them into an idol. He never allows himself to be fascinated out of his judgment. And his self-possession is all the better, forasmuch as it is without any apparent effort or design. With a mind always open to receive, yet always careful what it receives, he avoids extremes, and keeps himself in his own hands, neither sinking the pupil in the judge nor the critic in the eulogist: subtle, penetrating, vigilant, unseduced by splendid folly and unrepelled by homely wisdom, he can preserve a firm yet modest recollection of an author's faults, even while dwelling with eager and grateful delight on his excellencies: yet his faculties are so composed and balanced, and play their several parts so easily and naturally, that he does all this without seem-

ing to take any credit to himself for doing it. In short, he is at once a genial and a judicious critic; never becomes either the insolent patron, or the ignoble appendage of an author; and thus always manages to enrich without encumbering his mind out of what he studies. Full, moreover, of good nature, and without a drop of gall in his temper, and apt to remember that human feelings as well as printed pages are concerned in the question before him, he often broadly displays an author's merits, and meanwhile gently hints his defects, as if he did the former from an impulse of delight, and the latter from constraint of duty. In all which it is not easy to decide whether the virtues of the man, or the abilities of the writer, be more conspicuous.

Mr. Whipple's criticism, however, is by no means toothless; he sometimes bites very shrewdly; but his tooth is never venomous: or rather, when he bites, he generally casts into the wound a balm so soft and healing, that it is almost a pleasure as well as a profit to be bitten by him. See, for example, how he treats one of the amiable book-makers of the day:—

"As space has no limits, and as large portions of it are still unoccupied by tangible bodies, it seems not very philosophical to quarrel with any person who endeavors to fill up its wide chasms: yet in the case of Mr. James, we grudge the portions of infinite space which his writings occupy. We dispute his right to pile up matter, which is the type or symbol of so small an amount of spirit. We sigh for the old vacuum, and think that though nature may have abhorred it in the days of Aristotle, her feelings must have changed since modern mediocrity has filled it with such weak apologies for substance and form."

Here is a taste of his quality in the use of anecdote:—

"A dull country gentleman was once seduced into an attempt to read the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' He journeyed through that exquisite book seemingly at the rate of ten pages an evening; but when he laid it down for the night, having carefully marked the place where he stopped, some mischievous niece or nephew put the mark about eight pages back in the volume. Of course many months elapsed before he arrived at the end. He was then asked how he was pleased with it: 'Oh! he liked it very well, but thought there was a little repetition in it.' An objection somewhat similar to

this we have heard made against Mr. James, and with about as clear an insight into the real secret of the matter."

Here is another in similar style :—

"Novel-writing is generally deemed to be as 'easy as lying;' and the facility with which things called novels are written seems to favor the notion. Still, we humbly conceive it to be an error. Many persons have attained a marvellous proficiency in falsehood, and tell lies as assiduously as a friar does his beads; but the number of great novelists is small. Lying, therefore, is no key to the mystery of romance. Let us seek the solution in a rarer quality—truth. 'I can write prose as well as Mr. Pope,' said the sagacious Edmund Curll, the bookseller; 'but he has a *knack* of rhyming which I do not possess.' Now the difference between Mr. Curll and Mr. Pope is no greater than that which exists between good and bad novelists. The former have a certain '*knack*' which the latter cannot obtain;—and this is the *knack* of seeing and telling the truth. Here is an important distinction. The power of faithfully delineating life, character, society and manners, is one of the rarest gifts of genius. In its greatest manifestations, it is felt to be the noblest exercise of a creative mind."

We regard it as a decided merit in Mr. Whipple's volumes, that while in the main judicious, they are always brisk, nimble, and full of point. He is unquestionably one of the readiest, brightest, shrewdest writers our country has produced: we question if a dull or a tame sentence can be found in his writings. Equally attractive in style and in matter, his periods are free alike from soporifics and from cantharides; sleepy commonplace and startling paradox are materials with which he does not choose to build; we doubt, indeed, whether with his just yet sensitive taste he be capable of either. Perhaps on the whole there is a slight redundancy of epigram; a fault which reviewers, unless very stupid, are apt to run into: though in general his style is remarkably rich, mellow and graceful. Innumerable sentences might be given from them scarcely, if at all, inferior in rhymical beauty to the following. It is his criticism on Tennyson's *Ulysses*:—

"For its length, it is certainly one of the most grandly solemn pieces of wisdom in English literature: the unbroken majesty of its tone, the calm depth of its thought, the pic-

turesque images which serenely blend with the fixed feeling of the piece, the spirit of hoar antiquity which pervades it, and the clearness with which the whole picture is brought before the imagination, leave upon the soul a most profound impression of the author's genius."

In common, moreover, with nearly all the Boston writers, Mr. Whipple is sometimes deficient in the use of the connecting, modifying and limiting particles, those most difficult and dangerous words which, however, when skilfully used, contribute more perhaps to unity and fusion of style, than almost any other. This Boston mannerism of brilliant but disconnected sentences, probably springs in part from a habit of writing less to the truth of things than for popular effect: for unskilful readers or hearers seldom give much heed to the presence or absence of those nicer tones and shades of meaning which are really the more necessary for the very reason that they are less prominent and obvious. Because such qualifying and connecting elements are comparatively unnoticed, writers of more ambition than judgment are apt to think they may better be spared. Of this vice of style Dr. Channing is the greatest example within our knowledge; and it is not easy to find a worse style than his: Bishop Butler's is beauty itself compared to it. In this respect Mr. Emerson differs from Dr. Channing only in being rather more so. Both of them often utter fine thoughts, and utter them well; but they seldom if ever discourse: generally each thought stands perfect in itself, "alone in its glory," neither throwing any light upon its neighbors, nor taking any from them; in-somuch that, had they been shaken up in a bag together and allowed to marshal themselves severally "according to the dictates of their own consciences," they would have read nearly or quite as well. The reason of which seems to be, that the authors are more studious of thoughts than things, and more concerned for the effect than for the truth of what they say. Whoever will compare almost any page of Channing with almost any one of Hooker, will at once perceive our meaning. In general, however, Mr. Whipple writes so much more for his subject than for his audience, that he has far less of this fault than either of the distinguished authors

whom we named. For whoever studiously applies his mind to things, will be drawn at once into their relations, will be insensibly led to observe how they limit, modify and interpret one another: so that in speaking of them, he will almost unavoidably discourse; his thoughts taking "the form and pressure" of their objects will naturally fall into coherent, consecutive order, each contributing to the effect of all, and all to the effect of each. Moreover, should the authors of whom we are speaking undertake to weave their sentences into a progressive and conjunctive discourse, whereof "every former part should give strength unto all that follow, and every later bring some light unto all before," they would often be compelled to reject a large portion of them: because any attempt to connect them would at once discover their mutual antipathy; and that how easily soever they may be made to lie together on paper, they will by no means admit of logical affiliation: as fire and water will peacefully submit to a pretty close juxtaposition, but discover an invincible oppugnance the moment one attempts to unite them.

One of the most brilliant and in some respects one of the best minds in New-England once remarked to us, substantially, in conversation, that he had not patience to read Hooker, because that author used so many words and went so slow that he could not keep up with him. We saw at once, or thought we saw, the ground and reason of his criticism; the reason was probably in himself, not in the subject: for having read Hooker many times without exhausting him, we feel somewhat authorized to say that no man can exhaust him without reading him at least once. Hooker's style is indeed full and copious, but by no means chargeable with redundancy; on the contrary, there is perhaps no prose writing in English literature wherein it is harder to remove a word without in some way marring and defeating the sense. The truth we suspect is, that the gentleman in question is in the habit of regarding, for most part, only the etchings, outlines and skeletons of things, without entering duly into their complexity of structure and variety of relations. We once heard him deliver a remarkably brilliant address on the subject of "work and

play," which was throughout but a piece of splendid trifling, the whole being theoretically true indeed, but practically false, and built upon a sophistical and mischievous substitution of a speculative principle for a practical rule. The idea of the whole, as nearly as we could understand it, was, that all work, to be properly done, should be entered upon and continued in as play; which, however true in theory, is much the same in practice as if a King of England should undertake to act upon the constitutional maxim, that "the king can do no wrong," in which case he would most probably do nothing right. The same may be said of the late transcendental discovery, that "true virtue is a secret unto itself;" the practical mischief of which is, that it leads people to mistake their unconsciousness of virtue for virtue. In like manner we have heard the same marvellous philosophers argue that children should never be whipped, because it is in the nature of all vice, if let alone, to punish itself; to which one would think it were a sufficient answer: Yes, but only by destroying the vicious; which is the very thing that artificial punishments are designed and adapted to prevent. However, the address in question was from beginning to end a perfect string of pearls, wherein of course no connection or continuity was required but what was abundantly supplied by the string; and which was indeed an admirable ornament for the person of the author, but of no sort of use to the minds of his audience. Accordingly the audience greatly admired it, and having gone away most probably remembered nothing of it but their admiration. As to the acute and accomplished author, whatever objects he is at any time considering, however complex in structure, many-sided in form, manifold in relation, he seems to discover nothing in them but the one idea that possesses his mind at the time: of course, therefore, a few brief, rapid etchings and diagrams of speech are enough for all he sees, which convey much knowledge indeed of himself, but little or none of the subject. Of a sharp, wiry, intense mental activity, he moves quickly over the narrow lines and empty figures of thought,—all of which, by the way, it is easy to do, but which is worthless being done; but overlooks that rich, intricate, delicate complication of nerves, muscles, veins, arteries and

ligaments which make up the substance and body of nature, and in the accurate reflection of which consists the better part, not indeed of brilliancy, but of wisdom. Now it is in this very thing that Hooker excels almost all other writers. All his words are necessary, not indeed to convey the naked, shallow, vacant outlines of abstract general truth, which alone our flippant new-lights ever stay or care to consider; but to convey the complex, many-shaded, variously-related, richly-freighted idea which he has in his mind, and which the nature of his subject, the course of his argument, and the delicacy of his perception require. Hardly surpassed, perhaps unsurpassed, in the union of grace, strength, subtlety, breadth and reach of thought, and habitually bathing in the very purity of universal principles and living laws, he was, withal, most scrupulously and exquisitely mindful of the minute shadings, softenings and circumscriptions of concrete, particular, individual, practical truth. One of the sweetest, mellowest, juiciest minds, moreover, that ever breathed on the world; calm, meek, gentle, tranquil, innocent and unpretending as a child; yet in profundity of view, comprehensiveness of grasp, and shrewdness of wit, second only to Bacon and Burke, if indeed he be second to them; and with a certain deep, potent, tremendous serenity of thought perhaps never equalled; to these qualities he united an intense inward fire which fused all his materials into perfect unity, at the same time penetrating and filling them with the most various beauty and eloquence.

While on this subject of the Boston style of writing, (which, however, is by no means confined to Boston, nor did it originate there,) we may as well remark, that the New-England mind generally seems incapable of viewing things in their relations: except animals and vegetables, if indeed of them, it can hardly be made to conceive of anything as organic. In society, for example, whether civil or religious, it recognizes nothing more than an aggregation of individuals, or a "voluntary association;" every man apparently supposing that he draws all his moral and intellectual life directly from Heaven, without the media of social institutions. Hence the notion which prevails so generally there, that people should "join the church" because

they are already Christians, not to the end that they may become so; as if men were made for the Church, not the Church for men: for the idea that many men must needs grow up together in order for any one to grow, is one which they can hardly take. Without the sentiment of social continuity, they feel no reverence for past, no solicitude for future generations, but will at any time sacrifice whatever they have inherited, except property, to the latest, new-born, upstart notion. Thus, having revolted from the extreme of Romish Popery to the opposite extreme, the individual popery of private judgment, and there become frozen, the New-England mind views all things in isolation and dismemberment, recognizing no such thing as a spiritual blood circulating from man to man through the great body of the civil, social and religious state, and binding up different individuals and generations into one continuous life.

All of which is strikingly exemplified in their religious history, which has been from the first a series of "improvements" and "reforms." If our memory serve us, we are not yet quite "three-score and ten;" yet within our recollection the same congregations have in many cases undergone several pretty thorough revolutions in opinion and practice; it being indeed the chief pride and boast of each generation, that it has outgrown and cast off the antiquated doctrines and measures of its predecessor. Accordingly we have heard of a certain liberal and intelligent Unitarian, who, upon being asked if he did not regret that his daughter had gone over to the Church, replied in effect that he was rather glad of it; for he had some assurance that, should she live to be as old as himself, she might still continue what and where she was; whereas Unitarianism was so "progressive" that nobody could tell one day what it would be the next. Nor is this any more characteristic of the Unitarians than of the "Orthodox:" on the contrary, the former are rather the more conservative of the two: though in general the various sects have long been striving to out-radical and thereby out-proselyte each other; all apparently deeming it the height of wisdom to "trust in their own hearts," and to be themselves the authors of what they follow. Such is their wonderful flexibility and versatility of religious organization: to take

the soul out of its old body and put it into a new one at any time, is "easy as lying." So far is the New-England mind from practically understanding the nature and conditions of anything organic. Such a thing as a settled, living embodiment of truth or religion is a matter seemingly quite beyond or below its conception. For whatsoever is organic must needs be more or less permanent, and does not readily admit of revolution and reconstruction. The several parts of a machine may indeed be altered and amended from time to time, but to deal thus with a horse or a tree is not exactly the way to improve it. But the truth is, men never think of dealing thus with a horse or tree, nor indeed with anything else but what they know or believe to be a mere machine.

And as this is characteristic of New-England generally, so it is especially characteristic of Boston, which is indeed the eye and tongue of New-England. Hence, if, for example, they undertake to get up a peculiarly fine piece of architecture, their usual method is to bring together various things which they have found to be beautiful elsewhere, supposing of course that what is beautiful in one place must be so in all, and never dreaming that a composition of various beauties may result in the most exquisite ugliness. Such is their practical insensibility to the mutual relations, proportions and correspondencies of things in the province of art. And it is probably for a similar reason that the place is such a moral bee-hive, perpetually swarming with all sorts of reformers; men who, taking up some one idea, or atom of an idea, and stripping it out of the relations which necessarily modify and circumscribe its operation, seem impatient to tear down the universe and reconstruct it after a pattern of their own. But for the obstinacy of human prejudice and interest and affection, we should soon have enough of them: for the same disregard of circumstance, proportion and fitness which produces deformity in art, would cause unspeakable misery and vice in society. In all which we seem to discover the same habit and disposition of mind that lies at the bottom of what we have noted as a defect in their writings. There seems to be no organizing principle, no plastic, moulding, vivifying power among them, in thought, word or

deed; and their writing is as much disintegrated and ground up into the dust and powder of individual sentences, as their religion is into that of individual notions and persons. Notwithstanding, for shrewdness, sagacity and integrity in business, and for whatsoever virtues adorn and dignify man in his individual and civil capacity, we question if the people of New-England, and especially of Boston, have ever been surpassed. It is easy indeed to criticise them, but it is impossible to know them without loving and honoring them.

To return to Mr. Whipple: Among the numerous felicities of his volumes none strikes us more frequently or more favorably than his singular knack in bestowing epithets and devising phrases and figures descriptive or suggestive of the qualities he is considering. With a remarkable gust for the elegances of expression, he scatters them with a liberal yet delicate and discriminating hand. Often his single epithets and phrases embody the results of a long analysis, and convey a more adequate and satisfactory impression of the object than could be done by pages of elaborate disquisition. Who, for example, that has ever read much of Leigh Hunt, does not recognize the substance of many of his reflections on that innocent writer concentrated in the following expressive strokes? It is from the opening of the article on Sheridan:—

"The biography furnished by Leigh Hunt, written with more than his usual languid jauntness of style, and with less than his usual sweetness of fancy, possesses little merit beyond an occasional luckiness of phrase, and an occasional felicity of criticism. Indeed, that cant of good feeling and conceit of heartiness which, expressed in a certain sparkling flatness of style, constitute so much of the intellectual capital of Hunt's sentimental old age, are as out of place in a consideration of the sharp, shining wit, the elaborate diction and polished artifice of Sheridan's writings, as in a narrative of the brilliant depravities and good-natured good-for-nothingness of Sheridan's character. Like all Hunt's essays, however, it is exceedingly amusing even in its vivacious presumption and genial pertness."

Still better, perhaps, is the following from his remarks on Moore:—

"Thomas Moore began his career with singing, not the 'loves of the angels,' but the loves of the rōus. His early poems are probably

the most disgraceful legacies of licentious thought ever bequeathed by prurient youth to a half-penitent age. They are exceedingly clever, unprincipled and pernicious; we never read any verses produced by one at the same tender years so utterly deficient in moral sense. The mere offspring of fancy and sensation, having no higher law than appetite, their gilded vulgarity is not even redeemed by any depth of passion: in short, they constitute the libertine's text-book of pleasant sins, full of nice morsels of wickedness and choice titbits of dissoluteness; and what there is of the poetical in them is like the reflection of a star in a mud-puddle, or the shining of rotten wood in the dark."

We will add, respecting Moore's poems generally, that few things have so severely tried our confidence in human nature, as the favor with which some very good people regard them. Honorable exceptions among his poems no doubt there are; poems that one need not be ashamed to relish; for as no man is wise at all hours, so few men are at all hours foolish: but in general his poems are so composed and framed of softness and effeminacy, are so suffused and saturated with dreamy languishment and lovesick intoxication, and present such a perfect suffocation of sentimental, amatory perfumes, that we have much ado to keep up any degree of respect, we will not say for the character, but for the taste and sense of any one we hear praising them. Seeing others in raptures over *Lalla Rookh*, we have often tried to read it, and as often given it up in disgust; and we have no hesitation in saying, that we would rather be compelled to dine a week on honey, nothing but honey, than to wade through that eclecticism of sweet odors and ecstatic agonies. His poetry, indeed, often reminds us of the means whereby *Phædria*, the pimp of *Acrasia*, bewitched *Cymochles*, and attempted *Sir Guyon*:—

"No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on
grownd,
No arboret with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be
fownd
To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe
all arownd.

"No tree, whose branches did not bravely
spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;

No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were
framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to careless ease.
Careless the man soone woxe, and his weak
witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please.

* * * * *

"Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures
vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soon he slumbred fearing not be
harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him
sweetly charmd."

Of *Sir Guyon*, however, we are told:—

"But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and
geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despis'd and follies did
forsake:"

wherein we think he showed his good taste no less than his virtue. Stript, indeed, of her illusive gaudery and perfumery, the Muse of Thomas Moore, we suspect, would appear not much unlike the "*false Duessa*," another of Spenser's personages, when reduced to a similar plight:—

"So, as she bad, that Witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoild her tire and
call,
Such, as she was, their eies might her
behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall;
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be
told."

On this subject we do not feel much inclined to mince matters. The truth is, if people cannot persuade themselves to repudiate the perfumed and varnished sensuality of Moore's poetry, they ought at least to scorn its unmanliness. If men will choose to be tempted, they owe it to the dignity of human nature to seek a more angelic tempter than this.

If we were to specify any one point wherein Mr. Whipple appears to better advantage as a critic than in any others, it would be in the faculty of viewing and unfolding the characters of authors in connection with their writings; thus combining a personal interest with critical discussions, so as to engage at once the sympathies and the understanding. Several instances of this have struck us as so exceedingly fine, that we cannot forbear to quote them:—

"Next to Shakspeare, there is no dramatist of the period whose name is so familiar to English ears as that of Ben Jonson, though he is probably read less than either Massinger or Fletcher. The associations connected with his name have contributed towards keeping it alive; for in most points of his character he is the very embodiment of England, a veritable, indubitable John Bull. The base of his character is sound, strong, weighty sense, with that infusion of insular prejudice which keeps every true Englishman from being a cosmopolite, either in literature, arts, government, or manners. He has also that ingrained coarseness which, in the Anglo-Saxon mind, often coexists with the sturdiest morality, and, though it disconnects virtue from delicacy, prevents vice from allying itself with refinement.

"With this basis of sound English sense, Jonson has fancy, humor, satire, learning, a large knowledge of men and motives, and a remarkable command of language, sportive, scornful, fanciful and impassioned. One of the fixed facts in English literature, he is too strongly rooted ever to be upset. He stands out from all his contemporaries, original, peculiar, leaning on none for aid, and to be tried by his own merits alone. Had his imagination been as sensitive as that of many of his contemporaries, or his self-love less, he would probably have fallen into their conscious or unconscious imitation of Shakspeare: but, as he was, he remained satisfied with himself to the last, delving in his own mine. His 'mountain belly and his rocky face' are good symbols of his hard, sharp, decided, substantial and arrogant mind. His life and writings both give evidence of great vitality and force of character. Composition must have been with him a manual labor, for he writes with all his might. The weakness of his character, his perversity, his bluff way of bragging of his own achievements, his vanity, his domineering egotism, his love of strong food, his deep potations, and the heartiness, good-will, and latent sense of justice which underlie all, are thoroughly English, and make him as familiar to the imagination as a present existence."

Equally searching and vigorous, though perhaps not quite so just, is the following view of Sheridan:—

"The prominent qualities of Sheridan's character were ambition and indolence, the love of distinction and the love of pleasure; and the methods by which he contrived to gratify both, may be said to constitute his biography. From the volatility of his mind and conduct, it would be a misuse of language to say that he had any principles whatsoever, good or bad. His life was a life of expedients and appearances, in which he developed a shrewdness and capacity made up of talent and mystification, of ability and trickery, which were found equal to almost all emergencies. He most assuredly possessed neither great intellect nor great passions: there was nothing commanding in his mind, nothing deep and earnest in his heart: a good-humored selfishness and a graceful heartlessness were his best substitutes for virtue: and his conduct, when not determined by sensuality, was determined by vanity, the sensuality of the intellect.

"Sheridan was essentially a man of wit. By this we do not mean that he was merely a witty man, but that wit was as much the predominant element in his character as it was the largest power of his mind. From his habit of looking at life and its duties through the medium of epigram, he lost all sincerity of thought and earnestness of passion. From his power of detecting what was inconsistent, foolish and bad in the appearances of things, he gradually came to estimate appearances more than realities, and to do everything himself for effect. Thus his intellect became an ingenious machine for the manufacture of what would tell on the occasion, without regard to truth or falsehood. And the consequence was a wonderful power of contrivance, of shrewdness, of *finesse*, of brilliant insincerity, without any vitality of thought and principle, without any intellectual character. His moral sense, also, gradually wore away under a habit of sensual indulgence, and of overlooking moral consequences in ludicrous relations. His conscience could give him no pang which a jest could not heal. He made no scruple of cheating his creditors, but to his mind dishonesty was merely a practical joke. And it was the same with everything else: crime appeared to him as a kind of mischievous fun, and Belial always reeled into his meditations hand in hand with Momus: blasphemy, intemperance, adultery, sloth, licentiousness, trickery, they were mere jests. No man ever violated all the common duties of life with such easy good-nature and absence of malignant passions. He became unmoral rather than immoral. Thus throughout Sheridan's career we continually meet with wit as a disposition of character no less than as a faculty of mind."

But of all Mr. Whipple's efforts in this line we should be inclined to prefer on the whole his view of South. Indeed the whole article on South, though disfigured with some illiberalities, and especially with that peculiar propensity, so common among a certain class of writers, to bestow the name of "bigot" upon such as happen to differ from themselves in faith or opinion, is one of his best performances. These pert, flippant, insolent writers, who are so forward to scout as the worn-out absurdities of a former age, doctrines and objects which a vast number of the best and wisest men, as well of the present as of past times, would sooner die for than renounce, do not seem to reflect how easily their epithets might be retorted, did those against whom they thus rail see fit to be as impudent and uncharitable as themselves. We owe it to Mr. Whipple, however, to say that this practice does not belong to him: it is foreign to his nature; it does not sit well on his mind; it will not cleave to his disposition: but he has taken it up in some measure from too much admiration of certain men who are unworthy of him, and whom he should not so "slander any moment's leisure" as to imitate. It is easy, indeed, to brand Laud, South and Charles the First as bigots; but it is impossible to prove them such upon any facts or principles but what would conclude Taylor and Barrow equally so. The latter were every whit as much attached to the Church and the Crown, as ready to suffer and die for them as the former. Laud was far more liberal towards the sectaries of the time than they were towards the Church; and he never enforced conformity to the Church with half the violence that the Presbyterians used to enforce conformity to themselves. But he was inhumanly murdered, therefore his memory must be still more inhumanly blackened. Laud, Usher, Hall, Bramhall, Taylor, Chillingworth, Hammond, Sanderson, wrote many volumes of argument against both Puritans and Papists: yet there is more of harsh and uncharitable invective in one of Milton's pages against the bishops than in all their volumes put together; though we will venture to say that no similar body of men ever existed on earth, containing more of genius, piety and learning than these same bishops. In short, the Church-

men of that time, taken together, were as much superior to their Puritan adversaries in grace of charity as in strength of argument; except, indeed, that kind of charity and argument which drenches the earth with blood and tears. And this same Milton, whom many flippant loquacities are so fond of setting forth as a miracle of wisdom and liberality, and as the first preacher of modern toleration, even so late as the year 1659, in "A letter to a friend concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth," proposed a plan of toleration, the terms of which were "Liberty of conscience to all professing Scripture to be the rule of their faith and worship, and the abjuration of a single person;" a scheme of toleration which would exclude, and was obviously meant to exclude, both Churchmen and "Catholics." Again, in 1673, in a tract on "True religion, heresy, schism and toleration," this great stickler for liberty of conscience, who "strode so far in advance of his age as to dwarf himself by the distance," labored to show that "popery, as being idolatrous, is not to be tolerated either in public or private," and that "we have no warrant to regard conscience which is not grounded on Scripture:" though about the same period he was forced to the conclusion, "that the Spirit which is given to us is a *more certain guide than Scripture*, whom therefore it is our duty to follow." Indeed, indeed we will pledge ourselves to produce more and stronger proofs of bigotry and intolerance in Milton than have been or can be produced of them in Laud. Nor should it be forgotten, withal, that Laud's bigotry was in behalf of the doctrines and institutions received as sacred from his fathers; whereas the bigotry of his enemies was in behalf of their own inventions; inventions, too, which the wisest and best in all ages have agreed in rejecting, but which have in all ages been revived as often as forgotten, and again abandoned as soon as tried: nor indeed do those who are now so fond of glorifying the then authors and of villifying the then opposers of these inventions, agree with the former in anything but the arrogance and bitterness with which they pursue the latter. Bigotry is certainly bad enough at the best; but as there is no bigotry so violent as that of radicalism, so there is none so inexcusa-

ble. Moreover, the bigotry of conservatism is not inconsistent with many just and generous feelings; whereas the bigotry of radicalism generally springs from the worst form of selfishness—a selfishness which “mistakes the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the Spirit,” and which claims the right to be always changing its opinions, and to be infallible in every change.

But as the fanatical malignity which never ceased to hunt and revile the saintly and venerable Jewel; which, upon the death of Hooker, whose life was innocence, whose voice was wisdom, entered his study and out of zeal for “the glory of God and the good of His Church,” destroyed the last three books of his “*Ecclesiastical Polity*,” which worried and persecuted Chillingworth into his grave for the purpose of saving his soul; which with insolent mockery of justice wantonly murdered Laud; which haled Jeremy Taylor to prison, and from the prison drove him into seclusion; and which, “in the words of Macaulay, made it “a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians;”—as this fanatical malignity was reasonless from the beginning, so of course it can never be reasoned down: causeless in its origin, it must needs be immortal, for the simple reason that its cause cannot be removed.

We do assure our readers that it is by no means grateful to our feelings to say these things. We would gladly “forget and forgive” the faults and infirmities of Milton, in the greatness and grandeur of his genius, but his friends, or rather his enemies, will not let us; their unwise and uncharitable endeavors to sacrifice to his reputation, and the reputation of such as he, men who had not indeed his genius, but who were every way as wise, as good and as liberal as he, provoke an investigation what he was and what he did. We believe he was virtuous and sincere, but not a whit more virtuous and sincere than those against whom he penned volumes of the most terrible invective perhaps that ever issued from mortal lips, yet not more terrible than unprovoked. We cannot justify, we will not excuse that hunt of obloquy which pursued the old blind poet

to the grave; it was wicked, it was mean: it has not even the poor excuse which he had on a former occasion, when he became the mouth-piece of a rebellious, revolutionary and fanatical faction who, having murdered their king, and along with him the laws and liberties, the Church and the constitution of their country, were under the necessity of blackening and butchering his memory in order to palliate their own crime. Moreover we dislike to violate people's idols; it hurts their feelings and does them no good: but we have as good a right to have idols as they; we believe our idols to be as good as theirs, and that our feelings are as much entitled to respect as theirs. If they will continue to bark and bite, it may be as well to try, just for variety, who can bark and bite the hardest. Perhaps they will find that “there are blows to take as well as blows to give.” Mr. Whipple, indeed, justly censures South for his coarse and undignified abuse of Cromwell and the Puritans; yet, without any of the excuse which South had, or rather which we have for him, of being too near the persons and events to do them justice, he speaks as unwarrantably of the murdered king as South does of Cromwell. But enough of this: we have already detained our readers too long from Mr. Whipple's noble view of South:—

“In both his life and writings, South presents himself as a man of more than ordinary dimensions. His understanding was large, strong and acute, grappling every subject he essayed to treat with a stern grasp, and tearing and ripping up with a peculiar intellectual fierceness systems and principles which contradicted his own. He possessed a constant sense of inward strength, and whatever province of thought he willed to make his own always yielded to his unceasing and unwearied effort. Difficulties and obstacles in conception or expression, instead of daunting him, only seemed to rouse new energies of passion, and set his mind on fire. To great sharpness and penetration of intellect, which pierced and probed whatever he attacked, he joined a peculiar vividness of perception, to which we can give no more appropriate name than imagination. In almost every subject which he treats he not merely reasons powerfully, but sees clearly; and it is this bright inward vision of his theme that he most warmly desires to convey to the reader. Like every truly great thinker, he thinks close to things, without the intervention of words, and masters the objects

of his contemplation before he seeks to give them expression. His style therefore has singular intensity, vitality and richness; expressing not only the thought, but the thought as modified by the character of the thinker. In this respect he is among the most original of writers: his common-places never appear echoes of other minds, but truths which he has himself seen and proved. The strange and strained conceits, the harsh metaphors, which, tried by general principles of taste, must be conceded to disfigure many of his sermons, are still the legitimate offspring of a mind passionately in earnest to fix and express some 'slippery uncertainties,' some fugitive and elusive thoughts, whose bright faces shone on his mind but a moment, and then flitted away into darkness. The coarse expressions and comparisons in his writings are also indicative of his impatience at all coquetry with language, and his disposition to give things their appropriate garniture of words. If the expression disgusts, the object of the preacher is attained; for disgust at the expression is naturally transferred to the thing which he desires to make disgusting.

"The intensity of feeling and thinking which burns throughout South's writings, has no parallel in English theology. It resembles the unwearied fire of the epic poet; and, had it been allied to a shaping and fusing imagination, like that of Milton, the Puritans would not perhaps have produced the only great poet of that age. As it is, we doubt if, in the single quality of freshness and force of expression, of rapid and rushing life, any writer of English prose, from Milton to Burke, equalled South. Nor is this animation confined to particular passages or sermons, but glows and leaps through the whole body of his writings. His vast command of language, and his power of infusing the energy of his nature into almost every phrase and image, would make his sermons worthy the attention of all students of expression, even if they were not fascinating for their brilliant good sense in questions of social morals, and the vigor of intellect brought to the discussion of controverted points in theology and government.

"The wit of South is bountifully sprinkled over his sermons, and it is by this quality that he is most commonly known. He uses it often as a gleaming weapon of attack and defence. It is, however, no light and airy plaything, but generally a severe and masculine power. It gleams brightest and cuts sharpest when its possessor is most enraged and indignant. Though sometimes exhibited in sly thrusts, shrewd innuendoes, insinuating mockeries, and a kind of railleury, half playful and half malicious, it is more commonly exercised to hold up adversaries to contempt and scorn, to pierce iniquity and falsehood with shafts that wound as well as glisten, or to evade logical dilemmas by a lightning-like substitution of an analogy of the fancy

for one of the reason. In many cases it makes his understanding play the part of a partisan on subjects where it is abundantly able to act the judge. So fertile was South's mind in ingenious turns, quirks and analogies, that an epigram often misled him from his logic; and to fix an unanswerable jest upon an opponent was as pleasing as to gravel him with an unanswerable argument."

The two following specimens, but that they seem a little too highly colored, a little "darkened with excess of light," we should think had rarely been equalled in their way. They are from the author's remarks on John Webster and Sir William Hamilton, and strike us as evincing the first a peculiar *kind*, the second a peculiar *degree* of critical power, if indeed it be not something higher than *critical* power:

"The Duchess of Malfy and The White Devil by John Webster, are among the grandest tragic productions of Shakspeare's contemporaries. They are full of 'deep groans and terrible ghastly looks.' Few dramatists indeed equal him in the steadiness with which he gazes into the awful depths of passion, and the stern nerve with which he portrays the dusky and terrible shapes that flit vaguely in the dark abyss. Souls black with guilt, or burdened with misery, or ghastly with fear, he probes to their inmost recesses, and both dissects and represents. His mind had the sense of the supernatural in large measure, and it gives to many of his scenes a dim and fearful grandeur which affects the soul like a shadow cast from the other world. He forces the most conventional of his characters into situations which lay open the very constitution of their natures, and thus compels them to act from the primitive springs of feeling and passion. Beginning with duke and duchess, he ends with man and woman."

"The various disquisitions of Sir William Hamilton seem to have attracted but little attention on this side of the Atlantic, from the fact that they deal with subjects somewhat removed from popular taste and apprehension; yet it would be difficult to name any contributions to a Review, which display such a despotic command of all the resources of logic and metaphysics, as his articles on Cousin, Dr. Brown, and Bishop Whately. Apart from their scientific value, they should be read as specimens of intellectual power. They evince more intense strength of understanding than any other writings of the age; and in the blended merits of logic, rhetoric and learning they may challenge comparison with the best works of any British metaphysicians. He seems to have read every writer, ancient and

modern, on logic and metaphysics, and is conversant with every philosophic theory, from the lowest form of materialism to the most abstract development of idealism; and yet his learning is not so remarkable as the thorough manner in which he has digested it, and his perfect command of all its stores. Everything that he comprehends, no matter how abstruse, he comprehends with the utmost clearness and employs with consummate skill. He is altogether the best trained reasoner on abstract subjects of his time; a most terrible adversary, because his logic is unalloyed by an atom of passion or prejudice; for nothing is more merciless than the intellect. No fallacy or sophism or half-proof can escape his analysis, and he is unrelenting in its exposure. His method is to strike directly at his object, and he accomplishes it in a few stern, brief sentences. His path is over the wreck of opinions which he demolishes as he goes. After he has decided a question, it seems to be at rest for ever, his vigorous logic leaving no room for controversy. He will not allow his adversary a single loop-hole for escape: forcing him back from one position to another, and tripping up his most ingenious reasonings, he leaves him at the end naked and defenceless, mournfully gathering up the scattered fragments of his once symmetrical system. And he is not only a great logician, but a great rhetorician. His matter is arranged with the utmost art; his style a model of philosophical clearness, conciseness and energy: every word is in the right place, has a precise scientific meaning, can stand the severest test of analysis, and will bear but one interpretation. He is as impregnable in his terms as in his argument. But with all the hard accuracy of his language, the movement of his style is as rapid, and sometimes as brilliant, as that of Macaulay. The key to a whole philosophical system is often given in a single emphatic sentence, and its stern compression has sometimes the effect of epigram."

Many very admirable and excellent things have been written on the subject of pulpit eloquence; but the most admirable and excellent that we remember to have seen, is at the close of Mr. Whipple's article on Dr. South; with which we close our extracts from his book:—

"Nothing can be clearer than that divinity affords the widest scope for the most various powers and accomplishments, and presents the strongest motives for their development and cultivation. In the literature of every age theology should assert its grandeur and power in masterpieces of thought and composition, which men of letters would be compelled to

read in order to deserve the name. Eloquence on almost every other subject is but a species of splendid fanaticism. It exists by detaching from the whole of nature and life some special thing, and exaggerating it out of its natural size and relations to produce a transient effect. But to the preacher philosophy and eloquence are identical. His task is to restore the most awful of all realities to its rightful supremacy, the dominion it enjoys according to the heaven-ordained laws by which the world was made. The written and spoken literature, which is the record of this eloquent wisdom, should be characterized by the first and greatest merit of composition, vitality. It is this vitality, this living energy, this beating of the brave heart beneath the burning words, which gives immortality to everything in literature that has it. Strange that it should be most wanting in those very compositions where it would most naturally be sought. There is more of it in many a speech by some political enthusiast, thrown off to serve a party measure, than in many a sermon by some clerical icicle, intended to save a human soul. Sydney Smith, at the commencement of the present century, described the current sermons of his own church as being chiefly distinguished by decent debility; and we have repeatedly waded through sermons on the most kindling and soul-animating themes, without being able to realize that the writer had any soul. Heaven and hell, righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, seemed to excite in him no more inspiring emotions than might have been raised from meditating on the mutations of trade. As it is unfortunately impossible for dullness at this day to shield itself from criticism by tossing the names of scoffer and atheist at the critic, we humbly suggest that it would be wiser to elude the charge by infusing more energy and unction into the thing criticised. And we know of nothing more calculated to produce this desirable effect than the study of a few sermonizers like South, and a hearty emulation of their learning and power; and in all discourses, on all subjects, to recollect that 'no man's dullness can be his duty, much less his perfection.'"

And here we cannot choose but advert to the somewhat remarkable but auspicious circumstance, that the hard bigotry of Calvinism with its theology of abstractions, and the icy conceit of Unitarianism with its theology of negations, are at length visibly thawing and melting away beneath the sunshine of old Anglo-Catholic divinity. After feeding and famishing long enough on the dry husks of their own systems, men are at last returning to the rich fountains and full tables from which

they have so long and so vainly striven to allure, to intimidate, to shame and debar others; and have discovered that it is a disgrace even in a man of letters to be ignorant of what themselves have labored their utmost to prevent and destroy. Little do they imagine whence grew the virtues of that divinity which they so much admire as to desert their own: little do they dream what danger they incur in meddling with it. For, how can we expect that preachers should grow up into vigor and vitality of mind, into compass and variety of thought, when "disbranched from the maternal sap" of the Church, and isolated and cooped up within some modern metaphysical or rhetorical system? Our modern individual or sectarian theology has been, is, must be no less fatal to sacred, than modern English Whiggery has been to senatorial eloquence. For where, by their conceit and irreverence, men have cut themselves off from the treasures and resources of the past, from the great deep historical currents of the State and the Church, and imprisoned themselves in their own narrow notions and inventions, a broad, rich, manly, generous style of thinking and speaking has never thriven, can never thrive: being thus reduced to the miserable alternative of continually squeezing and pumping and draining their unfed, un replenished minds, they must perforce dry up and wither and dwindle away, and end as contemptible as they began contemptuous. Which sufficiently explains the fact, that out of the Church, among the sects, from Calvin to Channing, no sermons have yet been produced that are likely or worthy to live, even among the sects where they originated. For, unless a man have some external objective whereabout, some religious or civil or social constitution which he prizes above his own notions and inventions, and for which he is willing to sacrifice the puny sprouts of his own brain, those only-begotten, those Isaacs of the mind, what has he to live on, wherefore does he deserve to live? Men may indeed fancy that God and their own reason are enough, and that without any of the historical or ecclesiastical ladders whereby their fathers toiled and struggled slowly and painfully upwards, they can leap from earth to heaven at one bound; but it is

not so: on the contrary they will find that, like the eyeless Gloster, when he fancied himself to have leaped from the chalky cliff of Dover, they have only fallen prostrate at their own feet.

But where does Mr. Whipple suppose that such sermons as he requires would find an audience to heed or hear them? When Hooker was preaching at the Temple, a large part (doubtless the more intelligent, liberal, progressive part) of his congregation preferred to hear a certain flippant, seditious, reforming, puritanical lecturer by the name of Travers, who would long since have been forgotten but for his insolence and opposition to his sweet, bashful, eloquent inferior. Driven into obscurity by the Puritans as a "popish malignant," Jeremy Taylor wrote and preached his sermons in the private chapel of a nobleman in Wales. As for Dr. Barrow, poor man, he could get no audience at all to endure his preaching, and most of his prodigious sermons were published without ever having been delivered. Archbishop Leighton and Bishop Butler, while preaching sermons as imperishable as truth and wisdom, were defamed, reviled and hooted at as papists and formalists. But the Church has living divines not unworthy of a place along with these. Whoever reads the sermons of Newman and Manning will learn that the noble life, the manly vigor, the chastened wisdom, the deep fervent piety which have in all ages flowed from or through the Church into her reverent submissive children, are not yet extinct. And what chance does Mr. Whipple suppose either of these great men would have beside Robert Montgomery in England, or in this country beside Dr. Tyng? Undoubtedly our American doctor, with his lean, hard, snappish, bloodless, bilious, but ready, fluent, voluble preaching, would cast either of these great divines, or any of their greater predecessors, entirely into the shade. And if we may judge from what has already occurred, were Jeremy Taylor now preaching in Boston, he would be shunned and sneered at by the intellectual aristocracy of that city as a sentimental Puseyite: the Bishop of Massachusetts would doubtless feel bound to use all honorable means to discountenance his "superstitious puerilities;" and Theodore

Parker would most assuredly have twenty listeners where he had one: though we feel perfectly certain that Mr. Whipple, and others whom we could name, would never fail to hear the almost-inspired, angelic divine. Notwithstanding all which, however, to each and every of Mr. Whipple's noble remarks on pulpit eloquence we heartily respond—Amen. For if such preaching and such preachers as he sighs for were shunned and reviled in our age as they have been in former ages, they would nevertheless serve to illustrate our age to future times.

One other point we must here briefly notice in Mr. Whipple. No other American that we are aware of has gone so far as he in recognizing and recommending the talent of his countrymen: indeed, we believe he is about the only one whose partialities are clearly on the side of thought that has not the advantage of being imported. There is no question that, other things being equal, he prefers a book that smacks of our own climate and soil. We are almost afraid to say this, lest we should be thought to disparage him; but we assure our readers that we speak it and mean it to his praise. Two of his best articles are on Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate; noble themes! and nobly have they been treated by him. Dana, also, and Bryant and other of our poets come in for a share of his judicious and discriminating enthusiasm, less indeed in quantity than these great statesmen, but not inferior in quality. The truth is, we are fully persuaded, and are not ashamed to avow it, that our own country and our own countrymen and countrywomen are the best on the face of the earth; and even because we think them the best, therefore we can afford to be liberal towards others. We believe also that the same kind heavens which have showered upon us everything else that heart can wish, will send us genius as fast as we will find grace to receive and reward it.

Mr. Whipple is generally reputed to stand at the head of American critics; which if any were disposed to question before, we think they will give it up now that his scattered labors in this kind are gathered into a more accessible form. His studies, as will be obvious on the slightest inspection of his volumes, have extended

over a wide field and a great variety of subjects. Though not yet thirty years old, and though he has scarcely for a day been free from the calls of business, he has managed somehow to read pretty much all round and over and through the vast region of English literature. His sleepless, greedy, omnivorous mind has devoured and digested authors of every grade and every department, from Chaucer to Currer Bell: the resources of dramatic, poetical, philosophical theological, political, historical, biographical literature seem at his fingers' ends: allusion, anecdote and quotation are brought in from all quarters, yet with a judgment that always avoids impertinence, and a skill that always renders them subservient to the edification or delectation of the reader. Nor is he acquainted only with the open field and beaten paths of literature; he has also explored many of the nooks and crannies where the private character and public performances of authors run into each other. In a word, he is simply the completest English scholar it has been our good fortune personally to meet with. And his taste is as catholic, withal, as his reading is varied and comprehensive; no kind of excellence eludes his search or fails of his hearty acknowledgment: wise sayings and witty explosions; a profound speculation of Bacon or Coleridge; the polished, piercing wit of Sheridan; the melodious felicities and fascinations of Spenser; the solemn meditations and sweet humanities of Wordsworth; Byronic eruptions of passion; the dunce-demolishing satire of Swift and Pope; the noble rhetoric, iron logic and scorching wit of South; the mellow, tranquil, benignant wisdom of Hooker; the gentle, ever-flowing, never-tiring eloquence of Taylor; the far-shining glories and sublimities of Milton the poet, and the splendid malignities and terrific fire-spittings of Milton the Puritan; the—the—everything of Shakspeare; the sly humor of one author, the subtle grace of another, the playful eccentricity of a third, the boisterous mirth of a fourth, the far-shooting splendors of a fifth:—Mr. Whipple apparently enters into them all with equal relish; understands and interprets them all with equal facility.

This, we are aware, is saying a good

deal, but we do not speak inconsiderately, and therefore are ready to stand to it. The truth is, we know of very few sources from which, with so little trouble and so much pleasure, may be obtained so wide and various a knowledge of English books and authors. This circumstance, together with the perpetual brilliancy of his periods, the blaze of light which he throws on whatever subject he discusses, the cheerful and amiable temper in which he always writes, and the correct, healthy, yet liberal tone of morality which pervades his writings, ought to render his book one of the most popular that the American mind has yet produced. To young men especially of generous minds and manly aims, who purpose to cultivate a general acquaintance with letters and liberal art, to fit themselves for the duty of citizens and the conversation of gentlemen,—to such these Essays and Reviews cannot be otherwise than valuable, both as a source of tasteful and useful culture and as a guide to other sources.

But we have one cause of serious complaint against Mr. Whipple, namely, his, as it seems to us, illiberal attitude respecting English politics. As a specimen of which, we have noted among several others the following from his delightful essay on Wordsworth:—

"The sixth book of *The Excursion* begins thus:

'Hail to the crown by freedom shaped to gird
An English sovereign's brow! and to the throne
Whereon he sits! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love.'

Now this is false history. It is true of no government in existence. A politician of either Whig or Tory principles, would despise himself for saying so verdant a thing. It is in fact a prophecy of the time when the state will be so pure as to be seated 'in veneration and the people's love.'

Now it really seems to us, that in this case the "verdancy" is much rather in the criticism than in the thing criticised; and did we not greatly both respect the author's talents and love his person, we should be strongly tempted to ridicule this unworthy effusion. Why, that peculiar, half-ridiculous, half-terrible madness sprung from the marriage of a spurious democracy and a bastard transcenden-

talism could hardly have vented anything worse! "No government in existence founded 'in veneration and the people's love?'" Surely the most rabid, reckless, fanatical radicalism would never want a better pretence for enacting its infernal farce! We verily thought that we at least lived in a free country. But if our noble inheritance of liberty with our noble institutions to guard it, for which we trust there are none so base but would even dare to die, and for which so many wise and good men have already died,—if these be not seated "in veneration and the people's love," then woe be to them and woe be to us! And what reason have we to expect anything in future worth loving and venerating, from a people that has not the sense or virtue to love and venerate such a testament thus sealed with the best blood of the testator? But even so do our senseless and sacrilegious reformers, while canting and prating about the dignity and purity and perfectibility of human nature, always in a manner equally impudent and preposterous begin their revolutionary harangues by vilifying and stultifying and nullifying all that man has done before. Thus pretending to respect nothing so much as the people, their whole conduct shows that they think them knaves or fools. But the truth is they have no other way to approve their own wisdom and virtue; for if all other men whom the world consents to honor have not been knaves or fools, then most assuredly they are so. And it is by such miserable, flimsy, wicked sophisms that the people have from time to time been instructed and agitated through sedition, rebellion and crime into anarchy and despotism! But, thank Heaven! we have both a government worthy of the people's love and veneration, and a people worthy to venerate and love it.

Moreover, when we consider that our fathers of 1776 notoriously raised the flag of national independence in opposition to the innovating encroachments of the then Parliament, People and Ministry of England, and expressly grounded and justified their proceedings, not on any theory of their rights as men, but on the fact of their rights as Englishmen, thus wisely claiming their freedom as an ancient and unquestionable inheritance, not as any new

and doubtful discovery ; or, in the words of Franklin to Burke, that "The question with them was not whether they were to remain as they had been before the troubles, for better they could not hope to be ; but whether they were to give up so happy a situation without a struggle, and they had no other wish in favor of America than for a security to its *ancient* condition : " when we consider that in 1787 the same fathers in framing and settling the government retained as much of the British Constitution as they possibly could and be an independent people, and in imitation of that stupendous model so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and which, it seems, was seated in their love and veneration, prudently used all the materials then in existence to establish what should and fortunately does operate as a balance and counterpoise of different orders in the state : when we consider, also, that those very English politicians in whom Mr. Whipple exclusively believes have often said and are still saying, that at the Revolution of 1688, ("which was in truth and substance, and in a constitutional light, a revolution not made, but prevented,") the crown emphatically was "by freedom shaped to gird an English sovereign's brow," and made "the key-stone that binds together the noble and well-constructed arch of the British empire and Constitution : " when we consider, moreover, the deep-rooted, world-renowned, inextinguishable loyalty of the English people ever since they tried the prescriptions of Cromwell with his regicide "rump," his butchering "high court of justice" and his decimating major-generals ; and that, by the consent of all English historians possessing or deserving any credit, the nation has experienced a gradual steady growth and progress of freedom for the last 150 years : when we consider all this, we really must be excused for thinking Mr. Whipple's remarks exceedingly injudicious.

Again : From the tone of some passages in Mr. Whipple's book, one would naturally suppose, that for the last sixty years all the patriotism and political honesty and wisdom of old England had been confined to the Whig party. That the author has fallen into this way of speaking, is probably owing in part to his hav-

ing mistaken the special pleadings and flippant caricatures of Macaulay for historical essays. Most readers of English history are probably aware, that when Hell and Night broke loose and set up their philanthropic reign in France, the smaller and meaner portion of the old English Whig party went over to the new French dynasty, arrogated to themselves exclusively the name of Whigs, and spent the rest of their life in reviling and abusing those of their former friends who had not the grace to follow them. Ever since that time the Whig party of England has probably been, with a few noble exceptions, about as conceited, insolent and intolerant a set of men as the world has ever been adorned withal ; and these qualities have met together in singular perfection in Mr. Macaulay, who sets them forth with a degree of ill-temper and intellectual force that renders him an invaluable exponent of modern English Whiggery.

That Mr. Whipple should have been taken in by this brilliant, but injudicious, illiberal and sometimes unscrupulous writer, is not more lamentable than natural. He would have been saved from many mistakes which his inherent and ineradicable goodness of nature will oblige him to correct as he grows older, had he started with the plain self-evident maxim, that in all questions where wise and good men have long been divided, there are two sides. By overlooking or rejecting which rule, some of Macaulay's essays have more signally and shamefully missed their mark than any other compositions we have seen. He often irretrievably "loses the prize by overrunning ; " makes his case appear so very clear and unquestionable, and everything opposed to it, no matter by how much wisdom and virtue supported, appear so very absurd, irrational and wicked, as to awaken distrust in a reflecting mind, and array it against him. For where a man makes it appear that all of truth and reason is on his side, we naturally suspect that he has only put out of sight whatsoever does not make for his cause : we regard him as an advocate, not as a judge ; listen to him, laugh at him, and disbelieve him as a matter of course. It is said that the great Boston lawyer, Jeremy Mason, when acting as counsel for Ephraim K. Avery, began his address to the jury by

saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, you believe, I believe, we all believe my client to be guilty; the thing is, to prove it." By his wise moderation in thus grounding his defence, not on the innocence of the person, but on the insufficiency of the proof, he is supposed to have gained his cause.—In justice, however, to Mr. Macaulay, we are bound to confess that age and experience have somewhat improved him. And the growing wiser and better as one grows older, which Mr. Macaulay seems to have done, is proof enough that he was all along sound and good at heart: for thoroughly bad men, as they grow older, always grow worse; which is more frequently exemplified in human life, than to need any illustration or proof.

As a specimen of Mr. Whipple's candor, when touching on English politics, we extract the following from his article on Sheridan; wherein, after a merited castigation of Sheridan's debaucheries and infidelities, the writer adds:—

"Admitting him to have been as bad as his nature would allow, we believe he was a much better man than many of his contemporaries who are commonly praised as virtuous. The man who brings misery upon himself and family by intemperance and sloth, is justly condemned, but he is innocent compared with one who, from bigotry and lust of power, would ruin or injure a nation. George the Third is praised as a good king; but the vices of Sheridan's character were mere peccadilloes compared with the savage vices that raged and ruled in the heart of his majesty. In a moral estimate, which includes all grades of sin, Sheridan would compare well with Lord North, William Pitt and Spencer Perceval, with all their social and domestic merits."

Now the ground of this fearful censure, so far as we can learn from the context, is, that the King and Lord North, with the most mistaken policy indeed, but with the concurrence of a large majority of the English people, engaged in the American war, managed it badly, and miserably failed; and that the King, Pitt and Perceval, with the concurrence of at least four-fifths of the nation, including the larger and better portion of the Whig party headed by Burke, began and continued the war with France;—a war which, conducted through the greatest discouragements to the noblest triumphs, has brought

more of glory upon glorious old England than almost the whole of her previous history; and which we never think upon without feeling more of respect for the nature whereof we are partakers. England has indeed committed sins enough; but for that one war we bless and will bless her as long as the breath is in our body! But suppose this war had failed as signally and as deservedly as it succeeded: what has this to do with the moral character of its authors? unless we are to suppose that nothing but a criminal bigotry, or a lust of power, can cause one to differ from us in opinion. Why may we not think Pitt, Burke and the King to have been as upright, patriotic and wise in urging the war, as Fox and Sheridan were in opposing it? especially since the anticipations of the former were substantially verified by the event, while those of the latter were completely reversed. Moreover, in 1787, while the French government was proceeding as fast as practicable in the work of reform and giving no provocation to England, Mr. Fox with all the energy and vehemence of his nature urged an immediate declaration of war against France, mainly because of the "natural hereditary enmity between the two nations," and because England had experienced all her greatest glories and prosperities while at war with that power. In 1793, however, when that deluge of atheistical and revolutionary fanaticism and ferocity had overspread France and declared war on England, this same Mr. Fox with equal energy and vehemence urged Parliament to meet that declaration only with proposals and supplications for peace. Pitt, Burke, the King, the parliament, the people of England, were opposed to Mr. Fox in both these cases. Doubtless, we are bound in charity to suppose Mr. Fox honestly mistook that atheistical fanaticism for the spirit of liberty; but if we thus save his virtue at the expense of his sagacity, can we not do as much for the others, granting them to have been equally in error? Furthermore; Mr. Pitt has been justly censured for virtually appealing as he did from the parliament to the people in 1784: but the people supported him, and continued to support him with an overwhelming majority. In 1793 Mr.

Fox still more culpably attempted a similar appeal, and, failing in this, endeavored by every means in his power to bring the constitution of parliament into discredit with the people. If we attribute the greater fault of Fox to honest error, may we not attribute the less fault of Pitt to the same cause?

Now Mr. Whipple will probably agree with us, that there is no worse morality than that which seeks to confound errors with crimes. Observe, then, the difference: the things for which he censures Sheridan were such as all men know and Sheridan himself knew to be sins; whereas those for which he censures the King and his ministers as being far more wicked even than Sheridan, are matters about which the wisest and best of men have differed, and do differ; and wherein if a man err, it is no impeachment of his virtue. No one indeed doubts that a lust of power is wrong; but surely we have proof enough at home, that men without power are quite as apt to lust after it as those that have it: and that Pitt and Perceval advocated the war with France, because they wanted political power, not a particle of evidence has been or can be shown except the mere fact that they did the one and had the other. The truth is, we have just as much reason to suppose that Fox's opposition to the war, as that Pitt's advocacy of it, sprung from lust of power. Even granting Pitt to have been wrong and Fox right in his opinions, still this does not affect the virtue of the men: and to assume that either of them acted from criminal intents, is neither charitable nor wise, because such an assumption can be justified only on principles that would convict all men who have power, except hereditary kings, of lusting after it, and of committing crimes to obtain it.

Our opinion, therefore, is somewhat different from Mr. Whipple's. We believe that George the Third was a very good man, and in the main a pretty good governor; and so we shall continue to believe until something else than errors of judgment and policy is made out against him. That "savage vices raged and ruled in his heart," we have never seen or heard any proof, except the aforesaid errors; and to charge him with such things on such grounds, we fear would go nearer to con-

vict ourselves than him. If we may believe the concurrent testimony of accredited English historians, though by no means a very great or very wise man, he was a man of good practical sense, of the most blameless purity in private and social life, of simple habits and humane feelings, and withal a thorough gentleman; fond of encouraging liberal arts and institutions; "a patriot even in his amusements;" and though he reigned longer than any other king of England, no one ever died more deeply beloved by the great body of the people. Burke, after having spent most of his life in opposing the king's policy, pronounced him "a mild and beneficent sovereign;" and the historian Miller, who was so rabid a Whig and admirer of Fox as to hold Burke responsible for the "absurd and mischievous" writings of Thomas Paine, and to regard his wonderful "Reflections" as "serving to prove that learning and eloquence may subsist in the highest perfection without being accompanied by a single particle of wisdom;" informs us, however, that when on a certain festival occasion the King, though then old and blind and in the fiftieth year of his reign, "rode through the assembled thousands of his subjects, he was indeed the object of veneration and love." Had "savage vices raged and ruled in the heart of his majesty," that the English people were either so stupid as not to discover them in all this time, or so wicked as not to hate him, is more than we are prepared to believe.

Moreover, we look upon Mr. Pitt as one of the greatest statesmen and noblest characters that ever adorned the British senate. It was his indomitable spirit and far-reaching policy which, surviving their author, and gathering new strength over his untimely grave, and backed up by English wealth and English manhood, carried the nation through that long "agony of glory," until the great scourge and curse of Europe and of humanity was chained for life to the rock of St. Helena. That he did not live to see the triumphs of his policy, but died of a broken heart at its temporary failure, having first worn himself gray in the service of his country before he had reached the prime of manhood, only augments our admiration of his young, great, heroic soul; and when we remember that had not his provisions been broken in upon and de-

feated, the national debt of England would long since have been cancelled, we cannot but regard his premature death as a part of the price his country was to pay for that vast, vast heritage of glory, which may indeed be envied but cannot be obscured. In short, we are willing to believe that the King and Lord North were as upright and patriotic, though not so wise, in urging on the American war, as Burke was in opposing it; that Burke was not more upright and wise in opposing this war than in advocating the subsequent one with France; and that the King was not more honest nor more mistaken in the former than Mr. Fox was in the latter: whereas Sheridan, whatsoever public measures he might espouse or oppose, was a reckless, faithless, heartless libertine and debauchee. This is one exception, and we believe the only one, to the healthy moral tone of Mr. Whipple's writings. Happily in this case the mistake is so great and the sophistry so thin, that nobody can be injured by it.

In conclusion, we have a word or two to say respecting the strange, peculiar sort of democracy that seems to have sprung up in these latter times, and captivated the hearts and fancies of a good many people. Perhaps we cannot better indicate the nature of this democracy than by describing it as exactly the reverse of that so nobly expressed by Burke, where, speaking of the harmony or rather identity of long prescription and popular election, he says: "And this is a choice not of one day, or one set of people, not a tumultuary and giddy choice; it is a deliberate election of ages and of generations; it is a constitution made by what is ten thousand times better than choice; it is made by the peculiar circumstances, occasions, tempers, dispositions, and moral, civil and social habitudes of the people, which disclose themselves only in a long space of time. It is a vestment which accommodates itself to the body. Nor is prescription of government formed upon blind, unmeaning prejudices, —for man is a most unwise and most wise being. The individual is foolish. The multitude for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and when time is given to it, as a species it almost always acts right." Now this, we confess, is the kind of democracy which we like: it is the democracy

which forms the strength and beauty of our own stupendous government, as of all other governments that are or have been beautiful and strong: nor is there anything on earth that we more deeply respect than the sense and will of the people as thus embodied and expressed. But the new democracy of which we are speaking always deems any act of the people to be wise and right in proportion as it contradicts the sober, settled, uniform sense and reason of mankind, in all nations and ages: whatsoever is done under some transient, epidemical frenzy, or delirium, or paroxysm, or fanaticism, this is its especial delight: in a word, it never begins to respect the voice of the people until that voice ceases to be respectable; nor does it usually spare any efforts, however mean and wicked, to put the people in a proper state for doing what it so much admires. Of which democracy Mr. Hallam presents a fine example in his remarks on Algernon Sidney:—"Having proposed one only object for his political conduct, the establishment of a republic in England, his pride and inflexibility, though they gave a dignity to his character, rendered his views narrow and his temper unaccommodating. It was evident to every reasonable man, that a republican government, being adverse to the prepossessions of a great majority of the people, could only be brought about and maintained by the force of usurpation. Yet for this idol of his speculative hours, he was content to sacrifice the liberties of Europe, to plunge the country in civil war, and even to stand indebted to France for protection." This democracy of course greatly delights in the indiscriminate abuse and slaughter of that whole class of men who, by the accident of birth, by the prescription of ages, by the laws of their country, and by the will of the people, have had the misfortune to be kings. Though sometimes hugely averse to the lawful execution of lawfully-convicted criminals, it greatly relishes the lawless butchery of kings and bishops, thus regarding murder with peculiar favor, provided it be graced with treason and sacrilege. Accordingly, one of the sweetest morsels it has found in all history, is the murder of Charles the First. Yet of this very act the judicious author last quoted observes:—"But it was, as we

all know, the act of a bold but very small minority, who, having forcibly expelled their colleagues from Parliament, had usurped, under the protection of a military force, that power which all England reckoned illegal. I cannot perceive what there was in the imagined solemnity of this proceeding, in that insolent mockery of the forms of justice, accompanied by all unfairness and inhumanity in the circumstances, which can alleviate the guilt of the transaction; and if it be alleged that many of the regicides were firmly persuaded in their consciences of the right and duty of condemning the king, we may surely remember that private murderers have often had the same apology." To the self-same tune sounds every other sober writer who has spoken on the subject. And indeed the people, however they may relish a different strain on this point, will never consent to remember for any length of time any writer who has not more of wisdom and sobriety than to speak otherwise. With these writers we entirely agree; and one of our strongest reasons for doing so is, because a vast majority of the English people, both at the time and ever since, have looked upon that act with its accompaniments and consequences with the deepest aversion; and from the temporary sequestration of the Church and crown, and from the temporary reign of Puritanical and Cromwellian freedom, have only cherished the greater love and reverence for the former, and the utmost dread and horror of the latter. We respect that awful voice of the people; and we respect it the more, forasmuch as it has stood the wear and tear of two hundred years, thus approving itself to be "a choice not of one day, or of one set of people, not a tumultuary and giddy choice;" but "a deliberate election of ages and of generations."

Wherefore, from the kind of democracy in question we must be excused altogether. We must be allowed to respect the sober, deliberate, continued choice of the people, whether that choice determines in a king or a president, a monarchy or a republic. And even because we respect the true voice of the people, therefore, in speaking of kings and presidents, we shall never feel at liberty to cast off, as the manner of some is, the common regards of truth,

charity and humanity: on the contrary, remembering that they also are men of like passions with ourselves, we would speak of them with great caution and care, lest by doing otherwise we should discourage that general wholesome respect for authority without which good government has never been, will never be found practicable. We believe that the celebrated Long Parliament did some wise and good things at first, and many foolish and wicked things afterwards, partly because such has been the settled conviction of the English people ever since. And for the same reason, we believe that Charles the First committed many arbitrary, oppressive and illegal acts, but was afterwards far "more sinned against than sinning;" that his enemies and murderers acted far more from lust of power than from love of liberty; and that if his fate be an awful warning to kings against tyranny, it is, or should be, a still more awful warning to the people against revolutionary fanaticism, and against that whole class of agitators who show that they mean the people no good by endeavoring to make them mad. We believe that the English people are far more indebted for their present liberties to the National Church than to any dissenters therefrom, partly because themselves have long been persuaded of the same, as appears from that cry, "the Church is in danger," which has been so often and so successfully raised. We believe that Pitt was a wiser and better man than Fox, for this reason among others, that through an administration of twenty years, he retained to the last the confidence of the English people; which confidence Fox never had and never could get. We believe, also, that George the Third was "a mild and beneficent sovereign," partly because the longer the English people had him, and the better they knew him, the more they loved and revered him. And finally, we believe that as kings have no divine right to misrule the people, so neither have people any divine right to misrepresent kings. The truth is, virtue in kings and governors and public men, though by no means rare, is not so plenty, however, as that we can well afford to see any of it vilified and defamed: on the contrary, for the sake of others if not of themselves, we

would rather something "extenuate" than "set down aught in malice;" because, since men are apt to have a greater influence by as much as they are more conspicuous, it is better for us every way—has more of profit as well as more of charity, to fancy virtue in them where it is not, than to overlook or underrate it where it is.

Moreover, we dislike all extremes, in all things preferring

"the golden mean and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife."

We are therefore no more opposed to the divine right of kings than to the divine right of everybody but kings. And forasmuch as the old doctrine on this subject seemed to infer, that kings might justly

rule without or against law, we therefore rejoice that it has been exploded; and for the same reason we do not wish to see it revived in reference to the people. Besides, we have as little sympathy with the indiscriminate abuse as with the indiscriminate praise of kings; and because they have sometimes been foolishly raised to the rank of gods, we do not seem likely to mend the matter much by sinking them below the rank of men. In all these things, indeed, it is characteristic of wise men, that from being betrayed or seeing others betrayed into extremes, they learn to avoid all extremes; whereas, unwise men, finding themselves or others in one extreme, generally fly off into the opposite and equally vicious extreme.

SONNET.

HALF-SOULED, in you I found my full completion,—

In you my complement and perfect fine,

O beauteous Soul! self's fairer repetition,

In whom rests all that is, yet is not, mine!

Now am I perfect through your life, and see

What virtue is, in mortal shape revealed;

Life's star, dear aim, unlooked for destiny!

Bright hope, in darkest future long concealed!

Who gave me life, gave infinite desires;

But most, the need of sacred confidence,

That, always, to implicit trust aspires;—

Love, only, could fill up the void immense:

Love! parent of sweet confidence, be thou

Our bond! none holier can mere mortals know.

HISTORICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL TRADITIONS OF THE ALGONQUINS;

WITH A TRANSLATION OF THE "WALUM-OLUM," OR BARK RECORD OF THE LINNI-LENAPE.*

THE discovery of America, in the fifteenth century, constitutes a grand era in the history of the world. From it we may date the rise of that mental energy and physical enterprise, which has since worked so wonderful changes in the condition of the human race. It gave a new and powerful impulse to the nations of Europe, then slowly rousing from the lethargy of centuries. Love of adventure, hope, ambition, avarice,—the most powerful incentives to human action,—directed the attention of all men to America. Thither flocked the boldest and most adventurous spirits of Europe; and half a century of startling events sufficed to lift the veil of night from a vast continent, unsurpassed in the extent and variety of its productions, abounding in treasures, and teeming with a strange people, divided into numberless families, exhibiting many common points of resemblance, yet differing widely in their condition, manners, customs, and civil and social organizations.

Along the shores of the frozen seas of the North, clothed with the furs of the sea-monsters whose flesh had supplied them with food, burrowing in icy caverns during the long polar nights, were found the dwarfed and squalid Esquimaux. In lower latitudes, skirting the bays and inlets of the Atlantic, pushing their canoes along the shores of the great lakes, or chasing the buffalo on the vast meadows of the West, broken up into numerous families, subdivided into tribes, warring constantly, and ever struggling for ascendancy over each other, were the active and fearless Hunters, falling chiefly within the modern extended denominations of the Algonquin and Iroquois families. Still lower down, in the mild and fertile regions bordering

the Gulf of Mexico, more fixed in their habits, half hunters, half agriculturists, with a systematized religion, and a more consolidated civil organization, and constituting the connecting link between the gorgeous semi-civilization of Mexico and the nomadic state of the Northern families, were the Floridian tribes, in many respects one of the most interesting groups of the continent. Beneath the tropics, around the bases of the volcanic ranges of Mexico, and occupying her high and salubrious plains, Cortez found the Aztecs and their dependencies,—nations rivalling in their barbarous magnificence the splendors of the oriental world,—far advanced in the arts, living in cities, constructing vast works of public utility, and sustaining an imposing, though bloody religious system. Passing the nations of Central America, whose architectural monuments challenge comparison with the proudest of the old world, and attest the advanced condition and great power of their builders,—Pizarro found beneath the equator a vast people, living under a well-organized and consolidated government, attached to a primitive Sabianism, fixed in their habits and customs, and happy in their position and circumstances. Still beyond these to the southward, were the invincible Aurucanians, together with numerous other nations, with distinctive features, filling still lower places in the scale of advancement, and finally subsiding into the squalid counterparts of the Esquimaux in Patagonia.

These numerous nations, exhibiting contrasts so striking, and institutions so novel and interesting, it might be supposed, would have at once attracted the attention of the learned of that day, and insured at their hands a full and authentic account of

* This paper was read before the New York Historical Society, at its regular meeting in June last. It has not been thought necessary to materially alter its original form, although as a general rule, the use of the first person is objectionable.

their government, religion, traditions, customs and modes of life. The men, however, who subverted the empires of Montezuma and the Incas, were bold adventurers, impelled for the most part by an absorbing avarice, and unfitted by habit, as incapable from education and circumstances, of transmitting to us correct or satisfactory information respecting the nations with which they were acquainted. The ecclesiastics who followed in their train, from whom more might have been expected, actuated by a fierce bigotry, and eager only to elevate the symbol of their intolerance over the emblems of a rival priesthood, misrepresented the religious conceptions of the Indians, and exaggerated the bloody observances of the aboriginal ritual, as an apology, if not a justification, for their own barbarism and cruelty. They threw down the high altars of Aztec superstition, and consecrated to their own mummeries the solar symbols of the Peruvian temples. They burned the pictured historical and mythological records of the ancient empire in the public square of Mexico; defaced the sculptures on her monuments, and crushed in pieces the statues of her gods. Yet the next day, with an easy transition, they proclaimed the great impersonation of the female, or productive principle of Nature, who in the Mexican, as in every other system of mythology, was the consort of the Sun, to be no other than the Eve of the Mosaic record, or the Mother of Christ; they even tracked the vagrant St. Thomas in the person of the benign Quetzalcoat, the Mexican counterpart of the Hindoo Buddha and the Egyptian Osiris!

All these circumstances have contributed to throw doubt and uncertainty over the Spanish accounts of the aboriginal nations. Nor were the circumstances, attending European adventure and settlements in other parts of the continent, much more favorable to the preservation of impartial and reliable records. The Puritan of the North and the gold-hunter of Virginia and Carolina, looked with little interest and less complacency upon the "wilde salvages" with which they were surrounded, and of whom Cotton Mather wrote, that "Although we know not *when* nor *how* they first became inhabitants of this mighty continent, yet we may guess the devil

decoyed these miserable salvages hither, in hopes that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come to destroy his absolute empire over them."

The Jesuits and other enthusiasts, the propagandists of the Catholic faith among the Northern tribes, were more observant and correct, but their accounts are very meagre in matters of the most consequence, in researches concerning the history and religion of the aborigines. All treated the religious conceptions and practices and transmitted traditions of the Indians with little regard. Indeed it has been only during the last century, since European communication with the primitive nations of Southern Asia, and a more intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature, have given a new direction to researches into the history of mind and man, that the true value of the religious notions and the recorded or transmitted traditions of various nations, in determining their origins and connections, and illustrating their remote history, has been ascertained. And even now there are few who have a just estimation of their importance in these respects. It may however be claimed, in the language of an erudite American, that "of all researches which most effectually aid us to discover the origin of a nation or people, whose history is either unknown, or deeply involved in the obscurity of ancient times, none are perhaps attended with such important results, as the analysis of their theological dogmas, and their religious practices. To such matters mankind adheres with the greatest tenacity, and though both modified and corrupted in the revolutions of ages, they still preserve features of their original construction when language, arts, sciences and political establishments no longer retain distinct lineaments of their ancient constitutions."

The traveller Clarke, maintaining the same position, observes, "that by a proper attention to the vestiges of ancient superstition, we are sometimes enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors, with as much if not more certainty, than by observations made upon their languages, because the superstition is engrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change." However important is the study of military, civil and political history, the science is incomplete without

mythological history, and he is little imbued with the spirit of philosophy, who can perceive in the fables of antiquity nothing but the extravagance of a fervid imagination.* It is under this view, in the absence of such information derivable from early writers, as may form the basis of our inquiries into the history of the American race, its origin, and the rank which it is entitled to hold in the scale of human development, that the religious conceptions and observances, and authentic traditions of the aboriginal nations, become invested with new interest and importance. And although the opportunities for collecting them, at this day, are limited, and much care and discrimination is requisite to separate that which is original from what is derivative, still they perhaps afford the safest and surest means of arriving at the results desired. Not that I would be understood as undervaluing physical or philological researches, in their bearings upon these questions; for if the human mind can ever flatter itself with having discovered the truth, it is when many facts, and these facts of different kinds, unite in producing the same result.

Impressed with these views, I have, in pursuing investigations in another but cognate department of research, taken considerable pains to collect from all available sources, such information as seemed authentic, relating not only to the religious ceremonies and conceptions, but also to the mythological and historical traditions of the aborigines of all parts of the continent. An analysis and comparison of these have led to some most extraordinary results, which it would be impossible, in the narrow scope of this paper, to indicate with necessary fullness. It may be said generally, that they exhibit not only a wonderful uniformity and concurrence in their elements and more important particulars, but also an absolute identity, in many essential respects, with those which existed among the primitive nations of the

old world, far back in the monumental and traditional periods.

Among the various original manuscripts which, in the course of these investigations, fell into my possession, I received through the hands of the executors of the lamented NICOLLET, a series by the late Prof. C. S. RAFINESQUE,—well known as a man of science and of an inquiring mind, but whose energies were not sufficiently concentrated to leave a decided impression in any department of research. A man of unparalleled industry, an earnest and indefatigable collector of facts, he was deficient in that scope of mind joined to severe critical powers, indispensable to correct generalization. While, therefore, it is usually safe to reject his conclusions, we may receive his facts, making proper allowances for the haste with which they were got together.

Among these MSS. ("*rudis indigestaque moles*,") was one entitled the "*Watum Olum*," (literally, "*painted sticks*,")—or painted and engraved traditions of the Linni-Lenape,—comprising five divisions, the first two embodying the traditions referring to the Creation and a general flood, and the rest comprising a record of various migrations, with a list of ninety-seven chiefs, in the order of their succession, coming down to the period of the discovery. This MS. also embraces one hundred and eighty-four compound mnemonic symbols, each accompanied by a sentence or verse in the original language, of which a literal translation is given in English. The only explanation which we have concerning it, is contained in a foot note, in the hand of Rafinesque, in which he states that the MS. and wooden originals were obtained in Indiana in 1822, and that they were for a long time inexplicable, "until with a deep study of the Delaware, and the aid of Zeiserber's manuscript Dictionary, in the library of the Philosophical Society, a translation was effected." This translation, it may here be remarked, so far as I have been able to test it, is a faithful one, and there is slight doubt that the original is what it professes to be, a genuine Indian record. The evidence that it is so, is however rather internal and collateral than direct.*

* "The existence of similar religious ideas in remote regions, inhabited by different races, is an interesting subject of study; furnishing as it does, one of the most important links in the great chain of communication which binds together the distant families of nations."—*Prescott's Mexico*, vol. . p. 59.

* Since the above was written, a copy of

The traditions which it embodies coincide, in most important respects, with those which are known to have existed, and which still exist, in forms more or less modified, among the various Algonquin tribes, and the mode in which they are recorded is precisely that which was adopted by the Indians of this stock, in recording events, communicating intelligence, etc., and which has not inaptly been denominated *picture-writing*.

The scope of this system of picture-writing, and the extent to which it was applied, have not been generally understood nor fully recognized. Without, however, going into an analysis of the system, its principles and elements,—an inquiry of much interest,—it may be claimed, upon an array of evidence which will admit of no dispute, that under it the Indians were not only able to communicate events and transmit intelligence, but also to record chants and songs, often containing abstract ideas,—allusions to the origin of things, the power of nature, and to the elements of their religion. "The Indians," says Heckewelder, "have no alphabet, nor any mode of representing words to the eye, yet they have certain hieroglyphics, by which they describe facts in so plain a manner, that those who are conversant with their marks, can understand them with the greatest ease,—as easily, indeed, as they can understand a piece of writing."* This writer also asserts that the simple principles of the system are so well recognized, and of so general application, that the members of different tribes could interpret with the greatest facility the drawings of other and remote tribes. Loskiel has recorded his testimony to the same effect. He says: "The Delawares use hieroglyphics on wood, trees and stones, to give caution, for communication, to commemorate events and preserve records. Every Indian understands their

meaning, etc."* Mr. Schoolcraft also observes of the Ojibwas, that "every path has its blazed and figured tree, conveying intelligence to all that pass, for all can understand these signs, which," he adds, "are taught to the young as carefully as our alphabet." Testimony might be accumulated upon this point, to an indefinite extent, were it necessary to our present purpose.

Most of the signs used in this system are representations of things: some however were derivative, others symbolical, and still others entirely arbitrary. They however were not capable of doing more than to suggest classes of ideas, which would not be expressed in precisely the same words by different individuals. They were taught in connection with certain forms of expression, by which means they are made essentially *mnemonic*—a simple or compound sign, thus serving to recall to mind an entire sentence or a series of them. A single figure, with its adjuncts, would stand for the verse of a song, or for a circumstance which it would require several sentences to explain.

Thus the famous *Metâi* song of the Chippeways, presented by Mr. Catlin, although embracing but about thirty signs, occupied, in the slow, monotonous chant of the Indians, with their numerous repetitions, nearly an hour in its delivery. James observes, respecting the recorded Indian songs,—"They are usually carved on a flat piece of wood, and the figures suggest to the minds of those who have learned the songs, the ideas and the order of their succession. The words are not variable, but must be taught; otherwise, though from an inspection of the figure the idea might be comprehended, no one would know what to sing." Most of the Indian lore being in the hands of the priests or medicine-men, the teaching of these songs was almost entirely monopolized by them. They taught them only to such as had distinguished themselves in war and the chase, and then only upon the payment of large prices. Tanner states that he was occupied more than a year in learning the great song for "medicine hunting," and then obtained his knowledge only at the expense of many

Rafinesque's "American Nations," published in 1836, has fallen under my notice. It is a singular jumble of facts and fancies, and it is perhaps unfortunate for the MS., spoken of in the text, that it falls in such a connection. The only additional information we have respecting it, is that it was "obtained by the late Dr. Ward of Indiana, of the remnant of the Delawares on the White River."

* Hist. Acct. of the Indian Nations, p. 118.

* Hist. United Brethren in America, p. 25.

beaver skins. After the introduction of Christianity, among some of the Western tribes, prayers were inscribed on pieces of wood, in mnemonic symbols, in the making and teaching of which to their followers, some of the Christian chiefs obtained a profitable monopoly.

Admitting then, as we must do upon this evidence, that the Algonquins had the means of imperfectly recording their traditions, songs, etc., we can readily understand how these might be taught by father to son, and perpetuated in great purity through a succession of priests,—the sages of the aboriginal races. The fact that they were recorded, even in the rude way here indicated, would give them a degree of fixedness, and entitle them to a consideration which they would not possess if handed down in a simple oral form.*

The MS. under consideration seems to be a series of Indian traditional songs, in the original mnemonic signs, with the words attached to them, written out from the recitations of the Indians, by some person conversant with the Indian tongue, precisely as we find some of the songs recorded by James, in his Appendix to Tanner's Narrative. As already observed, it has strong internal evidence of being what it purports to be,—evidence sufficiently strong, in my estimation, to settle its authenticity. I may however add, that, with a view of leaving no means unemployed to ascertain its true value, I submitted it, without explanation, to an educated Indian chief, (Kah-ge-gah-bowh,) George Copway, who unhesitatingly pronounced it authentic, in respect not only

to the original signs and accompanying explanations in the Delaware dialect, but also in the general ideas and conceptions which it embodies. He also bore testimony to the fidelity of the translation.

In submitting, therefore, the following paraphrase of these singular records, I feel I am not obtruding the coinage of a curious idler, nor an apocryphal record, but presenting matter deserving of attention, and of important bearing upon many interesting questions connected with the history of our aboriginal nations.

It will be readily understood that I have, in numerous instances, been compelled to adopt forms of expression, not common to the Indian languages; so far as practicable, however, the words have been literally rendered, and the Indian form of expression preserved; and I feel some confidence in saying that no violence has been done to the original in the paraphrase.

For the sake of convenience, I have divided the MS. into two parts; the first embracing the traditions referring to the Creation, etc., and the second those which may be regarded as historical. It will be observed that there are various interruptions or pauses in the narrative, which indicate the individual traditions.

In illustration of the manner in which the MS. is written, the first two songs or chants are presented as they appear in the original. We have first, the original sign; second, the suggested verse or sentence in the Delaware dialect; and third, a literal translation of the same in English.

SONG I.—THE CREATION.



1. Sayewitalli wemiguma wokgetaki.†

At first there all sea-water above land.

* "Were it not," says Dr. Barton, in his paper on the 'Origin of the American Nations,' published in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society,— "Were it not for the traditions of many of the American nations, we might for ever remain in doubt concerning their real origin. These traditions are entitled to much consideration; for, notwithstanding the rude condition of most of the tribes, they are often perpetuated in great purity, as I have discovered by much attention to their history."

† The terminal *aki* is a contraction of *hakki*, land, and frequently denotes *place*, simply.



2. Hackung-kwelik owanaku wakyutali Kitanitowit-
Above much water foggy (was) and (or also) there Creator
essop.*
he was.



- 3.† Sayewis‡ hallemiwis§ nolemiwi Kitanitowit-essop.
First-being, Eternal-being, invisible Creator he was.



4. Sohalawak kwelik hakik owak
He causes them much water much land much air (or clouds)
awasagamak.
much heaven



5. Sohalawak gishuk nipanum alankwak.
He causes them the Sun the noon the stars.



6. Wemi-sohalawak yulik yuch-aan.
All he causes these well to move.



7. Wich-owagan kshakan moshakwat kwelik
With action (or rapidly) it blows (wind) it clears up great waters
kshipelep.
it ran off.



8. Opeleken mani-menak delsin-epit.
It looks bright made islands is there at.



9. Lappinup Kitanitowit manito manitoak.
Again when Creator he made spirits or makers.



10. Owiniwak Angelatawiwak chichankwak wemiwak.
First beings also and Angels Souls also and all.

* Written *Getanitowit* by Heckewelder, p. 422

† Figure 3 is a representation of the sun, which was the Algonquin symbol of the Great Spirit.

‡ The termination *wiss* or *iss* makes, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, whatever precedes it personal, (*Algic Res.* vol. i. p. 201.) The better translation would therefore be, "The First," "The Eternal," &c.

§ *Allowini*, more, and *wulik*, good, enter into most designations of the Supreme. Heck., p. 422.



11. Wtenk-manito 'jinwis* lennowak mukom.
After he made beings men and grandfather.



12. Milap netami-gaho owini-gaho.
He gave them the first mother first-being's mother.



13. Namesik-milap tulpewik awesik cholensak.
Fishes he gave him turtles beasts birds.



14. Makimani-shak sohalawak makowini n'akowak
Bad Spirit but he causes them bad beings black snakes
amangamek.
monsters (or large reptiles).



15. Sohalawak uchewak sohalawak pungusak.
He causes them flies he causes them gnats.



16. Nitisak wemi-owini w'delsinewuap.
Friends all beings were then.



17. Kiwis, wunand wishi-manitoak essopak.
Thou being good God good spirits were there.



18. Nijini netami lennowak nigoha netami okwewi
The beings the first men mothers first wives
nantinewak.
little spirits (fairies).

* In the Chippeway, according to McKenzie and Long, *ninnce* or *inini* means *man*. Mr. Schoolcraft states that *ininee* is the diminutive form of the word, signifying *little-men*, as Puck-wudj-*ininee*, "vanishing little men," the fairy-men of Algonquin story. The cognate term of the text seems to have a slightly different meaning: it is translated *beings*, and is written *nijini* or *'jini*, beings; *owini*, first beings, *mako-wini*, evil beings, etc. In the Delaware dialect *lenno* or *lenna* meant man, and is so translated in the text. The true designation of the Delawares was "Linni-Lenape," which is usually understood to mean "Original" or "True men." It is not impossible that it is compounded of "*nijini*," beings, and *lenno*, men; literally, men-beings. This compound may have been suggestive of something superior to men in general or collectively.



19. Gattamin netami mitzi nijini nantiné.
Fat fruits the first food the beings little spirits.



20. Wemi wingi-namenep wemi-ksin elandamep
All willingly pleased all easy thinking
wullatemanuwi.
happy.



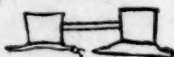
21. Shukand eli-kimi mekenikink wakon powako
But then while secretly on earth snake-god* priest-snake
init'ako.
worship snake.



22. Mattalugas pallalugas maktatin owagan
Wickedness crime unhappiness actions.
payat-chikutali.
coming there then.



23. Waktapan-payat wihillan mboagan.
Bad weather coming distempers death.



24. Wonwemi wiwunch-kamik atak-kitahikan netami-epit.
This all very long aforetime beyond great waters first land at.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE SONG.

1. At the first there were great waters above all the land,
2. And above the waters were thick clouds, and there was God the Creator :
3. The first being, eternal, omnipotent, invisible, was God the Creator.
4. He created vast waters, great lands, and much air and heaven ;
5. He created the sun, the moon and the stars ;
6. He caused them all to move well.
7. By his power he made the winds to blow, purifying, and the deep waters to run off :
8. All was made bright and the islands were brought into being.
9. Then again God the Creator made the great Spirits,
10. He made also the first beings, angels and souls :
11. Then made he a man being, the father of men ;
12. He gave him the first mother, the mother of the early born,
13. Fishes gave he him, turtles, beasts and birds.
14. But the Evil Spirit created evil beings, snakes and monsters :
15. He created vermin and annoying insects.

* The snake among the Algonquins was symbolical of evil or malignant force.

16. Then were all beings friends :
17. There being a good God, all spirits were good—
18. The beings, the first men, mothers, wives, little spirits also.
19. Fat fruits were the food of the beings and the little spirits :
20. All were then happy, easy in mind and pleased.
21. But then came secretly on earth the snake (evil) God, the snake-priest and snake worship :
22. Came wickedness, came unhappiness,
23. Came then bad weather, disease and d'-ath.
24. This was all very long ago, at our ear'y home.

The grand idea of a Supreme Unity, a Great, Good, Infinite and Eternal Creator, so clearly indicated in the foregoing song, may be regarded by many as the offspring of European intercourse, or as a comparatively late engraftment upon Algonquin tradition. Without denying that the teachings of the early missionaries had the effect of enlarging this conception, and of giving it a more definite form, it may at the same time be unhesitatingly claimed that the idea was an original one with the Indian mind. The testimony of the earliest travellers and of the earliest missionaries themselves, furnishes us abundant evidence of the fact. "Nothing," says Charlevoix, "is more certain than that the Indians of this continent have an idea of a Supreme Being, the First Spirit, the Creator and Governor of the world."* And Loskiel, not less explicit in his testimony, observes, "The prevailing opinion of all these nations is, that there is one God, a great and good Spirit, who created the heavens and the earth; who is Almighty; who causes the fruits to grow, grants sunshine and rain, and provides his children with food."† Says Schoolcraft, "They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who created material matter, the earth and heavens, men and animals, and filled space with subordinate spirits, having something of his own nature, to whom he gave part of his power." From this great and good being, it was believed, no evil could come; he was invested with the attribute of universal beneficence, and was symbolized by the sun. He was usually denominated *Kitchi-Manitou* or *Gitchy-Monedo*, literally, Great, Good Spirit. Various other names were

employed to designate him under his various aspects, as *Waskeand*, Maker; *Wassemigöyan*, Universal Father.

Subordinate to this Supreme, Good Being, was an Evil Spirit, *Mitchi-Manitou*, or *Mudje-Monedo*, (Great Bad Spirit,) who, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, was a subsequent creation, and not co-existent with the *Kitchi-Manitou*. This seems implied in the song, where he is first spoken of after the creation of men and beings. Great power was ascribed to him, and he was regarded as the cause and originator of all the evils which befall mankind. Accordingly his favor was desired, and his anger sought to be averted by sacrifices and offerings. The power of the *Mitchi-Manitou* was not, however, supposed to extend to the future life.* He is represented in the text as the creator of flies and gnats, and other annoying insects, an article of belief not exclusively Indian. While the symbol of the Good Spirit was the *Sun*, that of the chief of the Evil Spirits was the *Serpent*, under which form he appears in the Chippeway tradition of his contest with the demi-god *Manabozho*.

The idea of a destruction of the world by water seems to have been general amongst the Algonquin nations. The traditionary details vary in almost every instance where they have been recorded, but the traditionary event stands out prominently. The catastrophe is in all cases ascribed to the Evil Spirit; who, as already observed, was symbolized as a great Serpent. He is generally placed in antagonism to *Manabozho*, a powerful demi-god or intermediate spirit, whose nature and character have already been indicated.† These two mythological

* Canada, vol. ii., p. 141.

† United Brethren in America, p. 34.

* Carver's Travels, p. 381.

† See American Review, vol. ii., p. 392.

characters have frequent conflicts, and the flood is usually ascribed to the final contest between them. In these cases the destruction of the world is but an incident. As recorded in the "*Walum-Olum*," it originates in a general conflict between the Good Spirits, "the beings," and the Evil

Spirit, *Maskinako*. The variation is, however, unimportant, for in this as in all the other versions of the tradition, Manabozho appears in the character of Preserver. The concurrence in the essential parts of the several traditions, is worthy of remark.

SONG II.— E DELUGE.



1. Wulamo maskan-ako-anup lennowak makowini essopak.
Long ago powerful snake when men also bad beings had become.



2. Maskanako shingalusit nijini-essopak shawalendamep
Strong snake enemy beings had become became troubled
ekin-shingalan.
together hating.



3. Nishawi palliton, nishawi machiton, nishawi matta
Both fighting, both spoiling, both not
lungundowin
peaceful (or keeping peace.)



4. Mattapewi wiki nihanlowit mekwazuan.
Less men with dead keeper fighting.



5. Maskanako gichi penauwelendamep lennowak owini
Strong snake great resolved men beings
palliton.
to destroy (fight).



6. N'akowa petonep, amangam petonep akopehella
Black snake he brought, monster he brought rushing snake water
petonep.
he brought.



7. Pehella-pehella, pohoka-pohoka, eshohok-eshohok,
Much water rushing, much go to hills, much penetrating,
palliton-palliton.
much destroying.



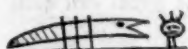
8. Tulapit menapit Nanaboush, maska-boush,
At Tula (or turtle land) at that island Nanabush (strong)
owinimokom linowimokom.
of beings the grandfather of men the grandfather.



9. Gishikin-pommixin tulagishatten-lohxin.
Being born creeping at Tula he is ready to move and dwell.



10. Owini linowi wemoltin pehella gahani pommixin
Beings men all go forth flood water creeping (floating?)
nahiwi tatalli tulapin.
above water which way (where) turtle-back.



11. Amangamek makdopamek alendguwek metzipannek.
Monsters of the sea they were many some of them they did eat.



12. Manito-dasin mokol-wichemass palpal payat payaf
Spirit daughters boat helped come, come coming coming
wemichemap.
all helped.



13. Nanaboush, Nanaboush, wemimokom wini-
Nanabush, Nanabush, of all the grandfather, of beings the
mokom linnimokom tulamokom.
grandfather, of men the grandfather, of turtles the grandfather.



14. Linapima tulapima tulapewi tapitawi.
Man then turtle then turtle they altogether.



15. Wishanem tulpewi pataman tulpewi paniton
Frightened (startled?) turtlehe praying turtle he let it be
wuliton.
to make well.



16. Kshipehelen penkwihilen kwamipokho sitwalikho
Water running off it is drying plain and mountain path of cave
maskan wagan palliwi.
powerful or dire action elsewhere.

PARAPHRASE.

1. Long ago came the powerful Serpent, (*Maskanako*), when men had become evil.
2. The strong serpent was the foe of the beings, and they became embroiled, hating each other.
3. Then they fought and despoiled each other, and were not peaceful.
4. And the small men (*Mattapewi*) fought with the keeper of the dead (*Nihan-lowit*).
5. Then the Strong Serpent resolved all men and beings to destroy immediately.
6. The Black Serpent, monster, brought the snake-water rushing,

7. The wide waters rushing, wide to the hills, everywhere spreading, everywhere destroying.
8. At the island of the turtle (*Tula*) was Manabozho, of men and beings the grandfather—
9. Being born creeping, at turtle land he is ready to move and dwell.
10. Men and beings all go forth on the flood of waters, moving afloat, every way seeking the back of the turtle (*Tulapin*).
11. The monsters of the sea were many, and destroyed some of them.
12. Then the daughter of a spirit helped them in the boat, and all joined, saying, Come help!
13. Manabozho, of all beings, of men and turtles, the grandfather!
14. All together, on the turtle then, the men then, were all together.
15. Much frightened, Manabozho prayed to the turtle that he would make all well again.
16. Then the waters ran off, it was dry on mountain and plain, and the great evil went elsewhere by the path of the cave.

The allusion to the turtle, in the tradition, is not fully understood. The turtle was connected, in various ways, with the mythological notions of the upper Algonquins. According to Charlevoix and Hennepin, the Chippeways had a tradition that the mother of the human race, having been ejected from heaven, was received upon the back of a tortoise, around which matter gradually accumulated, forming the earth.* The Great Turtle, according to Henry, was a chief Spirit of the Chippeways, the "Spirit that never lied," and was often consulted in reference to various undertakings. An account of one of these ceremonies is given by this author.† The island of *Michilimakanak* (literally, Great Turtle) was sacred to this Spirit, for the reason, probably, that a large hill near its centre was supposed to bear some resemblance, in form, to a turtle.‡ The Turtle tribe of the Lenape, says Heckewelder, claim a superiority and ascendancy, because of their relationship to the "Great Turtle," the Atlas of their mythology, who bears this great island (the earth) on his back.§

With these few illustrative observations, which might be greatly extended, I pass to the second or historical portion of the traditional record, with the simple remark that the details of the migrations here recounted, particularly so far as they relate to the passage of the Mississippi

and the subsequent contest with the Tallegwi or Allegwi, and the final expulsion of the latter, coincide, generally, with those given by various authors, and known to have existed among the Delawares.

The traditions, in their order, relate first to a migration from the north to the south, attended by a contest with a people denominated Snakes or Evil, who are driven to the eastward. One of the migrating families, the *Lowaniwi*, literally Northlings, afterwards separate and go to the snow land, whence they subsequently go to the east, towards the island of the retreating Snakes. They cross deep waters, and arrive at *Shinaki*, the Land of Firs. Here the *Wunkenapi*, or Westerners, hesitate, preferring to return.

A hiatus follows, and the tradition resumes, the tribes still remaining at *Shinaki* or the Fir land.

They search for the great and fine island, the land of the Snakes, where they finally arrive, and expel the Snakes. They then multiply and spread towards the south, to the *Akolaki* or beautiful land, which is also called shore-land, and big-fir land. Here they tarried long, and for the first time cultivated corn and built towns. In consequence of a great drought, they leave for the *Shililakiny* or Buffalo land. Here, in consequence of disaffection with their chief, they divide and separate, one party, the *Wetamowi*, or the Wise, tarrying, the others going off. The *Wetamowi* build a town on the *Wisawana* or Yellow River, (probably the Missouri,) and for a long time are peaceful and hap-

* Charlevoix, Vol. ii., p. 143; Hennepin, p. 55.

† Henry's Travels, p. 168

‡ Ib. 37, 110.

§ Heckewelder, p. 246.

py. War finally breaks out, and a succession of warlike chiefs follow, under whom conquests are made, north, east, south and west. In the end *Opekasi* (literally East-looking) is chief, who, tired with so much warfare, leads his followers towards the sun-rising. They arrive at the *Messussipu*, or Great River, (the Mississippi,) where, being weary, they stop, and their first chief is *Yagawanend*, or the Hut-maker, under whose chieftaincy it is discovered that a strange people, the *Tallegwi*, possess the rich east land. Some of the *Wetamowi* are slain by the *Tallegwi*, and then the cry of *palliton! palliton!!* war! war!! is raised, and they go over and attack the *Tallegwi*. The contest is continued during the lives of several chiefs, but finally terminates in the *Tallegwi* being driven southwards. The conquerors then occupy the country on the Ohio below the great lakes,—the *Shawanipekis*. To the north are their friends, the *Talamatan*, literally *not-of-*

themselves, translated Hurons. The Hurons, however, are not always friends, and they have occasional contests with them.

Another hiatus follows, and then the record resumes by saying that they were strong and peaceful at the land of the *Tallegwi*. They built towns and planted corn. A long succession of chiefs followed, when war again broke out, and finally a portion under *Linkewinne*, or the Sharp-looking, went eastward beyond the *Talegachukung* or Alleghany Mountains. Here they spread widely, warring against the *Mengwi* or Spring-people, the *Pungelika*, Lynx or Eries, and the *Mohegans* or Wolves. The various tribes into which they became divided, the chiefs of each in their order, with the territories which they occupied, are then named,—bringing the record down until the arrival of the Europeans. This latter portion we are able to verify in great part from authentic history.

SONG III.—MIGRATIONS.

1. After the flood the true men (*Lennapewi*) were with the turtle, in the cave house, the dwelling of Talli.
2. It was then cold, it froze and stormed, and
3. From the Northern plain, they went to possess milder lands, abounding in game.
4. That they might be strong and rich, the new comers divided the land between the hunters and tillers, (*Wikhichik, Elowichik*.)
5. The hunters were the strongest, the best, the greatest.
6. They spread north, east, south and west ;
7. In the white or snow country, (*Lumowaki*), the north country, the turtle land and the hunting country, were the turtle men or *Linapiwi*.
8. The snake (evil) people being afraid in their cabins, the snake priest (*Nakopowa*) said to them, let us go away.
9. Then they went to the East, the snake land sorrowfully leaving.
10. Thus escaped the snake people, by the trembling and burned land to their strong island, (*Akomenaki*.)
11. Free from opposers, and without trouble, the Northlings (*Lowaniwi*) all went forth separating in the land of snow, (*Winiaken*.)
12. By the waters of the open sea, the sea of fish, tarried the fathers of the white eagle (tribe?) and the white wolf.
13. Our fathers were rich ; constantly sailing in their boats, they discovered to the eastward the Snake Island.
14. Then said the Head-beaver (*Wihlamok*) and the Great-bird, let us go to the snake land.
15. All responded, let us go and annihilate the snakes.
16. All agreed, the Northerlings, the Easterlings, to pass the frozen waters.
17. Wonderful! They all went over the waters of the hard, stony sea, to the open snake waters.
18. In vast numbers, in a single night, they went to the eastern or snake island ; all of them marching by night in the darkness.

19. The Northerlings, the Easterlings, the Southerlings, (*Shawanapi*), the Beaver-men, (*Tamakwapis*), the Wolf-men, the Hunters or best men, the priests, (*Powatapi*), the *Wiliwapi*, with their wives and daughters, and their dogs.
20. They all arrived at the land of Firs, (*Shinaking*), where they tarried; but the Western men (*Wunkenapi*) hesitating, desired to return to the old Turtle land, (*Tulpaking*).

It may be suggested that the account of the second migration, across frozen waters, is so much in accordance with the popular prejudice, as to the mode in which the progenitors of the American race arrived in America, that it throws suspicion upon the entire record. It is not impossible, indeed, that the original tradition may have been slightly modified here, by the dissemination of European notions among the Indians. McKenzie, however, observes of the traditions of the northern Chippeways:—"The Indians say that they originally came from another country, inhabited by a wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was shallow, narrow and full of islands, where they suffered great hardships and much misery, it being always winter, with ice and deep snows. * * *

They describe the deluge when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountain, on the top of which they were preserved."*

The preceding songs have something of a metrical character, and there is in some of the verses an arrangement of homophones which has a very pleasing effect. For instance, the last verse of the above song is as follows :

*Wemipayat guneunga shinaking
Wunkenapi chanelendam payaking
Allowelendam kowiyei-tulpaking.*

How far this system was carried it is difficult to say, but it is not unlikely that most of the transmitted songs or chants had something of this form.

The next song resumes, after the lapse of an indefinite period, as follows :—

SONG IV.—THE CHRONICLE.

1. Long ago our fathers were at *Shinaki* or Firland.
2. The White Eagle (*Wapalanewa*) was the path-leader of all to this place.
3. They searched the great and fine land, the island of the Snakes.
4. The hardy hunters and the friendly spirits met in council.
5. And all said to *Kalawil* (Beautiful-head) be thou chief (*Sakima*) here.
6. Being chief he commanded they should go against the Snakes.
7. But the Snakes were weak and hid themselves at the Bear hills.
8. After *Kalawil*, *Wapagokhas* (White-owl) was *Sakima* at Firland.
9. After him *Jantowit* (Maker) was chief.
10. And after him *Chilili* (Snow-bird) was *Sakima*. The South, he said
11. To our fathers, they were able, spreading, to possess.
12. To the South went *Chilili*; to the East went *Tanakwi*, (the Beaver.)
13. The Southland (*Shawanaki*) was beautiful, shore-land, abounding in tall firs.
14. The Eastland (*Wapanaki*) abounded in fish; it was the lake and buffalo land.
15. After *Chilili*, *Agamek* (Great warrior) was chief.
16. Then our fathers warred against the robbers, snakes, bad men, and stony men, *Chikonapi*, *Akhonapi*, *Makatapi*, *Assinapi* (Assiniboins?)
17. After *Agamek* came ten chiefs, and then were many wars, south, east and west.
18. After them was *Langundowi* (the Peaceful) *Sakima*, at the *Aholaking*, (Beautiful land.)
19. Following him *Tasukamend*, (Never-bad,) who was a good or just man.
20. The chief after him was *Pemaholend*, (Ever-beloved,) who did good.
21. Then *Matemik* (Town-builder) and *Pilwihalen*.
22. And after these, in succession, *Gunokeni*, who was father long, and *Mangipitak*, (Big-teeth.)

* McKenzie, p. 113.

23. Then followed *Olumapi*, (Bundler-of-sticks,) who taught them pictures, (records.)
24. Came then *Tukwachi*, (Who-shivers-with-cold,) who went southward to the corn land, (*Minihaking*.)
25. Next was *Huminiend*, (Corn-eater,) who caused corn to be planted.
26. Then *Alko-ohit*, (the Preserver,) who was useful.
27. Then *Shiwapi*, (Salt-man,) and afterwards *Penkwonowi*, (the Thirsty,) when
28. There was no rain, and no corn, and he went to the East, far from the great river or shore.
29. Passing over a hollow mountain (*Oligonunk*) they at last found food at *Shikilaking*, the plains of the buffalo-land.
30. After *Penkwonowi*, came *Mekwochella*, (the Weary,) and *Chingalsawi*, (the Stiff.)
31. After him *Kwitikwund*, (the Reprover,) who was disliked and not willingly endured.
32. Being angry, some went to the eastward, and some went secretly afar off.
33. The wise tarried, and made *Makaholend* (the Beloved) chief.
34. By the *Wisawana* (Yellow river) they built towns, and raised corn on the great meadows.
35. All being friends, *Tamenend* (the Amiable, literally *beaver-like*) became the first chief.
36. The best of all, then or since, was *Tamenend*, and all men were his friends.
37. After him was the good chief, *Maskansisil*, (Strong-buffalo,) and
38. *Machigokhos*, (Big-owl,) and *Wapikicholen*, (White-crane.)
39. And then *Wingenund*, (the Mindful or Wary,) who made feasts.
40. After him came *Lapawin*, (the White,) and *Wallama*, (the Painted,) and
41. *Waptiwapit*, (White-bird,) when there was war again, north and south.
42. Then was *Tamaskan*, (Strong-wolf,) chief, who was wise in council and
43. Who made war on all, and killed *Maskensini*, (Great-stone.)
44. *Messissuwi* (the Whole) was next chief, and made war on the Snakes, (*Akowini*.)
45. *Chitanwulit* (Strong-and-good) followed, and made war on the northern enemies, (*Lowanuski*.)
46. *Alkowwi* (the Lean) was next chief, and made war on the father-snakes, (*Towakon*.)
47. *Opekasit* (East-looking) being next chief, was sad because of so much warfare,
48. Said, let us go to the sun-rising, (*Wapagishek*;) and many went east together.
49. The great river (*Messussipu*) divided the land, and being tired, they tarried there.
50. *Yagawanend* (Hut-maker) was next *Sakima*, and then the *Tallegwi* were found possessing the east.
51. Followed *Chitanitis*, (Strong-friend,) who longed for the rich east-land.
52. Some went to the east, but the *Tallegwi* killed a portion.
53. Then all of one mind exclaimed, war, war!
54. The *Talamatan* (Not-of-themselves,) and the *Nitilowan*, all go united (to the war.)
55. *Kinnehepend* (Sharp-looking) was their leader, and they went over the river.
56. And they took all that was there, and despoiled and slew the *Tallegwi*.
57. *Pimokhasuwi* (Stirring-about) was next chief, and then the *Tallegwi* were much too strong.
58. *Tenchekensit* (Open-path) followed, and many towns were given up to him.
59. *Paganchihilla* was chief, and the *Tallegwi* all went southward.
60. *Hattanwulatou* (the Possessor) was *Sakima*, and all the people were pleased.
61. South of the lakes they settled their council-fire, and north of the lakes were their friends the *Talamatan*, (Hurons?)
62. They were not always friends, but conspired when *Gunitakan* was chief.
63. Next was *Linniwalamen*, who made war on the *Talamatan*.
64. *Shakagapewi* followed, and then the *Talamatan* trembled.

SONG V.—THE CHRONICLE CONTINUED.

1. All were peaceful, long ago, at the land of the *Tallegwi*.

2. Then was *Tamaganend* (Beaver-leader) chief at the White river, (*Wapalaneng*, *Wabash*.)
3. *Wapushuwi* (White-lynx) followed, and much corn was planted.
4. After came *Walichinik*, and the people became very numerous.
5. Next was *Lekhihitin*, and made many records, (*Walum-Olumin*, or painted-sticks.)
6. Followed *Kolachuisen*, (Blue-bird,) at the place of much fruit or food, (*Make-liming*.)
7. *Pematalli* was chief over many towns.
8. And *Pepomahemen*, (Paddler,) at many waters, (or the great waters.)
9. And *Tankawon* (Little-cloud) was chief, and many went away.
10. The *Nentegos* and the *Shawanis* went to the south lands.
11. *Kichitamak* (Big-beaver) was chief at the White lick, (*Wapahoning*.)
12. The good prophet (*Onowatok*) went to the west.
13. He visited those who were abandoned there and at the south-west.
14. *Pawanami* (Water-turtle) was chief at the *Talegahonah* (Ohio) river.
15. *Lakwelend* (Walker) was next chief, and there was much warfare.
16. Against the *Towako*, (father Snakes,) against the *Sinako*, (stone or mountain Snakes,) and against the *Lowako*, (north Snakes.)
17. Then was *Mokolmokoni* (grandfather of boats) chief, and he warred against the Snakes in boats.
18. *Winelovich* (Snow-hunter) was chief at the north-land, (*Lowashkin*.)
19. And *Linkwekinuk* (Sharp-seer) was chief at the Alleghany Mountains, (*Talegac-hukang*.)
20. And *Wapalawikwan* (East-settler) was chief east of the *Tallegwi* land.
21. Large and long was the east land ;
22. It had no enemies, (snakes,) and was a rich and good land.
23. And *Gikenopalot* (Great-warrior) was chief towards the north ;
24. And *Hanaholend* (Stream-lover) at the branching stream, (*Saskwihanang* or *Susquehanna*.)
25. And *Gattawisi* (the Fat) was Sakima at the Sassafras-land, (*Winaki*.)
26. All were hunters from the big Salt Water (*Gishikshapipek*, Chesapeake, or literally Salt Sea of the Sun,) to the again (or other) sea.
27. *Makliuawip* (Red-arrow) was chief at tide water, (*Lapihaneng*.)
28. And *Wolomenap* was chief at the Strong Falls, (*Maskekitong*, Trenton ?)
29. And the *Wapenend* and the *Tumewand* were to the north.
30. *Walitpallat* (Good-fighter) was chief and set out against the north—
31. Then trembled the *Mahongwi*, (the Iroquois ?) and the *Pungelika*, (lynx-like, or *Eries*.)
32. Then the second *Tamenend* (Beaver) was chief, and he made peace with all.
33. And all were friends, all united under this great chief.
34. After him was *Kichitamak* (Great-good-beaver) chief in the Sassafras-land.
35. *Wapahakey* (White-body) was chief at the Sea-shore, (*Sheyabi*.)
36. *Elangonel* (the Friendly) was chief, and much good was done.
37. And *Pitemunen* was chief, and people came from somewhere.
38. At this time from the east sea came that which was white, (vessels ?)
39. *Makelomush* was chief and made all happy.
40. *Wulakeningus* was next chief, and was a warrior at the south.
41. He made war on the *Otaliwako*, (Cherokee snakes or enemies,) and upon the *Akowetako*, (Coweta ? snakes.)
42. *Wapagamoski* (White-otter) was next chief, and made the *Talamatans* (Hurons) friends.
43. *Wapashum* followed, and visited the land of *Tallegwi* at the west.*

* "At present," says Loskiel, "the Delawares call the whole country as far as the entrance of the river Wabash into the Ohio, *Alligewi-nengk*, that is, a land into which they came from distant parts."
—Hist. United Brethren, p. 127.

44. There were the *Hiliniki*, (Illinois,) the *Shawanis*, (Shawanoes,) and the *Kenowiki*, (Kenhawas?)
45. *Nitispayat* was also chief, and went to the great lakes.
46. And he visited the *Wemiamik*, (Beaver-children, or Miamis,) and made them friends.
47. Then came *Packinitzin*, (Cranberry-eater,) who made the *Tawa* (Ottawas) friends.
48. *Lowaponskan* was chief, and visited the noisy-place, (*Ganshowenik*.)
49. And *Tashawinso* was chief at the Sea-shore, (*Shayabing*.)
50. Then the children divided into three parts, the *Unamini*, (Turtle tribe,) the *Minsi-mini*, (Wolf tribe,) the *Chikimini*, (Turkey tribe.)
51. *Epallahchund* was chief, and fought the *Mahongwi*, but failed.
52. *Laugomuwi* was chief, and the *Mahongwi* trembled.
53. *Wangomend* was chief, yonder between. (?)
54. The *Otakiwi* and *Wasiotowi* were his enemies.
55. *Wapachikis* (White crab) was chief and a friend of the shore people.
56. *Nenachipat* was chief towards the sea.
57. Now from north and south came the *Wapagachik*, (white-comers,)
58. Professing to be friends, in big-birds, (ships.) Who are they?

Here stop the pictured records. There is, however, a fragment in the original MSS., which may be taken as a continuation, and concerning which Rafinesque says nothing more than that it "was translated from the Lenape by John Burns." The references, so far as I am

able to verify them, are historically correct. It is here given in its original form, with no attempt at paraphrase. It resumes with an answer to the question which concludes the last song, "who are these *Wapsinis*?"

SONG VI.—THE MODERN CHRONICLE.

1. Alas, alas! we now know who they are, these *Wapsinis*, (East-people,) who came out of the sea to rob us of our lands. Starving wretches! they came with smiles, but soon became snakes, (or enemies.)
2. The *Walumolum* was made by *Lekhibit*, (the writer,) to record our glory. Shall I write another to record our fall? No! Our foes have taken care to do that; but I speak what they know not or conceal.
3. We have had many other chiefs since that unhappy time. There were three before the friendly *Mikwon* (*Miquon* or Penn) came. *Mattanikum** (not strong) was chief when the *Winakoli* (Swedes) came to *Winaki*; *Nahumen* (Raceoon) when the *Sinahwi* (Dutch) came, and *Ikwahon* (Fond-of-women) when the *Yankwis* (English) came. *Miquon* (Penn) and his friends came soon after.
4. They were all received and fed with corn; but no land was ever sold to them: we never sold any land. They were allowed to dwell with us, to build houses and plant corn, as friends and allies. Because they were hungry and we thought them children of *Gishaki*, (or sun-land,) and not serpents and children of serpents.
5. And they were traders, bringing fine new tools, and weapons, and cloth, and beads, for which we gave them skins and shells and corn. And we liked them and the things they brought, for we thought them good and made by the children of *Gishaki*.
6. But they brought also fire-guns, and fire-waters, which burned and killed; also baubles and trinkets of no use, for we had better ones before.
7. After *Mikwon*, came the sons of *Dolojo-Sakima*, (King George,) who said, more land, more land we must have, and no limit could be put to their steps.

* Note by Rafinesque. "*Mattanikum* was chief in 1645. He is called *Matta-horn* by Holm, who by a blunder, has made his name half Swedish. *Horn* is not Lenapi. *Mattawikum* means *Not-horned*, without horns, emblem of having little strength."

8. But in the North were the children of *Lowi-Sakima*, (King Louis,) who were our good friends, friends of our friends, foes of our foes; yet with *Dolojo* wished always to war.
9. We had three chiefs after Mikwon came,—*Skalichi*, who was another *Tamenend*, and *Sasunam-Wikwikhon*, (Our-uncle-the-builder,) and *Tutani*, (Beaver-taker,) who was killed by a *Yankwako*, (English snake,) and then we vowed revenge.
10. *Netatawis* (First-new-being) became chief of all the nations in the west. Again at *Talligewink* (Ohio, or place of Tallegwi) on the river Cuyahoga, near our old friends the *Talamatans*. And he called on all them of the east (to go to war).
11. But *Tadeskung* was chief in the east at *Mahoning*, and was bribed by *Yankwis*; then he was burnt in his cabin, and many of our people were killed at *Hickory* (Lancaster) by the land-robber *Yankwis*.
12. Then we joined *Lowi* in war against the *Yankwis*; but they were strong, and they took *Lowanaki* (North-land, Canada) from *Lowi*, and came to us in *Talegawink*, when peace was made, and we called them *Kichikani*, (Big-knives.)
13. Then *Alimi* (White-eyes) and *Gelelenund* (Buck-killer) were chiefs, and all the nations near us were friends, and our grand-children again.
14. When the Eastern-fires began to resist *Dolojo*, they said we should be another fire with them. But they killed our chief *Unamiwi* (the Turtle) and our brothers on the Muskingum. Then *Hopokan* (Strong-pipe) of the Wolf tribe was made chief, and he made war on the *Kichikani-Yankwis*, and became the friend of *Dolojo*, who was then very strong.
15. But the Eastern-fires were stronger; they did not take *Lowinaki*, but became free from *Dolojo*. We went to *Wapahani* (White river) to be further from them; but they followed us everywhere, and we made war on them, till they sent *Makhiakho*, (Black-snake, General Wayne,) who made strong war.
16. We next made peace and settled limits, and our chief was *Hacking-pouskan*, (Hard-walker,) who was good and peaceful. He would not join our brothers, the *Shawanis* and *Ottawas*, nor *Dolojo* in the next war.
17. Yet after the last peace, the *Kichikani-Yankwis* came in swarms all around us, and they desired also our lands of *Wapahani*. It was useless to resist, because they were getting stronger and stronger by joining fires.
18. *Kithitilkand* and *Lapanibii* were the chiefs of our two tribes when we resolved to exchange our lands, and return at last beyond the *Masispek*, near to our old country.
19. We shall be near our foes the *Wakon*, (Osages,) but they are not worse than the *Yankwisakon* (English-snakes) who want to possess the whole Big-island.
20. Shall we be free and happy, then, at the new *Wapahani*? We want rest, and peace, and wisdom.

So terminate these singular records. It is unfortunate that they lack that kind of authentication, which depends upon a full and explicit account of the circumstances under which they were found, transcribed and translated. Rafinesque was not particular in these matters, and his carelessness and often extravagant assumptions, have rendered his name of little weight in matters of research. Still, upon neither of these grounds may we reject these records. As already observed, they have the internal evidence of genuineness, and are well supported by collateral circumstances. Some of these circumstances were presented at the out-

set, and need not be recapitulated. Rafinesque himself has anticipated, and thus disposes of one objection, not among the least formidable: "That so many generations and names can be remembered, may appear doubtful to some; but when symbolical signs and paintings are accompanied with songs, and carefully taught from generation to generation, their retention and perpetuation is not so remarkable." To this may with propriety be added the subjoined observations of Loskiel: "The Delawares delight in describing their genealogies, and are so well versed in them, that they mark every branch of the family with the greatest

precision. They also add the character of their forefathers: such an one was a wise and intelligent counsellor; a renowned warrior, or rich man, etc. But though they are indifferent about the history of former times, and ignorant of the art of reading and writing, yet their ancestors were well aware that they stood in need of something to enable them to convey their ideas to a distant nation, or preserve the memory of remarkable events. To this end they invented something like hieroglyphics, and also strings and belts of wampum, etc.*

I have alluded to the general identity of the mythological traditions here recorded, with those which are known to have been, and which are still current among the nations of the Algonquin stock. The same may be observed of the traditions which are of a historical character, and particularly that which relates to the contest with the people denominated the *Tallegwi*. The name of this people is still perpetuated in the word *Alleghany*, the original significance of which is more apparent, when it is written in an unabbreviated form, *Tallegwi-henna*, or *Tallegwi-hanna*, literally "River of the *Tallegwi*." It was applied to the Ohio, (the present name is Iroquois, and literally rendered by the French *La Belle Rivière*,) and is still retained as the designation of its northern or principal tributary. The traditionary contest between the Lenape and the *Tallegwi* is given by Heckewelder, and is adduced in further illustration of the general concurrence above mentioned. The details vary in some points, but I am inclined to give the first position to the tradition as presented in the *Walumolun*; it being altogether the most simple and consistent. It must be observed, that Mr. Heckewelder's diffuse account is much condensed in the following quotations, and that part which refers to the wars with the Cherokees, etc., is entirely omitted:—

"The Lenni-Lenape (according to the traditions handed down to them from their ancestors) resided many hundred years ago, in a very distant country, in the western part of the American continent. For some reason which I do not find accounted for, they determined on migrating to the eastward, and accordingly set

out together in a body. After a very long journey, and many nights' encampment, ('nights' encampment' is a halt of a year in a place) they at length arrived on the *Namaesi-Sipu*,* where they fell in with the Mengwi, (Iroquois,) who had likewise emigrated from a distant country, and had struck upon this river higher up. Their object was the same with that of the Delawares; they were proceeding to the eastward, until they should find a country that pleased them. The spies which the Lenape had sent forward for the purpose of reconnoitering, had long before their arrival discovered that the country east of the Mississippi was inhabited by a very powerful nation, who had many large towns built on the great rivers flowing through the land. These people (as I was told) called themselves *Tallegwi* or *Talligewi*. Col. John Gibson, however, a gentleman who has a thorough knowledge of the Indians, and speaks several of their languages, is often of opinion that they were called *Alligewi*." * * * * *

"Many wonderful things are told of this famous people. They are said to have been remarkably tall and stout, and there are traditions that there were giants among them. It is related, that they had built to themselves regular fortifications or entrenchments, from whence they would sally out, but were generally repulsed. * * * When the Lenape arrived on the banks of the Mississippi, they sent a message to the *Alligewi*, to request permission to settle themselves in their neighborhood. This was refused them; but they obtained leave to pass through the country, and seek a settlement further to the eastward. They accordingly commenced passing the Mississippi, when the *Alligewi* discovering their great numbers became alarmed, and made a furious attack upon those who had crossed. Fired at their treachery, the Lenape consulted on what was to be done; whether to retreat, or try their strength against their oppressors. While this was going on the Mengwi, who had contented themselves with looking on from a distance, offered to join the Lenape, upon condition that they should be entitled to a share of the country, in case the combination was successful. Their proposal was accepted, and the confederates were able, after many severe conflicts, to drive the *Alligewi* down the Mississippi river. The conquerors divided the country between themselves; the Mengwi selecting the lands in the vicinity of the Great Lakes, and on their tributary streams, while the Lenape

* This differs from the foregoing record, and is undoubtedly incorrect. It is difficult to derive Mississippi from *Namaesi-Sipu*, which is made up of *Namaes*, a fish, and *Sipu*, river. The etymology is clearly *Messu*, *Messi*, or *Michi*, signifying great, or as Mr. Gallatin suggests, the whole, and *Sipu*, river.

* United Brethren in America, p. 24.

took possession of the country below them. For a long period of time, some say many hundreds of years, the two nations lived peaceably, and increased their numbers with great rapidity. Ultimately some of the most adventurous among them crossed the mountains towards the rising sun, and falling on streams running to the eastward, followed them to the great Bay River, (Susquehanna,) and thence to the Bay (Chesapeake) itself. As they pursued their travels, partly by land and partly by water, sometimes near and sometimes on the great-salt-water Lake, (as they call the sea,) they discovered the great river which we call the Delaware; and still further to the eastward, the *Shenecbibi* country, now called New Jersey. Afterwards they reached the stream now called the Hudson. The reports of the adventurers caused large bodies to follow them, who settled upon the four great rivers, the Delaware, Hudson, Susquehanna and Potomac, making the Delaware, which they call "*Lenape-wihituck* (the river of the Lenape) the centre of their possessions.

"They add that a portion of their people remained beyond the Mississippi, and still another portion tarried between the Mississippi and the Mountains. The largest portion, they supposed, settled on the Atlantic. The latter were divided into three tribes, two of which were distinguished as *Unâmis*, or Turtle, and *Wnalachtgo*, or Turkey. These chose the lands lying nearest the coast. Their settlements extended from the *Mohicanittuck* (river of the *Mohicans*, or Hudson) to beyond the Potomac. * * * The third great tribe, the *Minsi*, (which we have corrupted into *Monseys*,) or tribe of the wolf, lived back of the others, forming a kind of bulwark, and watching the nations of the *Mengwi*. They were considered the most active and warlike of all the tribes. They extended their settlements from the *Minisink*, where they had their council-fire, quite to the Hudson on the east, and westward beyond the Susquehanna, and northward to the head waters of that stream and the Delaware. * * * From the above three divisions or tribes, comprising together the body of the people called Delawares, sprung many others, who, having for their own convenience chosen distinct spots to settle in, and increasing in numbers, gave themselves names, or received them from others. * * * * Meanwhile trouble ensued with the *Mengwi*, who occupied the southern shores of the Lakes, and resulted in fierce and sanguinary wars. The reverses of the *Mengwi* induced them to confederate, after which time the contests with the Lenape were carried on with vigor until the arrival of the French in Canada."

It will be seen that there is a difference between the traditions, as given by Heckewelder, and the *Walum-olum*, in respect

to the name of the confederates against the Tallegwi. In the latter the allies are called *Talamatum*, literally Not-of-themselves, and which, in one or two cases, is translated Hurons, with what correctness I am not prepared to say.* Heckewelder calls them *Mengwi*, Iroquois. This must be a mistake, as the *Mengwi* are subsequently and very clearly alluded to in the *Walum-olum*, as distinct from the *Talamatan*.

It is remarkable that the traditions of almost all the tribes, on the eastern shore of the continent, refer, with more or less distinctness, to a migration from the westward. "When you ask them," says Lawson, speaking of the Carolina Indians, "whence their fathers came, that first inhabited the country, they will point to the westward and say, 'Where the sun sleeps, our fathers came thence.'"[†] Most of the nations speak of the passage of the Mississippi river. The Natchez, who assimilated more nearly to the central American and Peruvian stocks, (the *Tohecan* family,) informed Du Pratz that they once dwelt at the south-west, "under the sun."[‡] The Muscogulges or Creeks, according to Bartram's manuscript, assert that they formerly lived beyond the Mississippi, and that they relinquished that country in obedience to a dream in which they were directed to go to the country where the sun rises. They claim that they crossed the river in their progress eastward, about the period that De Soto visited Florida. The Cherokees (a cognate tribe) have a similar tradition. They assert that "a long time ago all the Indians travelled a great distance and came to a great water. Upon arriving there, and immediately before or immediately after crossing, it is not remembered which, a part went north and another part south. Those who went northwards settled in two towns called *Ka-no-wo-gi* and *Nu-ta-gi*; the others at *Ka-ga-li-u*, or old town, and because they took the lead in the journey were

* In Heckewelder we find the Hurons sometimes called *Delamattenos*, which is probably but another mode of writing *Talamatan*. Although speaking a dialect of the Iroquois language, the Hurons seem to have generally maintained friendly relations with the Lenape.

† Lawson's Carolina, p. 170.

‡ Louisiana, p. 292.

considered the grandfathers of the Indians."* Roger Williams informs us that the south-west, or *Sawonica*, was constantly referred to by the Indians of New England. "From thence, according to their traditions, they came. There is the court of their great God, *Cawtantowit*; there are all their ancestors' souls; there they also go when they die, and from thence came their corn and beans, out of *Cawtantowit's* field."†

It will thus be seen that the general tenor and some of the more important details of the traditions of the Indians of the Algonquin stock, as they have been pre-

sented to us by various authorities, are the same with those of the foregoing remarkable records. These records are peculiar, chiefly as giving us a greater number of details than we before possessed. Whatever their historical value, they possess the highest interest, as coming to us through the medium of a rude system of representation, which may be taken as the first advance beyond a simple oral transmission of ideas, and from which we may trace upwards the progress of human invention to its highest and noblest achievement, the present perfected form of written language.

A PLAN FOR IMPROVING THE NATIONAL FINANCE.

BY AMMIEL J. WILLARD, ESQ.

It is due to the author of the following "plan," to inform our readers that it was given to the Editor for publication in November, 1848, but was soon after withdrawn by Mr. W. for revision. The recent appearance of the Comptroller's Report to the New York Legislature, in which some features of the "plan" suggested by Mr. W. are shadowed forth, seemed to render this statement necessary.—Ed.

THE disordered condition of the finance of the country demands the earliest attention of the Whig Administration, which has been called by the people to correct the blunders of its predecessors.

It has been the misfortune of our country, that for several years her councils have been directed by theorists, rather than practical statesmen. Opinions deemed popular or likely to become so, recommended partly by this, and partly by their own extravagance, have been followed in preference to the conclusions of grave experience. The civilization of the age has been pronounced irrational, its expedients have been condemned, its conclusions falsified, and the interests of the present and

the future committed to a philosophy not less absurd than Utopian.

The principles upon which the fabric of society has stood for centuries, have suddenly been found to be in a rotten condition, and the work of ages must be taken down to rebuild from the foundation. It is idle to continue to improve and beautify the edifice while its timbers and braces are decayed and tottering. In every existing institution the disciple of radicalism finds marks of this sad dilapidation, and evident misconstruction. Church and state teem equally with ruinous absurdities. The relations of social and domestic life are forced and unnatural. The fireside, with its sympathies and its associations, is the nursery of error, while not even the principles and the expedients of commerce are exempt from the taint of unsound philosophy.

A new philosophy, springing not from

* J. H. Payne, MSS.

† Key to the Indian Languages of America, &c
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the nature of things as they are, but from a state of mind termed radicalism, has promised a cure for all these evils, and the birth of a golden age. We have listened to its seductive promises, and have committed some of our most cherished interests to it, happily, however, to awake from the dangerous dream of delusion, before it is too late to return to reason and sound philosophy.

We are now suffering from having departed from the rational and the practical, to amuse ourselves with the sublime and the fanciful.

As a country we enjoy, at the present moment, advantages which should place us in a state of the highest prosperity. We are the only nation of advanced civilization, exempt from internal commotions. We are the only leading power of either hemisphere, not threatened with external war. We are the granary of Europe, whose agriculture is neglected and decayed in the commotions that distract her. We offer secure and profitable investment to capital, which it is our policy to invite and welcome to our shores. The times are auspicious for our becoming the manufacturers of the great bulk of products consumed in our own country, and large exporters to foreign countries. And yet our factories are closed or running at ruinous loss, our great staples are accumulating for want of buyers, the rate of interest is at an extraordinary height, and as a necessary consequence, our merchants are threatened with bankruptcy. Not a few have already been compelled to succumb to the disasters of the times, and many are looking to a speedy amelioration of the present state of things to rescue them from ruin.

Why is this? We answer, the prevalence of the policy which overthrew the tariff of 1842, and established the sub-treasury, is its legitimate cause.

The idea of the sub-treasury could have originated under no other circumstances than those that occasioned it. Produced as it was out of a state of universal distrust and bankruptcy, following as the necessary reaction from the speculations of 1836, it committed the fatal mistake of supposing that such a state of things should be permanent. As a powerful depletive suited to draw off the feverish humors from the body commercial, it was proposed

at a time when restorative tonics were the remedy required.

The project never was in a true sense popular. From the Whig party it met undivided opposition—from its own side it received cold support. A distinguished Southern Democrat, the late Mr. Legaré, openly opposed the scheme, which he conceived was intended to aim a blow at the entire credit system. The downfall of its distinguished projector was prophesied by his political associates from the moment it was ascertained that with it he intended "*to sink or swim.*"

The election of General Harrison for a time deferred the adoption of the sub-treasury; nor would it have been revived under any other administration than such an one as the present. We have fairly tried the sub-treasury. If it had been calculated to produce a single good result, that result should appear by this time; but we look in vain to the effects of that system, to see the principles which condemn it falsified. We do not propose to discuss the merits or demerits of the sub-treasury scheme. Its character and tendencies have ceased to be matters of opinion, and have become fixed facts, to be shaken only by discrediting experience. We now see what we then foretold, that it must drain the banks of specie, and cramp the operations of regular business; that it must do as it has done, enhance the rate of interest on money, enrich the capitalist, and impoverish the producing classes.

It is the immediate object of this essay to present for the consideration of the country a system of finance which, if it is not free from imperfections, incident to all human systems, has at least the merit of uniting in itself those qualities which experience has tested and found to be valuable.

The great object which the plan proposed has in view is to furnish a sound currency for the nation—safe for government and safe for individuals. It promises to solve in a satisfactory manner the great problem—how can a sound paper currency be established, possessing an undiminished value throughout the country, and based upon an actual property foundation?—while it is obnoxious to few of the objections urged against great centralized banking institutions.

In order clearly to present the plan proposed, it is necessary to glance at the banking system now in successful operation in the State of New-York, to which it is closely allied in principle, and in the probable result of its operation. Independent, however, of its bearing upon the object which we have immediately in view, it is of interest to the country to know the character of the different systems of banking tried in the several States, and the results which have been found in practice to flow from them.

The New-York system has justly been termed the Free Banking System, from the fact that it opens the business of banking to the free competition of individuals and associations. The right to issue circulating notes is there no longer incident to the franchise of incorporation, derived from the favor of the legislature; but it is the right of any individual or association of individuals complying with certain conditions, and submitting to certain restrictions. In this respect it harmonizes with the genius of our people.

That system proposes as its object, the security of the bill-holder and of the public at large. It subjects the bank to examination, by a legally constituted commission; it requires the bank to hold at all times an amount of specie, deemed sufficient for the redemption of its notes, and subjects it to other necessary restrictions tending to this result.

It is not appropriate to our purpose to enter into an exposition of the general features of this system. We have only to do with the method which it employs for the security of the bill-holder; in this respect it is beyond all question the most valuable improvement effected in modern banking.

Any individual or association of individuals is allowed to deposit with the Comptroller of the State, any amount of the stock or public debt of the State, not less, however, than \$100,000, which deposit is held by the Comptroller in trust, to be applied to the redemption of the notes of such individual or association, should the payment of their notes be refused on presentation.

Upon making such deposit the depositor becomes entitled to receive from the Comptroller an amount of engraved bills in blank, complete with the exception of the signatures of the officers of the bank, equal

to the market value of the stock deposited; but in no case to exceed the par value of the stock.

The Comptroller is authorized to provide bills for delivery to banks as follows: He is required to cause circulating notes to be engraved and printed of the different denominations authorized by law, to be issued. These bills must be countersigned by registers appointed for the purpose, and must be numbered and registered.

All bills of the same denomination are required to have a *common similitude*, and to bear the uniform signature of one of the registers. Under this provision, while the bills of each bank have their distinct identity, a general similitude of appearance runs through all bills of a particular denomination, issued under the free banking system, forming an admirable check upon attempts to alter notes from one denomination to a higher.

The notes thus issued to the banks are required to be payable on demand without interest, and thus secured they may be put in circulation as money. If, upon demand, payment is refused, the note is protested, and with the protest attached, returned to the Comptroller. He notifies the defaulting bank of the fact, and requires immediate payment of the protested note. If payment is not made within ten days, he gives notice by advertisement that the entire issue of the bank will be redeemed out of the avails of the trust fund in his hands, consisting of the securities deposited with him by that bank. He is clothed with ample power as the trustee of all parties, to proceed in the redemption in the manner best adapted to secure the object of the deposit.

The securities deposited as the basis of circulation, may, at the option of the bank, consist wholly of stocks, or partly of stocks, and partly of bonds and mortgages; but the proportion of bonds and mortgages cannot exceed one half of the whole deposit. The nature of the security which is pledged for the redemption of each note, is expressed upon its face, whether consisting exclusively of State stocks, or in part of stocks and in part of bonds and mortgages. None but stocks and mortgages producing 6 per cent. interest, annually, are received in deposit.

The depositor is allowed to receive the

interest upon the stocks and mortgages deposited, until a failure to redeem its notes, when the proceeds go into the common fund, to be applied to the redemption of the circulation predicated upon such deposit. Beyond the amount realized from the securities deposited, the State guaranties no note.

We have now glanced briefly through that part of the free banking system of New-York, which gives to it the character of a guaranty system, not unlike in principle the admired Scotch system. We find that under its operation, any individual or number of individuals may found a bank. To secure to himself the banking privilege, he has but to procure an amount of the stocks of the State of New-York, or of stocks and mortgages jointly, equal to the circulation which he may desire, or be able to issue, and to make the required deposit with the Comptroller. No chartered privileges are sought from the capricious favor of the Legislature. The privilege of one citizen is the privilege of all. The sole qualification demanded is ability to meet his engagements. It is not a hard condition, when annexed to so liberal a grant, that the bill-holder shall be placed upon a safe footing. The bank enjoys the confidence of the community—the community should enjoy security, while they yield confidence. The bank has no reason to complain, for no portion of its means is unproductive, while its specie capital is employed in the legitimate operations of banking.

Without further reviewing the merits of the guaranty system at this stage of our inquiry, we pass to its application to the finances of the general government.

According to the plan proposed, any bank or banking association enjoying banking privileges under the laws of any of the States or territories, will be enabled on complying with conditions tending to secure the government, to have the whole or a portion of its *duly issued* circulation received as money, in the receiving offices of the United States Treasury.

As the sole condition of this important privilege, the bank desiring it shall deposit public stocks of the United States to an amount equal to that of the circulation for which it is desired, with public officers designated by government, in trust

to redeem the currency having this privilege.

With a view to identify the circulation thus privileged, the officer with whom the deposit is made shall cause an amount of the bills of any bank, equal to the par value of the stock deposited by it, to be registered, and authenticated under the signatures of government officers.

Notes thus guarantied and authenticated, would be issued by the banks in the course of their ordinary business, and would be received and paid as money in all transactions with the public Treasury. They would receive a wide circulation through the transfers of funds from place to place, to meet the exigencies of the Treasury.

Following the plan of the New-York system, the depositor of stock would be entitled to receive the interest of his stocks, until a failure to meet his engagements should throw the interest into the redemption fund.

As simple as this agency appears, its influence upon the business of the country would be great. It proposes to create no bank,—it encourages no monopoly—its benefits are as common to all as the liberty we enjoy.

In the relation which the system proposed bears to the Treasury, the public, and the banks, it will be found fulfilling the true objects of such a financial plan.

It is not a necessary part of the plan proposed, to alter materially the existing organization of the Treasury department. It may still have its sub-treasuries and its frowning vaults, but the latter will no longer be the tombs of the energies of the country. The Treasury may receive, hold, and pay out its own money. Nothing need be loaned to banks or individuals, in order to counteract the evil tendencies of the hoarding propensity. For instead of specie, government will hold in its vaults the paper representative of values employed in the business of the country, guarantied by securities in its own hands, retaining only so much specie as may be indispensably necessary in the transaction of its business. In point of safety, no security can be furnished superior to that of the stocks of the United States. Based upon the entire wealth of the nation, it is the sum of all the securities which that wealth can furnish.

Besides security for its funds, the public Treasury requires the means of making cheap, safe, and speedy remittances. To say that for this purpose specie is the best medium of transfer, betrays the wildest extravagance. To say that it is about the worst, would be near the truth. For specie is almost the only commodity, for the transportation of which, from place to place, there is little or no demand occasioned by its consumption.

A currency standing upon the footing of pledged public securities, will furnish the government with the greatest facilities in the transfer of its funds. At the points where payments are made into the treasury, a demand will exist for such bills, giving them a par value, while the further they are carried from those points, the more valuable they become for the purpose of remittance to the sea-board.

In these respects, as in perhaps others, the interests of the Treasury will be subserved by the new currency. There are other interests, however, of paramount consequence, for the sake of which governments, with their complex machinery of armies, navies, and treasuries exist—these are the interests of the public. How stands this system in its relation to the wants of the community at large?

As governments are instituted for the sake of promoting the welfare and happiness of mankind, the means which they make use of are valuable in proportion as they aid to produce this result. The arbitrary institutions of every state should always accord with the spirit of the people, and with their manners and customs. The ascendancy of the influence of Rome in her better days, was maintained by a wise policy, which forbore to shock the prejudices of her vassals, by imposing laws, customs, or observances foreign to their tastes and associations. How strongly then will a government seeking only the interests of its subjects, rivet the bond of affection between them, by exhibiting a delicate sense of the obligations imposed by those tastes and prejudices.

The sub-treasury is chargeable not only with a want of sympathy with the business interests of the country, but with direct hostility to those interests. The substitute proposed has at least the merit of falling in with the opinions of the

great mass of the people, while instead of opposing obstacles to the transaction of ordinary business, it promises to furnish valuable facilities. It is difficult then to conjecture from what quarter to look for opposition. It harmonizes with the objects which business men have constantly in view. They will find it a valuable aid to their exertions, and a powerful stimulant to their enterprise.

The sub-treasury has aimed, not without some success, to attain results in its operation upon the commercial interests of the country. If that influence has been shown to be inimical to its prosperity, it is because a false principle is imbedded in its foundation. This is the burden of the scathing accusation, under which the defenders of the sub-treasury shrink from the vindication of their favorite measure; an accusation sustained by its practical operation.

We confess, that we are treading upon ground, where abstract theory is an illusive guide. We can trust no guide here but practical experience. The knowledge which is derived of a financial measure, from experiencing its effects, is the surest, while it is the only that is satisfactory. The science of finance has its principles, capable of clear perception and application. But that which distinguishes it as pre-eminently an uncertain science, is the variety and complexity of the disturbing influences, which bear upon every result deduced from those principles. For this reason the light of experience guides safely, where theory, unaided by it, wanders from the truth.

We are not left to grope our way through this intricate subject, unaided by this valuable guide. Commercial men are interested to know to what cause to attribute the unusual stringency which has occurred in our monetary affairs, during the past year. Their penetration, stimulated by their interest, has traced this extraordinary state of things to the influence of the sub-treasury. Nor is there room for difference of opinion on this subject. The banks, which are the great reservoirs of specie, necessarily graduating the accommodation which may be afforded their customers, by the amount of specie in their vaults, are the first to feel an unusual demand for specie. If specie is de-

manded for the payment of duties, it *must* come from the banks. It is far from being a matter of indifference to the community, whether its specie lies in the vaults of the sub-treasury, or in the banks. In the one case it is commercially dead; a mass of hoarded treasure, as valueless to the public, as if again returned to its native veins. In the other case it is, in its paper representative, flowing through exchanges, enlivening trade, and sustaining enterprise. Thus credit is, as it were, the soul of money, and gold and silver its unwieldy carcass.

Upon the faith of this specie, which has now to be transferred to the sub-treasury, credit has been extended to business men, to an extent equal to about three times the amount of specie. An equivalent amount of accommodation must be withheld from merchants, whatever may be the exigencies of business, to compensate for the loss of specie. As the contraction in accommodation is, upon this estimate, three times as great as the loss of specie, we look to it as to the point of an index, moving through a considerable space, however small or almost imperceptible the contraction may be which occasioned it.

Looking to this index, we find in the experience of the last year, startling proofs of the defects of our present system of finance. Contractions have been sudden, followed rapidly by equally sudden relaxations. The value of money, seldom less within that time than ten per cent., has suddenly mounted to an alarming height, and before wonder has ceased, has again fallen to its starting point. The question is asked, why this extraordinary stringency? And the uniform answer is returned, large amounts of specie have been in demand for the sub-treasury.

Loss of confidence and speculation are the twin birth of such a state of things. The regular operations of business are paralyzed. The banks, looking forward to the probable demands of the sub-treasury, can only partially foresee the changes before them. An unexpectedly heavy importation of merchandise may change the entire aspect of affairs within a few days, and render unlooked for contraction necessary. Merchants, equally uncertain as to the extent of accommodation which they may be

able to command a month hence, are driven to the alternative of contracting their regular business engagements, or to indulge in speculative expectations of the chances of the week or month. To tempt more strongly to the latter and more seductive course, prices of every description of merchandise rise and fall with every undulation of the tide upon which they float.

These tendencies again reacting upon the banks, placing them at the mercy of a double enemy, on the one hand the sub-treasury spoiling them of their specie, and on the other hand their customers, whose soundness may by possibility be affected by the mischances of such a state of things, render it necessary in self-defence that they should draw a tighter rein upon their customers. Again a disposition to import largely from abroad, has manifested itself as one of the legitimate fruits of the tariff of '46. From this source a further drain upon the specie of the country has been occasioned, against which the banks have been compelled to contend by the employment of restrictive measures. They have loaned their money with caution, and to such persons as are least likely to want their bills to be converted forthwith into specie at their own counters to pour into the lap of the sub-treasury.

Clearly as the sub-treasury is the cause of this monetary anarchy, there are those who deny its agency for evil in this matter. Blindness of the eyes is a pitiable misfortune, but blindness of the understanding is a punishable vice. It is self-induced, not natural, and therefore receives neither commiseration nor indeed toleration. We will be pardoned, then, for having little sympathy with those who look upon the condition of business during the past year as salutary and desirable. For such there are—mere experimentalists it is true—tyros in the science of which they claim to be professors. These dreamers regard commercial expansion as the worst of evils, and, reasoning with wonderful acuteness, they conclude that contraction, its antipode, is a healthful medicine for the body commercial, not only as a curative but also as a preventive of disease.

The same arguments which prove undue expansion to be hurtful, establish the hurtfulness of its antagonist, contraction. A

steady currency fostering steady business, is the desideratum demanded by commerce. But this can only be attained under a system suffering the fewest disturbing forces to act upon the currency. Such a system the sub-treasury is pre-eminently the antagonist of.

We have charged the sub-treasury with want of sympathy with individuals in respect to their private interests. In this view of the sub-treasury moral as well as economical questions are involved. In the method of conducting their financial concerns, those who undertake for the government have adopted different principles and maxims from those respected by individuals in their private transactions. The latter aim to preserve credit in a sound condition, the former to destroy it; the former are not content to apply their own doctrines to their own concerns, but aim to enforce them upon others, while the latter ask nothing but non-interference from their meddlesome neighbors. The government tries to throw impediments in the way of private individuals, under the pretence of keeping them in a sound condition. The government cramps the banks by withholding their specie, in order to prevent them from over-trading—not by restricting them to a limited amount of business, proportioned to their capital, for such a restriction on the part of the general government would be held by the strict construction friends of the sub-treasury to be an unconstitutional interference with the rights of the States; but by robbing them of their means of over-trading. On the other hand, the banks resort to restrictive measures, to check the influx of specie into the sub-treasury. The perpetual war thus kept up, soon awakens in the combatants a feeling, before long ripened into a conviction, that they have hostile interests and are natural enemies. In a republic, where respect and forbearance knit the bond of affection between the State and the citizens, and are virtues to be sedulously cultivated, such a collision is pre-eminently to be avoided.

It would require a very broad interpretation of the powers of the general government to allow it the prerogative of declaring that the commercial system adopting credit as its basis, which is in practice in all of the States of the Union as well as among all civilized people, is false in prin-

ciple, and must be coerced and straitened into accordance with the theory as it is propounded at Washington. Although it is within the power as it is the duty of the general government to arrange its own finances so as to give the greatest facilities to commercial transactions in the States, yet it is beyond the scope of its legitimate powers to legislate so as to overturn or impair the local institutions of the States. One implies the right to annul to some extent the force of the internal laws of the State regulating a subject not within the direct powers of the general government, while the other assumes, that it may with propriety give facilities to the operation of established institutions within the States.

The government may without doubt say, that it will receive nothing but gold and silver in payment of debts due to it; but when it sets on foot a system professedly aiming to modify or check the systems of internal commerce approved and in operation under the laws of the States, it is difficult to justify such interference, on grounds either of constitutionality or of necessity. Such an attempt should be looked upon with jealousy by the States; but above all should be condemned by State rights men.

It is a subject of common, almost universal complaint, that as a nation, we are without a national currency. An impression has existed, that such a currency is an inseparable incident of a national bank. Unless the operation of the proposed system is different from what its principles, as well as the experience of the past has demonstrated, a national currency can be obtained without a national bank.

It is not worth our while to stop to examine the reasons for affirming that a currency predicated upon a pledge of government stocks, and receivable as money at the different points in the United States, where receiving agencies of the Treasury are established, will have a wide and truly national circulation. The fact is self-evident, and results from the necessary laws of trade. Such a currency is offered. Not, however, in the form of the bills of one, or a limited number, of favored banking institutions, basking in the sunshine of government patronage, and outstripping the competition of less favored institutions, but as the currency of the nation, rising under impartial and undistinguishing pro-

tection to a uniform value. Let this distinction be borne in mind: the object of the guaranty system is not to create or extend the existing circulation within the States, but to place it upon a national footing. It is not proposed to build banks, and utter paper money, but to foster and protect those institutions which exist among us. One condition however is the price upon which this protection is granted: they must have a substantial property basis.

In the absence of such a currency, the bills issued in the great commercial cities only have the semblance of such a universal value, and even then, subject to so many qualifications and exceptions, that the banks that issue them enjoy but little advantage from that fact, and the people on their part are but slightly accommodated by them. Bills payable at a great commercial centre, such as New-York, have indeed a par value at every point from which the current of trade sets towards its centre; but it is otherwise with bills issued at points more or less remote from these centres. The standard of their value is the price they bring at the centre of trade, varied of course by other causes, but influenced chiefly by that. For this reason it would seem that the banks of New-York enjoy an advantage over the other institutions in the country, New-York bills having everywhere a par value, and sometimes a premium value for remittance, yet the fact is otherwise. As a desirable means of remittance, they are drawn from circulation, at every point remote from New-York, and are hurried back to the bank from which they issued.

The want of a national currency—by which name we call a currency fit for the nation—is indicated by the vast amount of depreciated paper which reaches our commercial cities, burdening trade, and ultimately resulting in the loss of the country consumer. Establish a national currency, and not only the issues of our commercial cities will be relieved and allowed a fair circulation, but even the circulation of the interior will be benefited. The sub-treasury would become a means of disseminating a sound currency throughout the country, which falling into the channels of trade would come back to us in the place of the depreciated issues of remote and

unknown banks. The country dealer will be enabled to procure a cheap and safe means of remittance, without either buying specie at an exorbitant advance, and incurring the expense and risk of transmission, or of sending the local currency of his neighborhood to be sold at a ruinous discount in the markets of the seaboard. It may be safely concluded that the tendency of the sub-treasury to disseminate the guarantied currency throughout the country would reduce the rates of exchange.

Under such a system we may look forward to the realization of that almost Utopian dream which has bewitched the imaginations of statesmen—a *sound national currency*. But this very soundness of the currency will draw down upon the system the indignation of a class who make up in *feeling* what they lack in reason. They distrust and dislike the entire credit system. They desire to prove the whole system to be rotten, and would be sadly disappointed should they find their opinions mistaken. From arguments levelled at all credit, and springing from a spirit that would have universal distrust one of the attributes of their paradise, it is impossible to shield any system ultimately based upon credit.

By the elevation of the guarantied currency, and the assurance which will be afforded of the ability of the banks uttering it to make good their engagements, sound banking will be encouraged. On the other hand the tendency of a sound currency to displace less trustworthy issues will tend to discourage mere speculative banking. It is with banks as with individuals—one that has much to lose will be careful in his operations, while the worthless are usually the speculative and the reckless of society. This principle will necessarily operate with the banks who have become depositors, to confine their operations to a safe business. While for the same reason the confidence of the community will be centred in such institutions, and the field of their operations correspondingly increased.

It is impossible to discover any tendency in the proposed system to favor undue expansion. Indeed it is difficult to comprehend how taking securities from the banks for the fulfilment of their engage-

ments can act injuriously on any interest of society. On the contrary, we may conclude that by thus strengthening the banks speculative feeling will be in some measure restrained, although no system can prevent men who have become infatuated in the chase of sudden wealth from sacrificing any other interest to the ruling passion of the moment.

The plan proposed possesses an additional feature not to be overlooked. A variety of opinion exists in regard to loaning the public money to banks or individuals. Those who urge the propriety of such loans, found their opinion upon the fact that by that means specie will be prevented from becoming locked up, and made subservient to the purposes of trade. There is force in these arguments, and if the question lay simply between locking up the public moneys, and loaning them upon good security, they would carry the day. But on the other hand it is urged with much truth that such loans are apt to become a source of political influence, and to have a controlling influence upon the elections. Without attempting to weigh between the arguments stated, it is enough to say that a system which shall retain the specie of the country in its legitimate channels, without allowing of any considerable degree of favoritism, will be the choice of all who hold either of these opinions in moderation.

We have already seen too much of the disadvantages of locking up the specie of the country, to want proof that its release will be hailed as a public blessing. We need not again allude to this branch of the subject.

It is of some consequence to know what will be the effect of this system upon the banks. If they were to be largely the losers by measures adopted for the benefit of the public, it might be deemed inequitable to impose such burdens upon them. True, it will require capital in order to procure stock to be deposited; but that capital is well employed, drawing a remunerating interest, and the bank certainly ought not to complain if it is allowed privileges more than sufficient to compensate for the outlay necessary to bring it within the advantages offered by the system. It

is optional with every bank whether it will avail itself of the privileges secured by the proposed system; but it is evident that banks enough will be found ready to comply with the conditions upon which they acquire such marked advantages. There are not many of our banks who would prefer that the sub-treasury should drain their specie rather than their bills.

In bringing a system like the one proposed into working condition, there are more or less important questions to be solved. Some such as the following are suggested as worthy of grave consideration, viz. :—

Should the total amount of deposits be limited, and the circulation founded on them correspondingly curtailed, or the whole left free to be settled by the laws of trade and competition?

It may be safe to say, that in the adjustment of such inequalities as the imposition of limitations is intended to correct, the uniform law of trade usually works a sufficient cure. On these points there is abundant room for difference of opinion, though fortunately the decision of the question either way does not involve any very formidable results.

A question may arise in respect to the operation of the system, in conjunction with the Free Banking System of New-York. No serious difficulty could occur if banks already furnishing security under the State system, should be called upon to furnish additional securities, in order to come within the provisions of the U. S. system. It would certainly require an ample capital, but if they possess that capital, or can procure it, they lose nothing by the investment. But the free banking system might, without difficulty, give way to the more general application of its own principle. In that case, so far as the banks or individuals are concerned, it would be but a change of the deposit of securities from the hands of the Comptroller to those of the sub-treasurer. The Comptroller might be empowered, upon receiving a certificate of the deposit of stocks with the sub-treasurer, to issue bills in the same manner as if the deposit had been made with himself.

HON. JACOB COLLAMER,

OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ALTHOUGH there is perhaps no country where private wealth has so numerous and so valuable and important uses, there are few where its possession confers so little political or social influence, and certainly none where the accidental advantages of family and fortune are so powerless in compensating for the want of natural gifts, of diligent application, or of a virtuous life, as in the United States of America. Indeed there is no one circumstance more strongly or more favorably characteristic of our republican institutions, than the great frequency of the instances, in which persons who began life with no external advantages have been able, by the persevering exercise of uncommon moral faculties or intellectual powers, to raise themselves from the obscurest walks of life to stations of the highest honor, and the most commanding influence. And these cases have been so numerous, that they have come to be considered as but familiar exemplifications of a *rule*, paradoxical indeed, but almost inflexible, while the occasional success of one who starts from the seeming vantage-ground of hereditary wealth and powerful patronage, is regarded as a rare and even almost discreditable *exception*. Unhappily it is not true, that the elevation of our political men is always an homage to virtue, or an acknowledgment of the claims and the worth of exalted intellect, but it is unquestionably the *opinion* of intellectual power, which constitutes the most available title to popular favor. Contemporaneous public opinion is far from infallible, even in the most enlightened communities, and there is no more frequent error than that of mistaking *action* for *power*. There are persons, conspicuous enough in their day, whose supposed

energy consists merely in a nervous inability to remain in repose, who busy themselves in outward action, barely because they are without internal resources, and who

Harangue the drowsy Senate loud and long,
Because, forsooth, they cannot hold their tongue.

The bustling and uneasy vanity, which expends itself in frequent imbecile ebullitions, for a time eclipses the quiet and conscious power, which reserves itself for worthy occasions, to be then exerted in well considered efforts, whose effects are felt, and whose inherent worth is remembered, long after the crisis which called them forth is passed over.

Among those who have, by their own efforts, raised themselves to opulence or distinction, there is a large class popularly known as "self-made men," an appellation designating not so much those who, in spite of external disadvantages, have acquired multifarious knowledge or high intellectual discipline, as those whom assiduous application and sedulous devotion to some humble end have enabled to dispense with the learning and the talent by which others rise, and who, having accomplished their own selfish purposes without such aid, think themselves justified in despising the knowledge and the training which are the fruits of a well-ordered education; and are generally more remarkable for contempt of authority, and the tenacity with which they adhere to their own crude notions, than for ability to defend them, or power to move out of the narrow range of thought or action, to which habit has familiarized them.

But there is another side to the picture, and our country is fortunately able to boast

numerous examples of a far more creditable character than those to which we have hitherto referred. We are with reason proud of the energy and the virtues which have raised from obscurity to eminence so many of our ablest jurists and statesmen; and we take pleasure in presenting to our readers a highly favorable specimen of that class of distinguished Americans, who have earned for themselves the honorable position which the sober judgment of their countrymen has awarded to them, in the following biographical notice of a gentleman, whose public acts have already acquired for him a wider and more enduring reputation than he could receive from any commendation of ours. We refer to the Hon. Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, who, after a service of six years in the Congress of the United States, is now, to the great regret of all, to whom his public services are known, about to withdraw from political life.

The subject of this sketch had none of the early advantages which parents, mistakenly perhaps, are usually so solicitous to secure for their children, and owes nothing to adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune; though, if ancestral virtue is a just cause of pride, there are few who can boast a nobler escutcheon, for his *propositus* was one of the old Puritan stock, who preferred religious liberty in the wilderness to enforced conformity in a palace. Judge Collamer was born at Troy, New-York, and is a son of Samuel Collamer, a native of Scituate, in Massachusetts, and a soldier of the Revolution. In his childhood he removed with his father's family to Burlington, Vermont, and was graduated at the University there at an early age, in 1810. He immediately commenced the study of the law, made the frontier campaign of 1812 as a lieutenant of artillery in the detached militia in the service of the United States, and was admitted to the bar in 1813, having accomplished his course of preparatory, collegiate, and professional study, without any other pecuniary means than such as his own industry supplied him. From the time of his admission to the bar until the year 1833, he practised his profession in the counties of Orange and Windsor, with marked ability and success, under all the disadvantages of a competition with the eminent counsel by

which the bar of those counties was then distinguished. In the last named year (having in the mean time been often an active and influential member of the Legislature of Vermont) he was, without solicitation or expectation on his part, elected an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and was continued upon the bench, discharging his judicial duties with much credit, and to the general satisfaction of the profession, until the year 1842, when he declined a re-election. In 1843, he was elected to represent the second Congressional District of Vermont in the Congress of the United States, was re-elected in 1844 and 1846, and in 1848, much to the regret of his constituents, upon whom the eminent ability of his parliamentary career had reflected so great credit, he declined to be again a candidate.

The forensic life of a lawyer unhappily leaves few memorials, and there is, perhaps, no profession which demands the exercise of so great and so varied intellectual powers, and at the same time preserves and perpetuates so little of the mental effort it calls forth. The rarest dexterity in the conduct of a cause, the most masterly argumentation, the most persuasive eloquence, are often displayed before very obscure forums, and of these there remains no other record than a newspaper notice, or the reporter's meagre skeleton of the points taken by the counsel, and notes of the authorities cited, and which of course, like the subtle and ingenious pleadings in the case, are Greek to the "lay gents," and neither interesting nor intelligible to any save those who are of the same mystery. We are therefore unable to characterize the professional life of Judge Collamer further than by saying that he was conscientiously laborious in the preparation of his cases, and as diligent in the more general and systematic study of the law, as is practicable for a gentleman engaged in the active duties of that engrossing profession. His success, however, is well attested by the extent of his practice, the satisfaction of his clients, and the general voice of the Vermont Bar. As a judicial officer, Judge Collamer was able, industrious and courteous, and discharged the duties of that laborious station, sitting both at nisi prius and in bank, to the general acceptance of the legal pro-

fession and of the public. Of this no better proof is needed than the fact already adverted to, that he was annually re-elected for nine successive years, without opposition or objection, and he might doubtless have remained upon the bench as much longer as it suited his inclination to serve.

An inspection of the legal opinions delivered by him on solemn argument, as recorded in the Vermont Reports, will show that he has aimed to present the points adjudged in as lucid, orderly, and condensed a form as practicable, not embarrassing the resolutions of the court with hypothetical cases, or *obiter dicta*, but striving to rest on what my Lord Coke in his quaint Latin-English somewhere calls the ancient *sincerity* of the law, which is certainly in great and growing danger of being irrecoverably sophisticated by the torrents of diffuse and verbose legal learning with which our many American tribunals are deluging the land, to the confusion of the student, and the sore embarrassment of his exchequer. As specimens of Judge Collamer's judicial style, condensation and method, we refer to *Wheeler vs. Wheeler*, 11 Vermont Reports, 60, and *Carpenter vs. Hollister et al.*, 13 V. R. 552; in both of which, he pronounced judgment, in opinions encumbered by no unnecessary parade of authority, but remarkable for clear, concise, and logical argument.

As a *nisi prius* justice, Judge Collamer was successful in the rapid dispatch of the heavy dockets of his circuit by Confining the counsel to the true points at issue, and by the prompt decision of the law of the case, at the same time affording every facility for testing the soundness of his ruling, by exception.

While on the bench he was elected a member of a convention called for the purpose of revising and amending the constitution of the State, and it is mainly to his efforts that Vermont is indebted for an amendment to the constitution providing for a *Senate* as a co-ordinate branch of the law-making power, a necessary check upon legislation, which before was wanting.

The congressional life of Judge Collamer is so well known to the readers of this Review, that it is not necessary to particularize his parliamentary services in detail.

We may, however, enumerate his printed speeches, which are remarkable for great conciseness, clearness and simplicity of method, as well as for sound and lawyer-like logic. His first speech, on the right of members elected by certain States to the House of Representatives in the twenty-eighth Congress by general ticket, contrary to a law of the twenty-seventh Congress, was very well received, and had a marked influence on the course of the debate, and, as it is believed, on the subsequent action of some of those States, all of which now elect by districts, in compliance with the law of 1842. His next speech was on wool, woolens, and the policy of the tariff of 1842, and was very widely circulated and highly commended. He also spoke against the annexation of Texas, and against the Tariff bill of 1846, with much ability, but without effect; argument, however cogent, being powerless against the decrees of the Baltimore Convention. His remaining parliamentary efforts are a speech on the Mexican war, and another upon the message announcing the termination of that unhappy conflict. We dwell the less upon these performances, although they have great merit, because the discussions of which they formed a part, excited, from the nature of their subjects, a wide and general interest, and they have been so extensively read that further special notice of them is superfluous. It is in another field of much intrinsic importance, but the relations of which to the great interests of the Union are not well understood, that Judge Collamer's labors have been, perhaps, most valuable and hitherto most effective. We refer to the administration of our most splendid national patrimony—the public land. There has been no instance in the history of free nations, in which so vast a fund of material wealth has been committed to a people, and no government had ever before the pecuniary means of doing so much for the physical and moral improvement of the condition of its subjects, without impoverishing them by burdensome imposts or taxation. But this is not the place to dwell on the selfish and ungenerous schemes, through which certain sections of the Union are seeking to monopolize for themselves the entire advantages of this great source of national wealth, or

the mistaken philanthropy, the financial folly, or the profligate demagoguism which would renounce this noble inheritance, and throw it open to occupancy by combinations of speculators or the hordes of half-civilized boors, whom so inviting a prospect would lure hither from the darkest and most depraved quarters of Europe. Suffice it to say, that as a member of the Committee on Public Lands in the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth Congresses, and as chairman of that committee in the thirtieth, Judge Collamer has steadfastly and successfully resisted all these projects, whether openly proposed as donations without consideration, or insidiously clothed in the disguise of graduation bills, though supported by all the *official*, and, to the shame of the present administration be it said, *personal* influence of the cabinet. The defeat of the graduation bill of 1846 is in a great measure to be ascribed to Judge Collamer's powerful and unanswerable arguments in a speech on the floor of the House, which was unfortunately never prepared for the press, and his report on that subject at the first session of the present Congress has done as much to disabuse public sentiment, and disseminate correct information in regard to the public lands, as any document that has ever emanated from the House of Representatives.

Besides these more public labors, Judge Collamer has suggested various improvements in the conduct of this branch of the public service, which have received the high approbation of the department, and among which we may specify particularly the construction of maps of all the public lands, on a plan which not only shows the locality of every quarter section, but indicates at a glance, whether it has been opened to entry, is sold, or remains in market.*

* The following letter from the Commissioner of the Land Office will show the estimation in which Judge Collamer's services are held by that bureau :—

GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
Washington City, January 1, 1849. }

SIR :—Understanding that you declined being a candidate for re-election to a seat in the National Legislature, and that, consequently, your legislative duties will terminate with the present session of Congress, I cannot, consistently with my feelings, suffer our official relations to be dissolved without an expression of the high estimate enter-

In regard to Judge Collamer's position as a member of the House of Representatives, we may say with truth that it is even higher than public opinion has ascribed to

tained by this Department, of the public services you have rendered, while presiding as Chairman over the Committee on Public Lands, in the House of Representatives of the United States.

Among the highest and most important duties devolving upon a Representative of the people in the American Congress, is his co-operation by wise legislation, in the proper and judicious management of our wide-spread public domain, stretching as it now does from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, ranging through climates of every temperature, and embracing an empire area of more than fourteen hundred and forty-two millions of acres.

The machinery of our public land system is now operating upon the greater part of the politically organized portions of this extensive domain; but beautiful, and comparatively perfect and efficient as that land system is, it necessarily requires, and indeed it is a principle of the system itself, that it should be adapted, by the wisdom and skill of the enlightened legislator, to the new and increasing exigencies or events which are ever arising, as the peaceful armies of this mighty Republic are advancing westward towards the shores of the Pacific, with axe in hand to fell the forests, lay the foundations of cities, and rear enduring monuments to the triumphs of Republican civilization.

Coming, as you did, from an elder member of the Confederacy, you have not been brought into those intimate relations with the frontier States, which a residence among them would naturally produce.

But, sir, permit me, in the name and behalf of the people of the new States, and of our Territory, to thank you for bringing, in the discharge of your various, complicated, and most arduous public duties, to the aid of a strong, well-improved, and comprehensive intellect, your sympathies upon those subjects which most concern them; for the lively interest which you have ever manifested in their welfare; and for the energy and efficiency with which, as a legislator, you have caused measures, the best calculated to protect and promote their interest, to assume the form and force of legal enactments.

It is proper, also, to remark, that while you have been thus liberal to the new States, you have not been unmindful of your duty to the old.

The rapidity of emigrations and settlements has been such, that almost everywhere, and in every direction, the march of the pioneer has been in advance of the public surveys. Looking to this fact, with the eye not only of a wise and considerate legislator, but also that of a true philanthropist, you have always manifested not only a willingness, but an anxious desire to protect their improvements, and to secure to them their homes, by a proper extension of the pre-emption system to the unsurveyed lands, as fast as the Indian title is extinguished, and at the same time to

him. His formal efforts have been comparatively so few, that his name appears much less frequently in the Congressional Globe than those of many members of far

make liberal donations of land, for the education of their children.

Among the important measures you have proposed and advocated, and which have been adopted by the House of Representatives, at your suggestion, is the Resolution of the last session, authorizing the construction, under my superintendence, as Commissioner, of sectional maps of the twelve land States, showing the progress of the public surveys, and disposition of the public lands by sales and otherwise, from the commencement of the land system, up to the present period.

To the statesmen of the present day, and to those who are to succeed you and your co-legislators, this well-devised work, now in a course of successful progress, will prove eminently valuable, as it will exhibit in a condensed and systematic form, an authentic and comprehensive history of the survey and disposition of the public lands, until the whole shall have been disposed of. It will also be a highly useful acquisition to the new States in which these lands are situated, as well as to the whole country.

Tendering to you my official and personal acknowledgments for the kind and respectful consideration which you have at all times bestowed upon the measures recommended by this Department, and for the very able manner in which you have uniformly advocated the best interests of the whole country, in reference to a proper disposition of the public domain, I am, dear sir,

Yours, most respectfully,

RICHARD M. YOUNG, Commissioner.

HON. JACOB COLLAMER, of Vermont, Chairman of the Committee on the Public Lands, United States House of Representatives.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
Jan. 10th, 1849. }

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 1st inst., in which you are pleased to express in terms of undeserved approbation, your views of my course as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. Such an opinion from one so competent to decide, I gratefully appreciate.

The more intimately the performance of my duty on the committee has acquainted me with the operation of our general land system, the more I have admired it. It is the child of experience crowned with success. It is successfully leading out the human family to possess their broad patrimony, under the sanction of law and the protection of government, attended with a degree of individual and social prosperity unparalleled in the history of man. It is to be hoped that this successful experiment, advantageous alike to the settlers and the nation, may not be put in jeopardy by any restless spirit of innovation, rapacity or agrarianism. Nor should the system be changed for any partial or local evils, but I entirely concur with you in the opinion that such

inferior standing; and as he keeps no letter-writer in pay, he has received fewer newspaper puffs than some "notabilities" who are very conspicuous in the Fog City Daily News, but are never heard of at Washington. Nor has he aspired to the dignity of a party leader, and all his speeches have been as remarkable for candor and courtesy to his opponents as for ability; though a certain gentleman from the South, who, upon his fifth repetition of a speech against the protective policy, was suddenly extinguished by Judge Collamer, will be able to testify that he understands how to wield the *argumentum ad hominem* with dexterity and effect. Whilst therefore he has no especial weight as a mere partisan, we risk nothing in saying that no member of the House of Representatives is more attentively and respectfully listened to by both sides of the House, and none certainly is possessed of more general and available influence, than Judge Collamer.

As a popular speaker he is extremely acceptable, and few speeches have been more effective before a New-England audience than his addresses during the late political campaign. He is eminently successful in making intelligible to common apprehension the more obscure principles of our system, and developing the true theory of our constitution as a strictly popular government, distinguished from despotism and aristocracy on the one hand, and mobocratic anarchy on the other. His discussions of the use and abuse of the veto

cases should be provided for by judicious legislation, adapted thereto, so far as the same can be done without interfering with or compromising the essential features of the general system. Such a course is, indeed, the true way to sustain and perpetuate that system.

If I have been enabled to perform any valuable service to the public in relation to this great branch of the national interests, it is in a great degree owing to the courtesy and aid which has been extended to me, in all my official intercourse with the department, more especially since it has been under your own personal, able and efficient administration.

As our official relations and intercourse are now soon to cease, you will permit me to take this occasion to return you my sincere thanks for the personal as well as official courtesy I have ever received from yourself and the officers of your department. I am, sir, respectfully,

Your humble servant,

J. COLLAMER.

Hon. R. M. Young, Commissioner of the General Land Office.

power, and his exposures of the corrupt practices of this administration in debauching the legislation of the country, enlivened as they have been by much good-humored sarcasm and apposite and felicitous illustration, have been especially serviceable in retaining within her proper orbit, from which disorganizers fondly hoped to wrest her, that noble member of our political constellation, whose constancy to Whig principles has long since become proverbial—and they are believed to have borne fruit also even in New Hampshire.

The social and domestic history of political men does not become public property until after their decease, and upon this theme therefore we can enter no further than to remark, that the private life of Judge Collamer has been as exemplary as his public career has been honorable. His integrity as a man and as a statesman has never been assailed, and his life, in all its relations, has attested the sincerity of his faith in that religion of which he has long been a consistent professor and a firm supporter.

SONNET.

Of your sweet looks I ne'er had surfeited,
Debarred of closer union by cold eyes,
The stars that warred against our destinies :
Affection waned not, by such lustre fed ;
For hope the ethereal sympathy bested.
But form is usher, only, to that guest
Love looks for ; nor is beauty, to his mind,
More than a torturing mistress of unrest,
That real, in the unreal, asks to find.
And though, in hours renunciant, we bind,
With vows effectual seeming, the free thought,
Of finer tissue is Love's nature wrought,
Than virtue wots of ;—and elusive glides,
Her rude bands slipping from his rosy sides.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.*

BOTH Houses of Congress assembled and were organized on Monday, Dec. 4. On Tuesday they listened to the reading of the President's Message—a document whose somewhat peculiar merits have already attracted such general attention as to make further reference to it here unnecessary. On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr. King of Alabama announced the death of his colleague, the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, which took place in the city of New-York, on the 25th October last, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Lewis was a native of Georgia, and was educated at the college of South Carolina. Having studied law and been admitted to practise in the courts of Alabama, he for a time devoted himself to that profession, with the promise of attaining great eminence therein. But the inclination of his mind leading him to engage in politics, he obtained a seat in the State Legislature, where he soon acquired a commanding influence. About the year 1829 he was elected a representative in Congress, where he continued to serve with much distinction until the spring of 1844—securing the respect and confidence of all parties by his talents, firmness, and urbanity. At the latter period he was selected to fill a vacancy from his State in the U. S. Senate, and was last winter re-appointed for the full term of six years.

Mr. Lewis was a consistent member of the "party of negations," and in the words of Mr. King, "while a member of the Legislature, rendered himself conspicuous by an able advocacy of resolutions denying to Congress the power to establish a national bank, to impose a tariff for protection, or to execute works of internal improvement;" to which principles he adhered throughout the whole of the stormy and changeful period of his service in the National Councils.

One incident attending the selection of his final resting-place—remote from all the hallowed associations of home—is of so touching a nature that we cannot refrain from quoting it from the remarks of Senator Dix of this State, on the above occasion:—

"It is said, (with what truth I do not know,) that Mr. Lewis, when he first visited Greenwood, intimated a wish, if he should die in the neighborhood, that his remains might be deposited there. I have before me a letter from one of his most intimate friends in New-York, who says: 'A year ago, he visited Greenwood, and was enchanted with it. He often referred to this visit, and spoke of the cemetery as above all others suited to be the last resting-place of men. It was, therefore, with melancholy pleasure that we selected it for him!'"

After eloquent and somewhat extended remarks upon the character and history of the deceased, by Messrs. King of Alabama, and Dix and Dickinson of New York, the Senate adjourned over till Monday, Dec. 11; on which day the Vice-President laid before it the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury. From this we learn that the receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1848, were—

From customs,	\$31,757,070 96
From public lands,	3,328,642 56
From miscellaneous sources,	351,037 07
From avails of loans and treasury notes,	21,256,700 00

Total receipts,	\$56,693,450 59
Add balance in the treasury, July 1, 1847,	1,701,251 25

Total means,	58,394,701 24
The expenditures during the same fiscal year were	58,241,167 24

Leaving balance in the treasury, July 1, 1848,	153,534 6
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The Secretary's estimates of receipts and expenditures for the next two years, based upon the present condition of our resources, show a balance in the treasury at the end of that term, viz. July 1, 1850, of \$5,040,542 11: thus preventing the necessity for further loans, and providing for the reduction of the public debt. From this satisfactory conclusion he proceeds to a review of the operation of the tariff of 1846, and a comparison of it with that of 1842. Then

* Under this head it is our intention to publish, from month to month, an abstract of the debates in Congress on those questions of general and permanent interest which may come under its consideration, passing over all such as are only of a private or local bearing. This abstract, for economy of space, and other obvious reasons, will necessarily be mostly confined to the discussions in the Senate; though whenever any shall occur in the other House of great interest, we shall endeavor to include them in our summary.

comes an elaborate revamping of the old arguments on the beauties and blessings of free trade, whither we cannot follow him without transcending our limits. We are so struck, however, with the force of imagination displayed in one paragraph, that we must be permitted to quote it:—

"The earth, the sun, and countless systems wheeling through universal space, move onward in perfect order and beauty. * * * * The natural laws which control trade between nations, and regulate the relation between capital and profits on the one hand, and wages and labor on the other, are perfect and harmonious, and the laws of man which would effect a change are always injurious. *The laws of political economy are fixed and certain.* Let them alone, is all that is required of man; let all international exchanges of products move as freely in their orbits as the heavenly bodies in their spheres, and their order and harmony will be as perfect, and their results as beneficial, as is every movement under the laws of nature, when undisturbed by the errors and interference of man."

"In the absence of tariffs, the division of labor would be according to the laws of nature in each nation," he remarks a little further on; all which will be delightfully true and incontrovertible when the millennium shall have supervened to reduce the erratic tendencies of poor human nature to that order and harmony of the spheres, which it is doubtless the intention of Providence they shall finally assume. From this he proceeds to a magniloquent estimate of the value of our acquisitions on the Pacific, indulging in rapturous visions of the future wealth and glory to result from the establishment of a trade thence with Asia; instancing the examples of Tyre, Sidon, &c., (would he have us emulate also the corruption and debasement which rendered them at last, as our Bibles tell us, monuments of Divine wrath?) as incentives to our ambition. The recommendation for reciprocal free trade with the Canadas is renewed, and a similar reciprocity with Mexico recommended. Several millions of dollars were added to our revenues by the tariff imposed upon Mexico during our recent contest there—a prudent example, which the Secretary recommends to all future belligerents. The necessity for the establishment of a branch mint at New York is again set forth, and fortified with arguments of irresistible force—especially should the operation of the "constitutional treasury" be made permanent; which operation the Secretary proceeds to explain and commend. He next felicitates himself upon the success of a ruse he practised upon the capitalists of the country, which consisted in withholding the proposals for the loan authorized by the law of last March until the moment when all hearts should be elated with news of the definitive termina-

tion of the war his superior had been waging—realizing thereby, for the government, in the shape of premium, the pretty little sum of \$487,168 66. The total amount of public debt is stated at \$65,404,450 41. The coast survey has been making great and rapid progress. In addition to very extensive operations upon the Atlantic and Gulf coast, the work has already been commenced on the Pacific.

A motion was made for the printing of 20,000 extra copies of the above report, on the ground that it was looked upon by the mover as embodying a new system of finance—which, however, had been long enough in operation to be tested by the people. Upon this an animated debate sprung up; Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, contending that the people had, upon a fair presentation of the question, decided against that system, and that it was chiefly through the opposition thereto that the candidate of the Democratic party had been defeated at the late election. Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, thought the question of the tariff had not entered very largely into the late contest; on the contrary, it had turned mainly upon the question as to which of the nominees was the most genuine free soil man, and the country had decided that question in favor of General Taylor. The motion was further opposed as an unnecessary and useless waste of public money, and supported on the ground that the country needed enlightenment in regard to its financial interests, and finally passed.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, presented the memorial of Wm. H. Aspinwall and others in relation to the construction of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. This memorial sets forth that the time seems to have arrived for this country to achieve an enterprise which for more than three centuries, under some aspect, has been contemplated and proposed by all the great powers of Europe; that the Pacific Mail Company, comprising the memorialists, immediately upon assuming their contract for the transportation of the U. S. mails from Panama to California, fitted out an expedition for an examination and survey of the isthmus, with a view to the construction of a wagon or plank road; that the result of that survey had satisfied them this would be a work of far greater magnitude than they had expected; that in the meantime a treaty having been negotiated between the United States and New Grenada, securing to the former a free and uninterrupted right of way across the isthmus, the memorialists, having in their possession all the maps, drawings and other information procured by the Pacific Mail Company, had obtained from the republic of New Grenada an exclusive grant or privilege of ninety-nine years for the construction of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. The memorialists ask no pecuniary aid in the construction of the work, but a contract for the transportation

thereon, for a period of twenty years, of the mails, troops, and naval and military stores of the United States, and its public agents, at a sum not exceeding that now specified by law to be paid for the transportation of the mails alone from New York to Liverpool; provided that the memorialists shall commence the said railroad within one year and complete it within three years.

Mr. Douglas also introduced a bill for the admission of California as a State into the Union; stating, as his reasons for doing so, that the discovery of vast mineral wealth in that territory, and the establishment of facilities for communication therewith, has invited so great a tide of emigration thither, as to give reason to believe that it will soon possess a population far exceeding that requisite for her admission into this confederacy as a State; and that he despaired of any territorial bill being passed at this session of Congress, three different bills presented for that purpose having already been rejected. His bill provides for the erection of all the territory acquired from Mexico into one State, by the name of the State of California, Congress reserving the right at any time to form new States out of any portion of said territory lying east of the Sierra Nevada mountains; the State to be divided into two judicial districts.

SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.

Wednesday, Dec. 13, Mr. Benton presented a petition from citizens of New Mexico, praying for the organization of a territorial government, protesting against the dismemberment of their territory in favor of Texas, and containing the following clause on the subject of slavery:—

"We do not desire to have domestic slavery within our borders, and until the time shall arrive for our admission into the Union as a State, we desire to be protected by Congress against their introduction among us."

A motion having been made by Mr. Benton, and seconded by Mr. Clayton, of Delaware, for the printing and reference of this petition, Mr. Calhoun rose, not to oppose the motion, but to express his opinion that the people of New Mexico had not made a respectful, but on the contrary a most insolent petition. That people were conquered, he said, by the very men they wish to exclude from that territory, and he protested against being governed by a consideration presented under such circumstances. Mr. Benton disclaimed for the petitioners any intention to be violent or impertinent, denying that there was anything of that kind on the face of the paper. Mr. Calhoun said that he looked upon the rights of the Southern States, proposed to be excluded from

this territory, as a high constitutional principle. He said their right to go there with their property was unquestionable, and guaranteed by the Constitution, and repeated that he considered the petition to be insolent. Mr. Rush, of Texas, asserted the title of Texas to all the territory lying this side of the Rio Grande. As an act of justice, a territorial government should be established in New Mexico, but he protested against including therein any territory belonging to, and which had cost the blood and treasure of Texas. When the latter had concluded, Mr. Benton rose to say that he had brought in the petition in such a manner as he thought would avoid discussion, for which this was not the proper time; but since an imputation of insolence had been made and persevered in, he would say that if any part of that paper could be considered insolent, it must be that relating to slavery. If so, he would say that, perhaps without knowing it, these petitioners have used the very words of the petition of the General Assembly of Virginia to George the Third, before the breaking out of the Revolution; and though George the Third did not grant their petition, he never heard that he said it was insolent in the General Assembly to present it. Mr. Calhoun denied the justness of the comparison the Senator had made—the two cases were antagonistic. "These memorialists are a conquered people—conquered by the arms of the United States, and especially by troops drawn from the Southern States; and for them to turn round and propose to exclude us, it is the very height of insolence, if the Senator from Missouri does not see it." Mr. Benton asserted that only the constitutional rights of these people had been represented in this proceeding; that, conquered or unconquered—a portion of New Mexico or Texas—they had a constitutional right to present their petition there; that he was quite sure that every subject these memorialists had presented was a fair subject of legislation, and they had presented them in respectful terms; and that he would not hear the term "insolent" applied to them, without saying and repeating, in a manner such as should be heard, that the assertion was unfounded and gratuitous. Mr. Calhoun complained that the Senator had misunderstood him; he did not say the petition was unconstitutional, but that it undertook to exclude nearly one-half the Union from territory that belongs to the States collectively.

Mr. Westcott, of Florida, endeavored to show from *prima facie* evidence that the document under consideration, instead of being an expression, as it purported to be, of the sentiment of the people of New Mexico, was the production of a mere gathering of a few people about Santa Fe, and as such undeserving of notice. There were but fourteen signatures to the paper, "three Yankees and eleven Mexicans,"

and it bore no evidence on its face that these had been in any way authorized to act for the people of New Mexico. Moreover, he discarded the notion that the people of a newly annexed territory have any right to the control of this question, or that, before the territory becomes a state, the inhabitants can be regarded as "a people" in the political and constitutional sense of the term. Mr. Benton replied that upon its face the document was the petition of an organized convention, representing the whole body of the people, and if there was any abuse or imposition, it was in the attempt to represent it as the unauthorized act of a few individuals.

Mr. Clayton regretted exceedingly that this debate had occurred. He would not make any further remarks if he did not think that some of the observations of the Senators from Florida (Mr. Westcott) and South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) would unjustly prejudice the object of these petitioners. In reply to the first, he stated that the petition came accredited to the Senator from Missouri and himself by letters from persons residing in New Mexico, and they believed, by every evidence laid before them, that it was a genuine petition of a great number of persons, assembled at Santa Fe for the purpose of obtaining protection as a people. They are now without law and protection, and they humbly ask this Congress to give them the protection of civil government. He thought the gentleman from South Carolina would, on reflection, reconsider the charge of insolence with respect to this petition. If it was insolent it must be disrespectful, and if it was so towards any portion of the Senate, he would admit that it ought not to be received. But there was nothing disrespectful in it. "These gentlemen say they are opposed to the introduction of slavery there. I care not whether they are abolitionists or not—have they not a right to say that? Suppose a petition to be presented here by other citizens of that territory, praying that slavery should be introduced there, would any gentleman say such a petition was disrespectful to half the country—to the great North, who maintained throughout the great political campaign which the country has just passed through, that there should be no slavery in New Mexico or California?" Mr. Calhoun replied by reiterating and reinforcing his former position; and after the debate had been considerably prolonged, mainly in relation to the genuineness of the document, and the philosophy of conventions in general, the question on the printing and reference to the appropriate committee, was carried by a large majority.

RAILROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

On Thursday, 13th, Mr. Benton, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill authorizing and directing the Secretary of the

Navy to enter into a contract, for a period not exceeding twenty years, with William H. Aspinwall, John L. Stephens, and Henry Chauncey, of New-York, for the transportation by steam of the mails, naval and army supplies, &c., over a railroad to be constructed across the Isthmus of Panama, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, at a sum not exceeding three fourths of the amount now stipulated by law to be paid for the transportation of the mails alone from New-York to Liverpool. After some little debate—Mr. Benton urging speedy action in order that the work might be commenced during the present dry season at the isthmus, and Mr. Cameron desiring delay for the purpose of giving an opportunity for competition in what must prove so profitable an undertaking—the bill was made the special order of business for Monday next.

Monday, Dec. 18th, the above bill coming up for consideration, Mr. Benton remarked that the persons named are practically acquainted with what they undertake to do. One of them, Mr. Stephens, is known throughout the reading world for his travels in a part of South America, lying near the country over which this road is to run. He has besides examined every inch of the ground in company with skilful engineers, to ascertain for himself not only the practicability but the cost of the work. He has knowledge upon the subject, without which it is in vain for anybody to undertake it. The company who apply for this privilege have capital to accomplish it, and an interest in its completion. They are the contractors for the transportation of the mails on the other side of the isthmus, and have already put afloat three steamers for that purpose at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars. They are thus directly interested in providing the means of accomplishing, in the shortest possible time, the transit across the isthmus of the "persons and things" on the transportation of which their success on the other side depends. Mr. Benton stated as another reason why they should have this contract, that they are already in possession of the privilege from the government of New Grenada of opening this road, and read a letter in confirmation thereof from General Herran, minister of that government at Washington. Their contract with New Grenada gives them eight years to accomplish that work; but they are ready to make extraordinary efforts, and to accomplish it within less than half that time.

Mr. Breese hoped that the Senator from Missouri would not attempt to precipitate action upon this bill. He rose to state that he had received information upon which he could implicitly rely, that a far more beneficial proposition would soon be presented to the Senate. If he understood anything about it, this road would be about fifty miles in length, which, at fifty thousand dollars per mile, would cost a

little more than two millions of dollars. This bill proposes to pay to them for twenty years six millions of dollars for government transportation of all kinds, leaving a profit of four millions, independently of the tolls levied on the commerce that may pass over the route.

Mr. Hale's impressions were all very strongly against this bill, and he wished to be informed about it. He thought that by the 35th article* of the treaty with the Government of New Grenada, the Government of the United States were empowered to prescribe the mode and manner and terms upon which the citizens of the United States are to enjoy the privilege of constructing a railroad; and it is not competent for any such citizens to go in and buy a contract with the Government of New Grenada, subsequent to this treaty, and say to this Government, "Your hands are tied; you cannot accomplish your object except by contracting with us." One of the reasons assigned for the passage of this bill is, that these gentlemen have already very vast contracts on the other side of the isthmus. He (Mr. Hale) supposed that this must be on the principle that to those who have much much shall be given. If this bill should lie over, he would propose an amendment, instructing the Secretary of the Navy to issue proposals to the whole people of the United States, and see if there cannot be three other gentlemen found every way as well qualified as these to construct this railroad.

Mr. Benton did not wish to take any vote upon this bill to-day. He was willing to put it off from day to day, until Senators could have an opportunity to examine it. The only way by which this subject could be understood was to leave it open and discuss it. When Congress established the mail line of steamers for connecting these two parts of America, it was stipulated that the gentlemen who have the contract on this side should carry the mails as far as Chagres, and that those on the other side should carry them from Chagres across the isthmus to the Pacific coast. There is, then, in the hands of these gentlemen at this time, not merely the privilege, but the obligation to carry the mails from Chagres across

the isthmus. They have already dispatched a small steamer, both for their own advantage and, from considerations of humanity, to provide against the detention of passengers at Chagres, which the Senator described as a place inhabited by a people with whom it could not be desirable for any one to stay over night. As to the amount to be paid, there is nothing stipulated for any sum or for any time. The Secretary is only authorized to contract at a rate not exceeding certain rules, and for a period of time not exceeding a certain number of years. He may make the rate and the time as much below that as he can bring down the parties.

Mr. Allen wished to know whether the intention of this bill was to transfer the right of transit acquired by treaty, from the Government and the people of the United States to a company in New-York; or whether everybody in the United States shall have the right to go there and make a road, canal, railroad, or anything else. Mr. Benton replied, that as concerned the railroad, the right was exclusive for a limited time; the grant was for ninety-nine years. But as to transit, every person could go according to his choice—on foot through the woods, on mules, or in any manner he may please.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, objected that the bill not only *authorized* but *directed* the Secretary of the Navy to enter into this contract. It gives him no option at all, but compels him to enter into such a contract as this bill prescribes; and with no other limitation of the amount to be paid than that it shall not exceed three fourths of that now paid for the transportation of the mails from New-York to Liverpool, equal to three hundred thousand dollars per annum. This amount the Secretary is compelled to give, if these gentlemen refuse to contract for anything short of it. He then repeated and enforced the statement of Mr. Breese, as to the disproportionate profit on the cost of construction this would give them. He had another objection. He had not seen the contract into which these gentlemen were said to have entered with the Government of New Grenada. He had understood that by its terms they might fix any amount of toll for the transportation of passengers and merchandise across the isthmus. The only other route is around the cape, and by charging five per cent. less than the cost on this route, they would get the whole travel. Nobody could tell what an immense profit this would bring to the company: If we pass this bill as it stands, we place in the hands of these gentlemen four millions of dollars, and a charter—for it is literally a charter—under which they may impose millions and millions more, not only for twenty years, but for the whole period that their road may last. As to the suggestion that these particular gentlemen

* That article is as follows:—

"The Government of New Grenada guaranties to the Government of the United States that the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist, or that may hereafter be constructed, shall be open and free to the Government and citizens of the United States for the transportation of any articles of produce, manufacture, merchandise, and commerce belonging to the citizens of the United States; and that no other tolls or charges shall be levied on the citizens of the United States or their merchandise, than are veiled upon the citizens of New Grenada."

would have a decided advantage over others in such an undertaking, why, he (Mr. Johnson) would be very glad to undertake it without a dollar of capital belonging to himself, for whoever has the certainty of receiving the six millions from the United States Government will be greatly facilitated in obtaining the one and a half or two millions necessary to accomplish the work.

Mr. Benton could not join the Senator from Maryland in his calculations. They could not set up their opinion as to the cost of the construction of the road, in opposition to the estimate of competent engineers. The receipts for transportation could not be considered in the light of profits to the company. There would have to be continually a large outlay on the road after transportation had commenced upon it, which would absorb those receipts. If we were to go upon the assumption that all the receipts are clear profits, we might well be astonished to see how rapidly fortunes could be made.

Mr. Breese wished to correct a slight misunderstanding which seemed to prevail in regard to one of the sections of the bill. It appeared to him from the language of that section, that they would receive the six millions of dollars whether they construct a railroad the whole distance or not. As they have sent a steamboat to ply upon the Chagres river, the whole land travel will not exceed twenty-five miles, which would make their outlay not more than one million of dollars.

The Senate here adjourned; and the following day, the subject having been resumed, Mr. Benton stated that he had obtained the contract made between the New Grenadian Government and the company which held the grant originally. It was in Spanish, and of considerable length. He therefore moved that it be translated and printed. Mr. Cameron desired, also, the printing of the contract originally made with a French company, upon which the present one was based. Mr. Westcott could not see any necessity for the introduction of this contract. They had no right to legislate with reference to such arrangements. The only questions for their consideration were, whether these parties have the exclusive road, and whether they have the power and ability to perform the services they have engaged to perform upon certain conditions. Mr. Foote said, it had been intimated to him that there were clauses in the contract which could not be carried into execution without serious detriment to certain substantial interests of a portion of the citizens of this republic. He thought it must therefore be evident to the Senator from Florida, and others, that the original contract should be brought before them, in order to avoid some serious blunder, and the possible production of much mischief to great public interests.

Mr. Allen would oppose any proposition

which had for its object to confer on a select body of men a monopoly of the transit commerce of the two hemispheres across the Isthmus of Panama. If any gentlemen have agreed with the Government of New Grenada for the right to construct a road there, let them make it. They need no legislation of ours, to enable them to make it; and the only question with him was, why come they here? The right of transit which we have acquired by treaty implies also the right to make the means of transit. This, viewed as a national right, is a privilege worth more to the people of the United States than that of passing over an equal distance anywhere else on the surface of the globe, and he would as soon think of granting a monopoly of the navigation of the globe as of the transit commerce across the Isthmus of Panama. The whole of our transportation, as a Government, will not perhaps amount to ten thousand dollars worth of freight yearly; whilst our transportation as a nation will amount, perhaps, within ten or fifteen years, to the value of a hundred millions annually. We want this right of transit for all; and the only way to secure it is to keep it out of the hands of monopolists and under the control of the Government, so that the whole people, if they choose, can construct roads and canals across, and use them as they please. Mr. Allen, in reply to a question from Mr. Foote, subsequently stated, that he believed the Government of the United States had not only a constitutional right, but it would become its imperative duty, to open a passage across the isthmus.

Mr. Cameron stated that he desired the production of all the papers in relation to this matter, in order to see whether these gentlemen had actually made a contract. His impression was that they had made a conditional contract with New Grenada, to be complete upon the contingency of their forming an agreement with this Government. He was utterly opposed to connecting the public treasury with the interests of individuals. It had been practised in his State, and ended by involving it in a debt of forty millions of dollars. He did not consider this work of sufficient magnitude to require the assistance of Government. In his State the Portage Railroad, across the Alleghany mountains, had been constructed, with its expensive inclined planes and machinery, at a cost not exceeding two millions of dollars; and we are told that the Panama road, which is but a small affair in comparison, will cost fifteen or twenty millions. The profits of the trade which would pass over the road would of itself be sufficient to induce men of capital and of enterprise to undertake the work, without a guaranty of three hundred thousand dollars per annum from the Government for twenty years. But if a contract were entered into, he desired to have the tolls so regulated by law as to prevent any imposition being practised upon our citizens. We

ought also to have some guaranty against their selling the road after it shall have been made, and that it shall be constructed in a proper manner, with all the guards and securities which experience and science can furnish.

Mr. Douglas could not comprehend the argument against this measure on the ground that it is creating a monopoly which ought not to be submitted to or tolerated. He understood the fact to be that our treaty secured to us the right of way across the Isthmus of Panama, upon any road now made or hereafter to be made by authority of the Government of New Grenada, on the same terms as those imposed upon her own citizens; the sovereignty of the country remaining with New Grenada, while the right of way is secured to us. It would seem, therefore, that this Government has nothing to do with the terms upon which this road shall be made, or upon which passengers and freight shall be transported upon it. These individuals have secured the exclusive right to make the road, the Government of New Grenada retaining no right to authorize this Government or other individuals to make it. If there be any monopoly, therefore, these gentlemen have it already, and it is one which we cannot control. The proposition they make to us is to relieve us from that monopoly, if there be any, by making a contract with us in advance in regard to the rate at which our freight shall be carried. He was sorry to see it assumed that we are to pay six millions of dollars. We have not yet determined what amount shall be paid. They are proposing to carry such freight as shall be agreed upon, at such rate as shall be agreed upon. In a few years we shall have a large empire on the Pacific, and it is reasonable to suppose that we shall have occasion for five or ten times as much transportation as we have now; and if we now make a contract to last for twenty years, it may be that we shall secure an enormous amount of transportation at a very little cost. Mr. Douglas afterwards added that the word "directed" should be stricken out of the bill.

Mr. Foote remarked, in regard to the provision of the treaty, that no higher rate should be charged the citizens of the United States than was levied on those of New Grenada, that so far as our information at present extended, the latter would have very little use for this road, and it might turn out that an arrangement would be hereafter made with that Government by which the company might be enabled to charge the citizens of the United States whatever they pleased for the whole period of ninety-nine years. He would therefore oppose the measure unless the company would submit to a reasonable tariff of rates. As to our right of way also, what would become of it under the contract now proposed? It might be that the company who propose to establish this road might occupy the only

ground available for such a purpose. In that case the right of way would still remain, but it could only be enjoyed by the favor of this company, thus making it in fact a nullity. He conceived it to be our highest duty to adopt only such legislation upon this subject as would keep this right of way open for ever, both to the Government and to the citizens of this country, free from all obstructions whatsoever. He differed with the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) in supposing that we should have continual and increasing need of this railway during all that period of twenty years, for the transportation of Government stores. In his judgment, when our frontier on the Pacific shall become supplied with the means of defence, the growing population of that country will render it wholly unnecessary for any such purpose.

The paper presented by Mr. Benton* was then ordered to be translated and printed.

CESSION OF THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.

On Wednesday, Dec. 20, the Senate took up the bill to authorize the draining of the Everglades of Florida, and to grant the same to the State of Florida for that purpose.

Mr. Westcott, of Florida, stated that the entire territory proposed to be granted to the State is now utterly valueless to the United States. Nearly the whole region is covered with water during all seasons, from three to six feet deep. This water is chiefly supplied from Lake Okechobee, at the northern end of the proposed grant. It is proposed to cut large and deep canals from this lake to the waters of the Gulf on the west side, and to the waters of the Atlantic on the east side, and smaller canals or drains through the rim of soft limestone rock by which the everglades are separated from the Gulf and the Atlantic ocean. There must also be local improvements made by the purchasers of the drained lands or by the State, with the sole view of enhancing the value of the lands for agricultural purposes. If the work is successfully accomplished, some hundreds of thousands of acres of the most valuable sugar lands in the country, now annually overflowed by the Kissimime river, will be reclaimed, all of which lying outside and north of the proposed grant, the benefit of their reclamation would enure to the United States. The bill prescribes to the State, on the acceptance of the grant, the following conditions: 1. That the work specifically described shall be commenced before 1st January, 1851, and finished within ten

* This paper, as we understand it, was neither the French contract, for which Mr. Cameron had called, nor the present contract with Messrs. Aspinwall & Co., (which latter, Mr. Douglas stated could not then be procured on account of the absence of the gentlemen from the city,) but a prior one upon which both these were based.

years, and that, if practicable, a communication for vessels shall be made by the proposed canals between the Gulf and Atlantic waters. 2. That the State shall not in any way dispose of any of the lands, except to secure the faithful fulfilment of the first condition, and shall appropriate the entire avails exclusively to the completion of the work. 3. Until the works are completed, no sale of any of the lands shall be made for less than one dollar and a quarter per acre. 4. No encroachment to be made until authorized on the lands of the Seminole Indians within the grant. 5. Appropriates certain portions of the lands to schools. 6. Reserves certain portions to the United States for Government purposes, and provides that private rights already required shall not be affected by the grant. 7. Residue of avails of lands after completion of the work, to form a permanent fund for purposes of education in the territory granted. 8. No tolls to be paid by the United States for transportation of mails, public property, &c., through canals. The entire area conveyed by this grant is 7,800,000 acres, of which 1,000,000, mostly worthless pine barrens, have been surveyed, one half of which is reserved by the bill to the United States, and 2,500,000 unsurveyed sand barrens, and low lands occasionally covered with water, mostly of little value; the remainder, 4,300,000 acres, includes the everglades, large and small lakes, rivers, lagoons, &c., of which it is not expected that more than one million of acres can be reclaimed.

Mr. Yulee, of Florida, approved the object of this bill, but found it objectionable to his mind, on account of its being clogged with conditions which it would be impolitic in Congress to prescribe, and inexpedient in the State to accept. In fact, the conditions would make the grant utterly valueless. He thought the simple course should be, by a single section to cede to the State of Florida these lands, leaving her to reclaim them in such manner as she might deem most consistent with her interests. Such a grant would be altogether profitable and politic on the part of the Federal Government. These lands are not only utterly valueless to the United States, but leave the military defences of the country in a very precarious condition, from the fact, that over nearly the whole extent between the line of coast on either side of the Gulf and the Atlantic, the surface is always covered with water, and not traversable even by boats with much facility or any degree of certainty. Should these lands

be reclaimed and reduced to use, the military defences of the country would be greatly strengthened and its wealth increased by the population which would by this means be added to the peninsula. The clauses of this bill were all objectionable, but especially that one which restricts the price at which the lands may be sold to the minimum of \$1.25 per acre.

Mr. Westcott was surprised at the extraordinary objections of his colleague to this bill. His object in this bill was not to fill the treasury of his State by the sale of these lands; he would regard any such measure as a curse upon the State. If these lands are reclaimed, and should be worth millions upon millions, not a dollar goes into the State treasury of Florida; all belongs to the citizens on the lands, and are to be devoted to educational purposes there and nowhere else. The object is to secure the reclaiming of the lands, and nothing else. The conditions were inserted to prevent any possible effort to divert or pervert any part of their proceeds to any purpose but that of reclaiming them, and inducing their speedy settlement. The restriction of sales to one dollar and a quarter per acre till the work is completed, is a good one. This is a fair price in that region for even the poorest land, if at all fit for cultivation, on account of the timber on it; and before the completion of the work it is necessary to prevent jobbers and speculators from obtaining them under a fair price. The United States ought not to allow the sales of lands contiguous to its own at less than its own minimum price. As to an unconditional grant of such lands, he would always oppose it, and no such bill could pass Congress. The Senator from Missouri (Mr. Benton) had sought for twenty-five years to get such a law passed in regard to worthless sunken lands in Missouri; and the same thing had been tried without success by Senators from Arkansas, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana. It was not alone for the benefit of Florida that these lands should be reclaimed. The Union is deeply interested in the navigation through the canal across the peninsula which the bill secures; in the tropical productions the reclaimed region, and none other in the United States, can rear; and in the increase of strength in a frontier position important in a naval and military point of view.

The further consideration of the bill was postponed until the next day; and here, for want of space, we are compelled abruptly to break off our summary.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE cholera is diminishing in London; from its first breaking out there in September, until the 23d of December, the deaths had amounted to 449, but of these 265 had occurred on the southern side of the Thames, though for the last four or five weeks the average had increased in the eastern portion of the metropolis. This clearly demonstrates that cleanliness is the greatest protection from this scourge. In Southwark and the eastern portion of London, the streets are narrow and inhabited by the lower classes of the population. The same fact was observed at Paris in 1832, when the cholera committed such dreadful havoc there. Upwards of 30,000 persons fell victims to it, the greater number of whom resided in the narrow and filthy streets in the quarter called La Cité. Cleanliness cannot, therefore, be too strictly observed.

Things in Ireland remain *in statu quo*. Mr. Duffy's trial has not yet terminated. A dreadful catastrophe had occurred. On Friday, the 2d December, the steamer Londonderry left Sligo for Liverpool, having on board, according to some of the reports, 165, but others state, 150 passengers, many of whom were intending to emigrate to America. A violent storm arose, and the whole of the passengers were crowded down into the forward cabin, a small place not capable of containing more than thirty with any comfort. A tarpaulin was nailed over the companion way to prevent the water from rushing down. In the morning it was found that seventy-two of these unfortunate persons had died from suffocation. The steamer put into Londonderry, and a coroner's inquest being held, a verdict of manslaughter was pronounced against the captain, mate and second mate, who were immediately imprisoned; the former, after remaining some days in prison, was admitted to bail. The trial is to come on at the approaching assizes.

The most important intelligence which has been received from France since that of the revolution in February last, arrived on Saturday, the 13th instant, by the America, Cunard steamer. Although prepared for the event by former advices brought by the Washington, which stated that at her departure Louis Napoleon had already obtained a majority more than sufficient to secure his election, there were few who could have calculated that it would have been so immensely increased. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is now the President of the French Republic, and has been raised to that

dignity by, one might almost say, universal acclamation, for the number of votes he received very nearly treble those of the whole of his competitors.

Louis Napoleon received . . .	5,534,520
General Cavaignac, . . .	1,448,303
Ledru Rollin, . . .	371,431
Raspail, . . .	36,964
Lamartine . . .	17,914
General Changarnier, . . .	4,687

Total number of votes, . . . 7,413,818

It must be observed that General Changarnier's name had been added to the list of candidates without his sanction.

It had been expected that the proclamation of Louis Napoleon as President, would not have taken place until after the arrival of the official returns of the election from four departments, which had not been received; but the Minister of the Interior presented himself to the Committee appointed by the National Assembly to make up the statement of the votes, and informed the members of it that the minds of the people appeared much excited, and that the proclamation of the President might produce some dangerous commotion. He therefore conjured the Committee to hasten their report, and terminate it, if possible, in the course of the day, that the people might not know the precise time at which the President was to be proclaimed. He placed in the hands of the Committee the result of the elections in the four departments, which he had received by telegraphic dispatch.

General Changarnier, Commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Paris, also presented himself to the Committee, and gave them information as to the intentions of the disturbers of public order, who wished to take advantage of the proclamation of the President, to overthrow the Constitution.

The Committee, at the head of which was M. Marrast, President of the Assembly, immediately agreed to adopt the advice which had been given to them; the majority for one of the candidates being so considerable, there could be no doubt as to his election, and the report was therefore drawn up and presented the same afternoon to the National Assembly. General Cavaignac, as head of the Executive power, having been informed by General Changarnier of the determination of the Committee, resigned to him the command of all the troops assembled in Paris and its neighborhood. General Chan-

garnier immediately took measures for the preservation of order, and at the same time to render to the President of the Republic all the honors which were due to him.

Louis Napoleon having been informed of these circumstances, proceeded to the National Assembly in a private carriage, from which he alighted in the inner court-yard.

He entered the Assembly while the report of the Committee was being read. He was dressed in a plain black coat, but wore the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. He seated himself by the side of M. Odilon Barrot. All eyes were directed towards the new President, who remained perfectly calm and self-possessed.

M. Marrast then read the resolutions prepared by the Committee, and put them to the vote, which being adopted by the Assembly, he proclaimed the President of the Republic in the following terms :—

"Whereas Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon, born at Paris, possesses all the conditions of eligibility required by Article 43 of the Constitution ;

"Whereas, in the vote by ballot, taken throughout the entire extent of the Republic, citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has obtained an absolute majority of votes ;

"In pursuance of Articles 47 and 48 of the Constitution :

"The National Assembly proclaims him President of the French Republic from this present day until the second Sunday in the month of May, of the year 1852."

M. Marrast then invited M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to ascend the tribune, and take the oath required by the Constitution, in the following terms :—

"In the presence of God, and before the people of France, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties required of me by the Constitution."

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in a firm voice replied : "*I swear it !*"

We are thus particular in giving the minute details of this imposing ceremony, as it is impossible to predict the changes which may occur in France between this time and the expiration of Louis Napoleon's presidency. We wish our readers to have in their possession a record of the pledges given, to which they may refer, to judge the manner in which those promises shall have been fulfilled.

After taking the above oath, Louis Napoleon pronounced the following discourse :—

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,—

"The votes of the nation, and the oath which I have taken, trace out to me my future conduct. This I shall follow as a man of honor. I shall

consider as enemies of the Republic all those who shall attempt to change by illegal means that which the whole of France has established. Between yourselves and me there cannot exist any real difference of opinion. Our desires, our wishes are the same. I wish as you do, to place society on its veritable basis, in order to relieve the miseries of that generous and intelligent people, who have just given me so striking a proof of their confidence.

"The majority which I have obtained not only fills my heart with gratitude, but will contribute to give to the new government that moral strength without which no authority can exist. With order and peace, our country may recover, heal its wounds, bring back those men who have erred, and calm all passions. Animated by a sincere spirit of conciliation, I have called around me capable and patriotic men, who notwithstanding the diversity of their political origin, are ready to devote themselves with you to the fulfilment of the Constitution, the amelioration of the laws, and the glory of the Republic.

"A government on coming into power owes a debt of gratitude to its predecessors, when they deliver over to it intact the power which had been confided to them. I owe it particularly to General Cavaignac to say that his conduct is worthy of the generosity of his character, and of that principle of duty which is the first qualification of a statesman.

"Citizen Representatives, we have a great mission to fulfil, that of founding a republic for the interest of all, and a firm and peaceful government, animated by a sincere desire for improvement, without being either re-actionary or Utopian. Let us be the men of the country, not men of party, and with the help of God we shall at least do good, if we are not permitted to accomplish great achievements."

On descending from the tribune Louis Napoleon walked straight to General Cavaignac and offered him his hand. The National Assembly on perceiving this, hailed the action with continued plaudits. General Cavaignac appeared surprised, and hesitated for a moment, but at length grasped the hand of his political opponent and shook it cordially, amid the loud and continued shouts of the whole assembly.

Louis Napoleon then retired, and the military honors due to his new position were then paid to him. He was accompanied to the palace of the Elysée, which is to be his residence, by an escort of cavalry.

At six o'clock in the evening, the President of the National Assembly received the following message from the President of the Republic :—

"I beg that you will announce to the National Assembly that in conformity with article 64 of the Constitution I have by a decree of this day appointed M. Odilon Barrot, Minister of Justice and charged to preside in the Council of Ministers in the absence of the President of the Republic ; M.

Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister for Foreign Affairs ; M. Leon de Malleville, Minister of the Interior ; M. Rulhieres, General of Division, Minister at War ; M. de Tracy, Minister of the Marine and Colonies ; M. Leon Faucher, Minister of the Public Works ; M. Bixio, Vice President of the National Assembly, Minister for Agriculture and Commerce ; M. Hippolite Passy, Minister of Finance.

(Signed) LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
(Countersigned) ODILON BARROT,
Minister of Justice.

Thus has been consummated the great work of electing the first President of the French Republic. The position of General Cavaignac, although he never could have withstood the enthusiastic outbreak of the population of France in favor of the nephew of their demigod, was rendered much more critical by the famous, or rather infamous, lists of persons proposed to receive a national recompense from the Republic. These lists contained the names of persons sullied with every description of crime ; men who had conspired to assassinate Louis Philippe, and guilty of other enormous atrocities. The lists had been drawn up by a committee appointed for that purpose, and were presented to the National Assembly with the concurrence of the Executive Government. It was in vain that General Cavaignac denied all knowledge of the names thus presented—he was at the head of the government and ought to have known them. He no doubt had relied implicitly on the committee, and was occupied with matters of such serious import as not to be able to give his attention to minute details. But the blow was struck, and there is no doubt he lost many thousand votes from this untoward event. It has been currently reported in Paris, that Louis Napoleon intends to confer on him the dignity of Marshal of the French Empire. This will be a slight alleviation to the bitter disappointment he has experienced, and to the agony he has endured from the attacks directed against him on account of the fatal lists.

But the astounding majority of Louis Napoleon must not be wholly attributed to the fascination which accompanied his name ; for people of all parties voted for him. Orleanists and Legitimists gave him their suffrages, because they thought that he would prove the stepping stone towards a return to monarchical principles, which would certainly have been retarded for four years had Cavaignac succeeded. The Legitimists in Paris consider that the chances of their adored Henry V. have advanced at least fifty per cent. since the occurrences of last February. Many of the red Republicans, stung to the quick by the energetic opposition of Cavaignac to their mad and culpable efforts in the month of June, voted for Louis Napoleon rather than for Ledru Rollin and Raspail, in order to insure the defeat of the

enlightened Republican. All parties seem to consider the advent of Louis Napoleon to power but as a state of transition, whether to be terminated by an Emperor, a King, or a pure republican form of government, time can alone disclose.

Since our last number, portentous changes have taken place in Austria. The Emperor Ferdinand has resigned the crown, as well as his brother, the Archduke Francis Charles, in favor of the son of the latter, the Archduke Francis Joseph. His Majesty in the proclamation he issued, assigned the following reasons for the step he had taken—it is dated the 2d December :—

"The pressure of events and the immediate want of a comprehensive reformation of our forms of State, and which we, in the month of March last, endeavored to meet and promote, have more and more convinced us that more youthful powers are needed to complete this great work. After mature deliberation, and a full conviction of the imperative necessity of this measure, we have most solemnly resolved to resign the imperial crown of Austria."

The late Emperor has left Olmutz for Prague, in Bohemia.

A manifesto was also issued by the young emperor, who is only eighteen years of age, on his accession to the throne, in which he expresses his conviction of the value and the necessity of free institutions, and says that he enters with confidence on the path of a reformation of the monarchy. He concludes his address by stating his firm reliance on the fidelity of his troops, on the loyalty of his people for the immediate re-establishment of order. "People of Austria," he adds, "it is an awful time at which we ascend the throne of our forefathers. Great are the duties of our office, great its responsibility. May God protect us." He signs his manifesto, "Francis Joseph I."

The finances of Austria were in a most crippled state, but the young Emperor appeared determined not to infringe upon the concessions made by his predecessor. He had not yet visited Vienna, where the state of siege was still maintained.

Jellachich had been appointed Civil and Military Governor of Dalmatia.

The young Emperor was expected to arrive in Vienna on New Year's day.

In Prussia, the King has dissolved the Constituent Assembly, and has granted a constitutional charter. The state of siege in Berlin was likely to be continued to the end of January. Meetings preparatory to the elections were being held, and there was some talk of the state of siege being suspended for a few days. The magistracy had already divided the city into electoral districts, of which there were twice as many as during the last election ; against this the democrats loudly protested, as they said it divided their strength and weaken-

ed their opposition. The government is putting all the fortresses on the frontier in a complete state of armament, which would induce the belief that it has no great confidence in a continued state of peace in Europe. The Parliament at Frankfort, it is said, has determined on having an Emperor for Germany, and the King of Prussia, the Austrians having seceded from the central government, is spoken of as the most likely person to be raised to this dignity, much to the discomfiture of Bavaria and the lesser German States.

Since our last number, affairs have taken a very serious turn in Rome. The sovereign Pontiff has fled from the Papal States, and taken refuge at Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples. After the assassination of Rossi, finding that he was a mere prisoner in his own palace, he determined on releasing himself from this degrading state of subjection. He therefore consulted the diplomatic corps who continued still to visit him in order to protect him from violence and insult; they arranged a plan for his escape, which was successfully carried into effect on the 24th November. The ambassador from Bavaria, the Count de Spaur, called upon him, and remained in conversation with him for some time, the door of the room being left open in order not to excite the suspicion of the persons placed in the Quirinal to watch his movements. Some other members of the diplomatic body entered the ante-chamber, and engaged those persons in conversation. During this time the Pope retired into a recess, and arrayed himself in a suit of the Bavarian Minister's livery, whose carriage being shortly after announced, and two of the foreign ministers having gone into the inner room, the Pope descended the grand staircase as the attendant of Count de Spaur, and mounted the box beside the coachman. The carriage drove rapidly to the Bavarian minister's hotel, where the Pope assumed another disguise, being the dress of the chaplain or almoner of the ambassador. The latter had some time before announced his intention of going to Naples; his passport had been prepared, and all was in readiness, the post-horses and travelling carriage being in the court yard. Into this they both got, and were soon out of Rome. At the last Roman station on the frontier of Naples, the officer on guard insisted on seeing the passport of the almoner as well as that of the Ambassador. The guard had been drawn out to pay the honors due to a foreign minister. After a moment's hesitation, Pope Pius IX. said, "*Miei faneuilli, sono il Papa*"—"My children, I am the Pope." Upon which the astounded officer, and the whole guard threw themselves upon their knees, and he gave them his blessing. They made no attempt to detain him. The frontier was soon crossed, and they travelled on to Gaeta. The King of Naples, and all the royal family, on hearing of the ar-

rival of the Pope in the Neapolitan territory, immediately proceeded in a steamer to Gaeta, to congratulate him on his fortunate escape. Another steamer was dispatched with a regiment of guards, to serve as a guard of honor to the Pope during his stay.

The whole of the Cardinals immediately left Rome, and the diplomatic body repaired to Gaeta.

In the meantime all at Rome was in confusion. It was some time before the intelligence of the escape had transpired, and the insurrectionary government adopted the most energetic measures to prevent commotion. They issued a proclamation, stating that the Pontiff, yielding to *deplorable advice*, had left Rome, and urging all classes of the citizens to maintain order. A deputation from the two Chambers was then appointed to repair to Gaeta, to entreat his Holiness to return. But the Pope refused to receive this deputation. On learning the refusal of the Pope, and his resolution to adhere to the commission of government he had appointed, (for on the 3d of December, one of the Cardinals who had remained at Rome, received a rescript from his Holiness, by which Pius IX. annulled all the acts of the new ministry, ordered the dissolution of the Chambers, and confided the administration of affairs to a committee, to consist of Cardinal Castracane, M. Roberto Roberti, the Princes of Roviano and Barberini, the Marquises Bevilacqua, Recci, and General Zucchi,) the President of the Chamber of Deputies convoked an extraordinary sitting of the assembly, and it was decided that the rescript of his Holiness should be considered of no effect.

Gen. Zucchi and Count Mastai, the brother of his Holiness, were at Bologna, at the head of the national guard, and were daily joined by throngs of partisans opposed to the acts of the government. There was also much agitation at Rome among the Trasteverini who awaited only the approach of General Zucchi with a single regiment to overthrow the administration of Messrs. Mamiani, Galetti and Campello.

The Pope, according to the last advices, still remained at Gaeta, although there was some idea of his removing to Civita Vecchia. The conditions he had laid down before returning to the capital are, that the present Ministry shall be dismissed, the chambers dissolved, the liberty of the press suspended, the national guard dissolved, and the clubs suppressed. These are very sweeping measures, and it is not likely they will be submitted to. On the other hand the ultra-liberals are talking of erecting Rome into a Republic, placing at its head Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, as President. This would be a really singular coincidence—two nephews of the Emperor Napoleon Presidents of France and Rome.

An event has occurred in Egypt which at

any other moment would have excited the attention of all Europe—now it appears to have passed by almost unheeded amid the stirring events hourly occurring on that continent. The disappearance from the worldly stage of such a man as Ibrahim Pasha, whose position was so exalted and his career so remarkable, receives but the obituary notice bestowed upon all whose names have been public property. His father Mehemet Ali has long been in a state of utter dotage, and on the 1st of September last Ibrahim was formally nominated by the Sultan to the Pachalic of Egypt. His actual governorship has been but of short duration, although for a long period he has had the administration of affairs.

Ibrahim Pasha has left three sons, neither of whom will succeed him as Viceroy of Egypt. His successor is Abbas Pasha, son of Tussoon Pasha, Mehemet's second son, who died of the plague in 1816. The right of succession differs from that of European potentates, devolving upon the eldest surviving male of Mehemet Ali's family. But little is known of the character of the new Viceroy, he having kept himself completely aloof from communication with Europeans: it is however to be hoped for the interests of Europe and of Egypt that he will follow up that course of policy towards Christendom by which Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim rendered their names so illustrious, and conferred so many benefits on Egypt.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Sacred Poets of England and America for Three Centuries. Edited by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Illustrated with steel engravings. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an elegant octavo volume most beautifully printed, which should prove one of the most acceptable gift-books of the season.

The editor has done little more, he says, than re-arrange and combine the materials furnished in "The Gems from the British Sacred Poets," recently published by a member of the University of Oxford. But he has added some thirty authors, including many of our own. It is therefore a very rich collection, although we miss some favorite strains—Coleridge's magnificent "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," for instance. The authors are arranged in chronological order, with a short biographical notice of each.

The editor says in his "Advertisement"—"There is no poetry so rare as the poetry of devotion. It would be as difficult, however, for a true poet, as for a true philosopher, not to be imbued with a spirit of piety, and we find that sacred songs are among the finest

productions of nearly all the great poets, whether they were technically religious or not.

Poems of John G. Whittier. Illustrated by H. BILLINGS. Boston: Benjamin B. Massey & Co.

This splendid edition of the poems of the Quaker bard will be highly acceptable to his numerous admirers. Although there are few of the pieces not familiar to the readers of poetry north of "Mason and Dixon's line," yet we presume there is scarcely a modern poet whose admirers would more gladly welcome the scattered lays of their favorite in so fine a form for constant reference. Indeed, for fiery eloquence of expression, no writer, since the German Koerner—"he of the Lyre and Sword"—exceeds, if equals, this peace-poet. And there is also in his meditative mood a fine depth of thought and beauty of expression; as witness his poem on reading Follen's Essay on the Future State.

ERRATUM.—The reader will perceive that there is an error in the paging of a portion of this No. At page 261 read 161, &c.

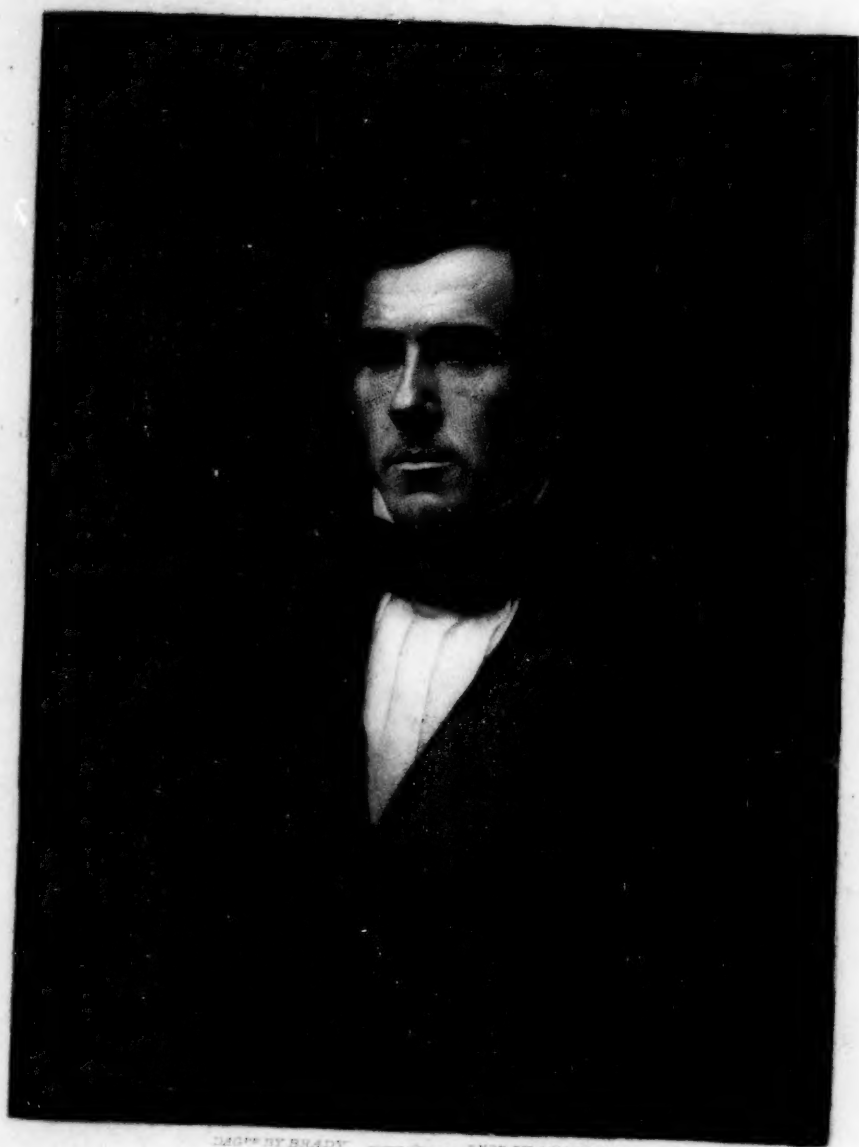


IMAGE BY BRADY. ———— ANGR BY A. RITCHIE.

W. Hunt

REPRESENTATIVE IN U. S. CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK

Portrait by J. C. Smith

NEW YORK: J. C. SMITH, 1864.